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William Beebe

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for fine  
kitchen utensils

for  
bathtubs  
and tiling

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Seek

# *your own beauty within yourself*

WELL do your creams and lotions aid your skin—improve the texture and enhance its fineness. Yet it must be admitted that, in spite of modern preparations and intelligent care, not all women obtain a fresh complexion and a flawless beauty.

Often the answer lies not in the deficiencies of care or creams but in an all too frequent neglect of internal cleanliness. To keep clean internally is one of the great beauty secrets of the world. And the safe, sure and simple way is by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

For Sal Hepatica clears blemishes from the skin. It replaces dullness with a lovely, youthful translucence. Together with your creams, it is a complete regime for beauty.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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# Sal Hepatica

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From a  
Photograph  
by  
KARL



## "Gentlemen, it is April!"

SCARCELY twenty years ago, in the spring of the year, a young professor halted in the middle of a sentence and faced the window near him. His spirit sought the April that coaxed flowers into bloom and lured tender green shoots out of the moist earth. An interlude—and his nebulous thoughts returned to the confining classroom, to the hundred young men—students expecting him to complete his last sentence . . . It was never finished. He apologized.

"Gentlemen, it is April! There is something I have forgotten . . . I have an appointment to keep."

And George Santayana, the young professor, turned quickly and walked out of that room forever. Today he lives in Spain, studying, writing, dreaming—and the beauty of his life is shared with others through the medium of his philosophy, his poetry and essays.

It is not for all of us to rise so completely out of the normal order of things and thereby give gifts of lasting value to the world about us. But within the home every woman enjoys that opportunity.

Today the average woman in America knows a degree of leisure attained by her grandmother only

in her old age. But the perfection of modern conveniences has not only spared her—it has elevated her position in the world.

In the time she has to herself she may read, relax, study and train her children, develop socially, enlarge her knowledge of domestic responsibilities, broaden her culture, beautify her home and deepen its influence.

No woman need retire to a castle in Spain to arrive at her true eminence. She may keep her appointment with April in any American home.

—THE EDITOR

# Make it on a SINGER Electric

## ... with Our Compliments

*Right now*—are you planning a dress for yourself, a frock for your daughter?

Make it on a Singer Electric. We will send one to your home—any model you prefer. All we ask is that you try it yourself when our demonstrator brings it to you.

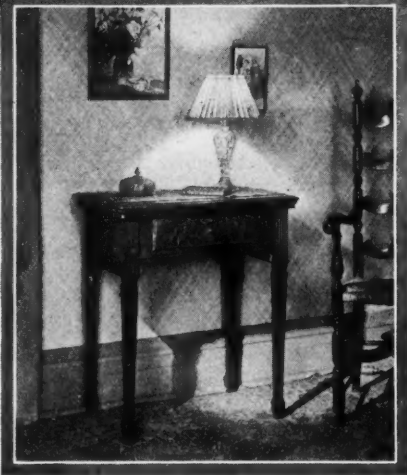
Put aside your old machine and sit down with your materials before this modern Singer. Such restful comfort, such sheer enjoyment in sewing you have never known. Simply press a convenient speed control and sew as slowly or as swiftly as you wish. Both hands, both feet are free—hidden power does all the work. Perfect stitching flows like magic. While you watch, the frock you have planned grows to completion. In a few fascinating hours it is done.

This modern Singer Electric is amazingly different from any other sewing machine you have ever used. That is why we invite you to try it in your own home. We know that a new experience in sewing awaits you. With a modern Singer you will thoroughly enjoy making all your clothes this season and every season for years to come.

There is a Singer man in your community, a bonded, authorized Representative, ready to bring any modern Singer to your home. When he calls let him give you a revealing demonstration of what this new kind of sewing machine will do. Or simply telephone or call at the nearest Singer Shop and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.



*The machine illustrated is the strikingly beautiful Library Table model, which serves when closed as a piece of fine furniture for any room. There are eight new Singer Electrics, including cabinet types and compact, convenient portables.*



*Husbands and Fathers* who know what a modern Singer Electric will do, are the first to suggest one for the home. It creates for wife or daughter a new interest in sewing and provides the easy delightful way to have more clothes at less expense. It's the best investment a family can make.

## SINGER ELECTRIC

*Singer Machines are sold only through Singer salesmen and the Company's own shops, located in every community and identified by the famous red "S".*



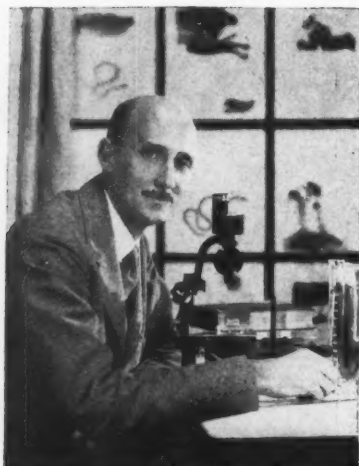
## SEWING MACHINES

*For the home not yet electrified there are modern Singer non-electrics which you can equip with Singer Motor and Singerlight when your home is wired.*





Agnes Sligh Turnbull



William Beebe



Princess Der Ling

# McCALL MIRRORS

**W**ILLIAM BEEBE has created many illusions and destroyed one. Tall, lithe, athletic, vital, Beebe in no way resembles the zoologist of stage and screen familiarity—the bespectacled, pith-helmeted, slight figure of a man who spends his time chasing butterflies with a tiny net.

For twenty years he has followed the trails of rare animals, birds and insects into the jungles of Borneo and British Guiana, through and under the waters of a half dozen seas, across the deserts of Mexico and Mongolia. What wonders he has seen during dry days of waiting on the plains of Sarawak or pushing through the lush growth of a Brazilian forest have not been kept for himself alone nor given only to the small group of scientists who share his passion for exploration, but offered to the world at large. For through the medium of an incisive style and contagious enthusiasm, Beebe transports the most conventional reader into the most remote and romantic corners of the globe.

**TEMPLE BAILEY**—what happy moments her name recalls and what pleasant promises it holds for the future. *Burning Beauty*—according to the letters we receive from every home on McCall Street—has been a constant well of pleasure for our readers. Men write in and tell us what they think of Rickey and Michael—and, of course, Virginia—characters as real to them as neighbors living in the next block. The tributes from women generally hold concern or affection for one or another of the characters in the story. These tributes come from precocious high school sophomores, from women in homes everywhere—on farms, in large cities and small towns—and from hundreds of girls attending schools and colleges all over the country. The borders of class and age flow to an inseparable union in *Burning Beauty*.

It should be a source of pride and pleasant anticipation to these readers to know that Temple Bailey's novels are published solely in McCall's, and that one of her most characteristic short stories will appear in an early summer number.

**U**PON graduating from college I had four years of Wall Street, seven years of writing, two years as a naval officer, and since, more writing," explains Percival Wilde. "I fell in love with a one-act play at sight, and have written nearly a hundred of them—*The Bookman* alleges I write a play every morning before breakfast."

**T**HE story of a home-town girl who made good in her own home town—with that paradoxical beginning, Selma Robinson could be no less than interesting. At the age of eight she wrote her first short story, but for lack of a title an author was lost. At sixteen she did

up her hair and became the girl reporter of the Brooklyn Daily Times. At twenty she was an ingenuous Beatrice Fairfax for the New York American, moving from there to the post of star reporter for the Tribune. Her next step was into the field of publicity, which she directs for the Literary Guild and a number of Metropolitan Opera stars. Coincidentally she stepped into marriage with one of the youngest bank executives in the country.

**O**UT of the heart of the East has come a very charming messenger of goodwill, the Princess Der Ling, once first lady-in-waiting to the late Empress Dowager of China, Tzu Hsi. Instead of teas and spices and fine silks she brings a proposal for the restoration somewhere in California of a miniature of Peking's "Forbidden City," the holy of holies of the Manchu dynasty. Believing the gospel "By their works ye shall know them!" this disciple of the Orient hopes to bring the United States and China into closer communion.

**B**EING constantly reminded by our readers that *Holly at the Door*, published in McCall's two years ago is one of the most delightful Christmas stories ever written, we appealed to Agnes Sligh Turnbull sometime ago for an equally fine story of Easter. *In the Garden* is her answer. We offer it to you with the hope that it fulfills your wishes as completely and beautifully as it has ours.

**T**HE success of the New Year presaged so well on McCall Street by the overwhelming popularity of *Tears of Niobe*, further enhanced by *The Romantic Prince* and assured forever by *Hide in the Dark*, vaults still higher in our May number. To the current list of popular novels we add a third in that issue, *The Guarded Halo*, by Margaret Pedler, a rising young McCall star.

And as if this feature were not enough, that charming young person who came quietly out of California several years ago to conquer the courts of Europe, Helen Wills, gives us in a dashing article her personal view of tennis life at home and abroad.

In addition to a full quota of short stories, written by such McCall favorites as Stephen Avery and Vingie Roe, there are two outstanding contributions—the second article in an arresting group written by Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, who won the Woman's Vote; and six of Ethel Kelley's sonnets of Crocker Neck, an imaginary village in the heart of America.

APRIL

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Cover Design Painted for McCall's  
By Neysa McMein

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"I WON'T WAIT,

I WON'T WAIT

*I'm going to have my Silver Anniversary now . . . !"*



**S**TAND aside, Tradition! A venerable custom is about to be modernized! A time-worn adage—that you must wait twenty-five years for a silver anniversary—must bow and retire!

For whether it's your cotton or crystal anniversary—your wooden or woolen anniversary—you can afford to make it a *silver* anniversary! You can have twice as much silver as ever you thought your dollars could coax from a silverware counter! Twice as much silver in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate! And to prove it . . .

Here is silverware as beautiful as any you ever saw! Every piece heavily plated with pure silver. All the most-used forks and spoons having an *extra thickness* of silverplate where the most wear comes. And every piece *guaranteed without time limit*—if (in fifteen, twenty, thirty years, or as long as you have it) this silverware fails to give satisfactory service it will be replaced. Yet . . .

For what you would expect to pay for a 26-piece set of such silverware you can have the set *and 26 extra pieces!*

For example . . . the 26-piece set shown here costs (with solid handle knives) only \$15.00—imagine it! You'd expect it to cost *twice* as much! But for what you'd expect it to cost you can have *in addition*—6 extra teaspoons, 6 butter spreaders (Butter Spreaders cost only \$4.40!), 6 salad forks, 6 iced-tea spoons (only \$3.25!), a gravy ladle and a cold meat fork—actually twice as much silver! You can have the 26-piece set and the *extra* pieces, too . . . the pieces no woman wants to do without . . . the pieces you need not do without *now!*

The patterns? . . . You'll adore them! Three to choose from . . . Princess, the new pattern, the most adorable pattern you've ever set eyes on! . . . the most popular new pattern of the year! And Triumph and Mayfair . . . two more winners of many a beauty contest! But when you go to your silver dealer's to see these patterns . . . when you go to make this your "Twice-As-Much" silver anniversary . . .

**don't say "ROGERS"**

**say "WM. ROGERS & SON"**

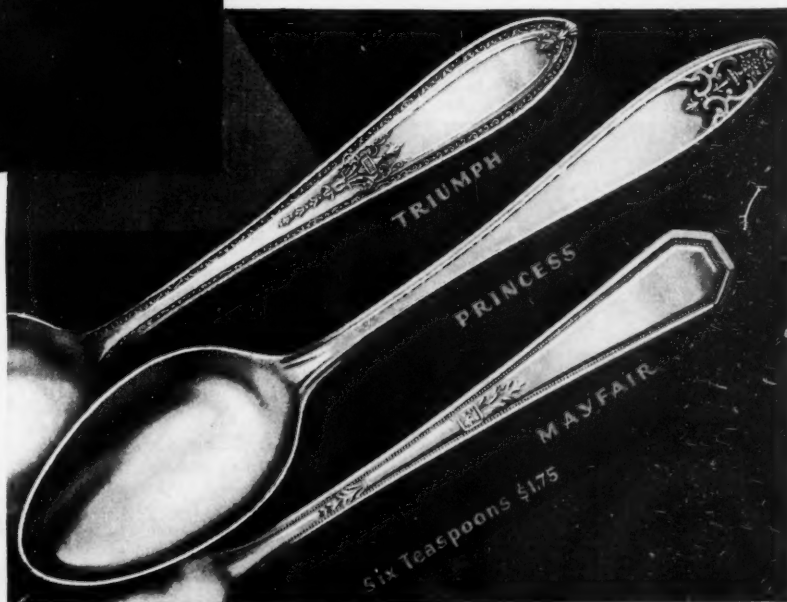
THE VANITY BOX—A charming new arrival in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate! Twenty-six pieces of exquisite silverware for only \$15.00 with solid handle knives—\$21.25 with hollow handle, stainless knives. The case is lined in soft jade green. The cover is hinged and carries a set-in mirror. Remove the silverware and you have a stunning dressing table box.



## WM. ROGERS & SON *Silverplate*

Write for "A Portfolio of Silverware Patterns"—it shows the many sets and pieces in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate, with 26-piece sets for as little as \$13.50. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) We'll gladly send you a copy, free. Write WM. ROGERS & SON, Dept. M-4, Meriden, Conn.

**INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.**



# "Naturally," says MRS. RICHARD T. WILSON, "I am particular about the coffee"

FROM A RARE EMPIRE SILVER COFFEE POT after-dinner coffee is served to Mrs. Wilson's guests in the drawing room. Her butler pours the fragrant Maxwell House into fragile cups decorated with Mrs. Wilson's monogram, while a second man offers cream and sugar. The clear, rich color of Maxwell House Coffee, its depth and sparkle of flavor, obtained by mingling the flavors of selected coffees grown in many lands, make Maxwell House a "general favorite" with men and women alike.

WHEREVER the season is at its height — New York, Newport, Saratoga—Mrs. Richard T. Wilson opens one of her magnificent houses and inaugurates a series of social functions of outstanding brilliance.

Out of her wide experience as a hostess has grown Mrs. Wilson's appreciation of Maxwell House Coffee.

The matchless blended flavor of Maxwell House pleases all tastes. It is a favorite with men and women alike — as good served with milk on the breakfast tray as it is "black" after dinner. No single coffee grown can equal it.

Years ago a gentleman of the Old South with a cultivated taste in coffee resolved to find the perfect coffee flavor—rich and full-bodied, yet mellow, too.

He tried hundreds of single coffee flavors—the many variations of "winy," "mild," "rich" and



Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, whose brilliant hospitality marks the New York and Newport seasons.



"Every dinner I give still seems to me something of a challenge. I rejoice in each one as a fresh opportunity to create an occasion with an atmosphere of its own; I try to overlook nothing that might contribute to a sense of well-being among my guests. Naturally I am particular about the coffee that is served; no single detail seems to me more important. I believe that it is the blend of many fine flavors in Maxwell House that makes this coffee a general favorite."

*Richard Wilson*

"pungent" coffees grown in the tropics of many different lands. No one alone was quite satisfying. So he worked for months combining, testing, rejecting, re-combining flavors and shades of flavors, until at last he made a blend of choice coffees that fully met his exacting standard.

That blend of selected coffees is Maxwell House named for the fine old hotel in Nashville where

it first became famous. Now its fame has spread all over the United States and the most important hostesses in America serve Maxwell House Coffee.

Once you've tasted its delicious blended flavor, you'll insist on Maxwell House Coffee at your own table and on your own breakfast tray. Your grocer can supply you. It comes nicely packaged in tin to preserve all its rich fragrance and flavor.



A gentleman of Old Dixie tested and rejected, combined and re-combined selected coffees from many different lands until he achieved the matchless mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee

## RADIO PROGRAM OF MUSIC EVERY THURSDAY

Famous weekly radio programs are broadcast by the talented Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

# MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

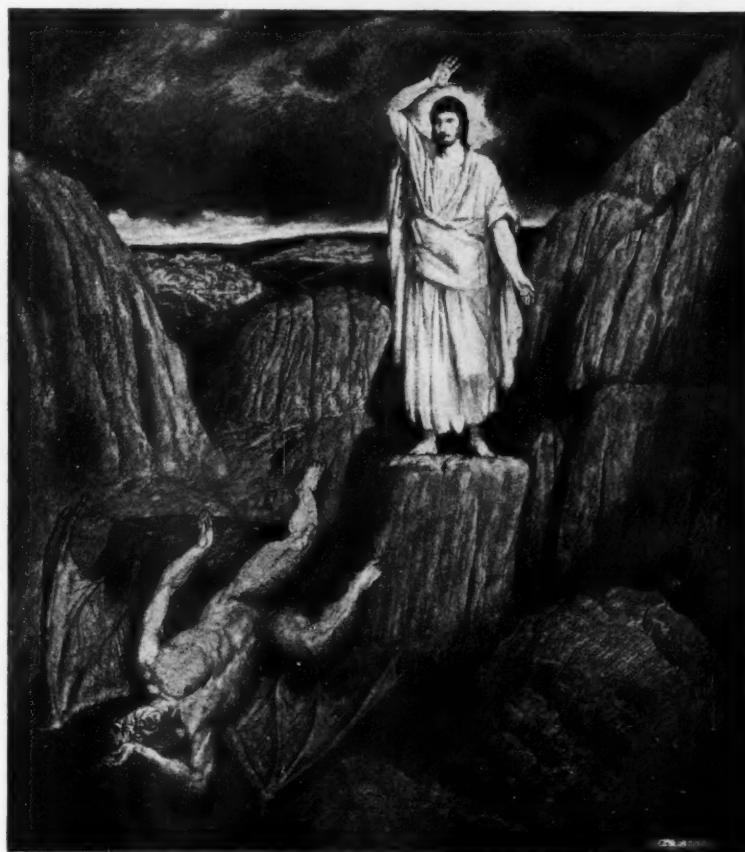
"Good to the last drop"



© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea





# What Is The New Testament?

## ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

### *A modern father guides his son*

*By Basil King*

BOBBY was a thoughtful boy, but not what could be called a pious one. You might quite correctly have said that his interest in the Bible did not spring from piety at all, but from a desire to know things. Even so it was chiefly a desire to know what his father knew. To know what his father didn't know stirred his zeal but slightly.

For some days after their last discussion he did not bring the subject up again. Leroy had by this time adopted a policy of letting him be the first to speak. That he was turning over in his mind what had been said the other day the father could tell by the way he kept the Bible within reach, studied the maps, read the historical notes and other data, though without a comment. Still without a comment he read one day four or five of the earlier chapters of Genesis, seeming to reflect on them afterward. Like his father he had the cogitating mind, the mind which having received a certain amount of outside stimulation does the rest for itself. Leroy was glad of this, because it often filled their silences with something more profitable to the lad than continuous explanation.

In fact he seemed to satisfy himself with thinking before asking a question at all. When he did so it came forth spontaneously.

"Father, isn't there another part of the Bible besides the Old Testament?"

Glancing at the headlines of his newspaper, Leroy answered thoughtfully, "Yes, there is the New Testament."

"What's the difference between them?"

Having expected this question Leroy had framed an answer in advance.

"We said of the Old Testament that it was the story of the struggle of men to reach God. Well, I suppose we might call the New Testament the story of the only Man who ever truly reached Him."

"That was Jesus, wasn't it?"

Leroy confessed that it was.

"But Jesus was the same as God, anyhow, wasn't He?"

Leroy reflected. "Do you know," he said, at last, "that's something I'd rather not talk to you about? It isn't that I don't believe it; but I can't explain it. I can't explain it because I don't understand it; and what I don't understand I'd rather not discuss."

"Other people," Bobby objected, "who don't understand it discuss it. Aunt Susie does. It was she who told me. She said that Jesus was the same as God, and when I asked her how, she said she didn't know, but that I was to believe it just the same, because He was."

"Yes, and I think that sort of talk is a mistake. Where there's so much that we do understand I think we ought to keep to it. I suppose Aunt Susie told you of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—the Trinity."

"Yes, that's what she called it."

"But she didn't say that in speaking of the Father and the Son we're using words in a sense quite different from that which they commonly bear, did she?"

"I don't think she did. Then what sense do we use them in?"

"In a high and mystical sense which we ordinary people hardly ever seize. But the trouble is we talk as if we did. Every now and then we begin on the subject of what is known as the Virgin Birth. You might suppose to hear us then that God the Father and the Virgin Mary had a child together, much as your Uncle Tom and your Aunt Susie had a child together. In the same way that your little cousin is half English and half American, because your Aunt Susie is an Englishwoman and your Uncle Tom a New Yorker, so this other Child was half human, half divine through a kind of physical inheritance. But that couldn't be the meaning of the Virgin Birth. Jesus could not have been the Son of God in the same sense that you're my son, or that I'm the son of my father."

"Well, then," Bobby demanded with some indignation, "how did he get into the Trinity?"

"That's what I don't know and so [Turn to page 75]

*Illustrated by E. F. Ward*



Photo by  
Doris Uimann



*A poet who  
looks like the  
sort of per-  
son about  
whom poems  
are written*

## In Miniature — Edna St. Vincent Millay

Intimate pictures of people you want to know

By Selma Robinson

**EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY** does not resemble the traditional conception of a poet. Rather, she looks like the sort of person about whom poems are written. She is slight as a child in figure—her shoulders are narrow and she is delicate looking. Her coloring is that of an autumn leaf. The freckles that cover her face and give it the tan of sunburn are of a leafy gold. Her cropped hair, billowing and lovely, is gold with red in it and her eyes are the odd mixture of green and yellow and brown that one finds in a leaf that is about to change color. Like an autumn leaf, it would seem that a sharp wrench or a stiff breeze would tear her from her stem.

Like most persons with a creative instinct, she is subject to temperament which sweeps over her in gusts—blowing sometimes high, sometimes low. There are times when life sings in her veins and she is almost childish in her movements, but sometimes she is sunk in depression like a cold, black mud.

She does not always seem so frail. Surrounded by friends and fun she is quick as a flame and as warm and alive. She has a ready wit, a sense of the ridiculous. Down in Greenwich Village her parties were the merriest and when she moved away the Bohemian spirit of the neighborhood departed with her. Even now in the big old white farmhouse atop a hill of the Berkshires, there are plenty of friends and lively talk and music.

There are those who wonder how anyone born so near the sea can be happy inland, far from the sound of waves slipping on rocks; and many of the poet's friends predict that she will tire of her present life in a few years. She was born in a town called Rockland in Maine on February 22, 1892, and her family three years later moved to Union, another town exactly like it. Her father was a school teacher, her mother a nurse. Vincent—her family called her that until the girls in college began calling her Edna—and her little sisters, Norma and Kathleen, lived the kind of life described in *Little Women*—frelit, friendly and imaginative.

**VINCENT** read everything she could put her hands on. A trunk in the attic was full of books and by the time she was nine she had read all of them—as long as she could get something to read it didn't make much

difference what it was, she now admits. That the child would one day be called a genius no one dreamed. She herself was more interested in music than in writing.

Vincent's gift for verse began as a child, but it was little more precocious than that of other talented children. She must have been no more than seven when she handed her mother a poem painstakingly inscribed in large, childish letters. It was called "One Bird." It couldn't very well have been called anything else!

*One bird on a tree,  
One bird came to me  
One bird on the ground  
One bird hopping around  
One bird flew away  
One bird came to stay  
One bird in his nest  
One bird took a rest.*

If Cora Millay was impressed by her child's ability she gave no signs of it. Neither did she say it was silly. She encouraged Vincent to write more, but at no time did she set herself to train a prodigy, and so Vincent continued to read and write and play the organ. At school she was ahead in reading, writing, but mathematics found her no better, no worse, than anybody else.

At an age when most girls would be graduating, Edna St. Vincent Millay was enrolled in Vassar—the college of her dreams. All her early reading had equipped her with a background that was amazingly wide and deep. She had a thirst for knowledge equaled only by her capacity for it. While in college she continued writing poetry, and wrote and took part in two plays—*Two Slaters* and *a King* and *The Princess Murries the Page*. During her senior year her first book of poems was

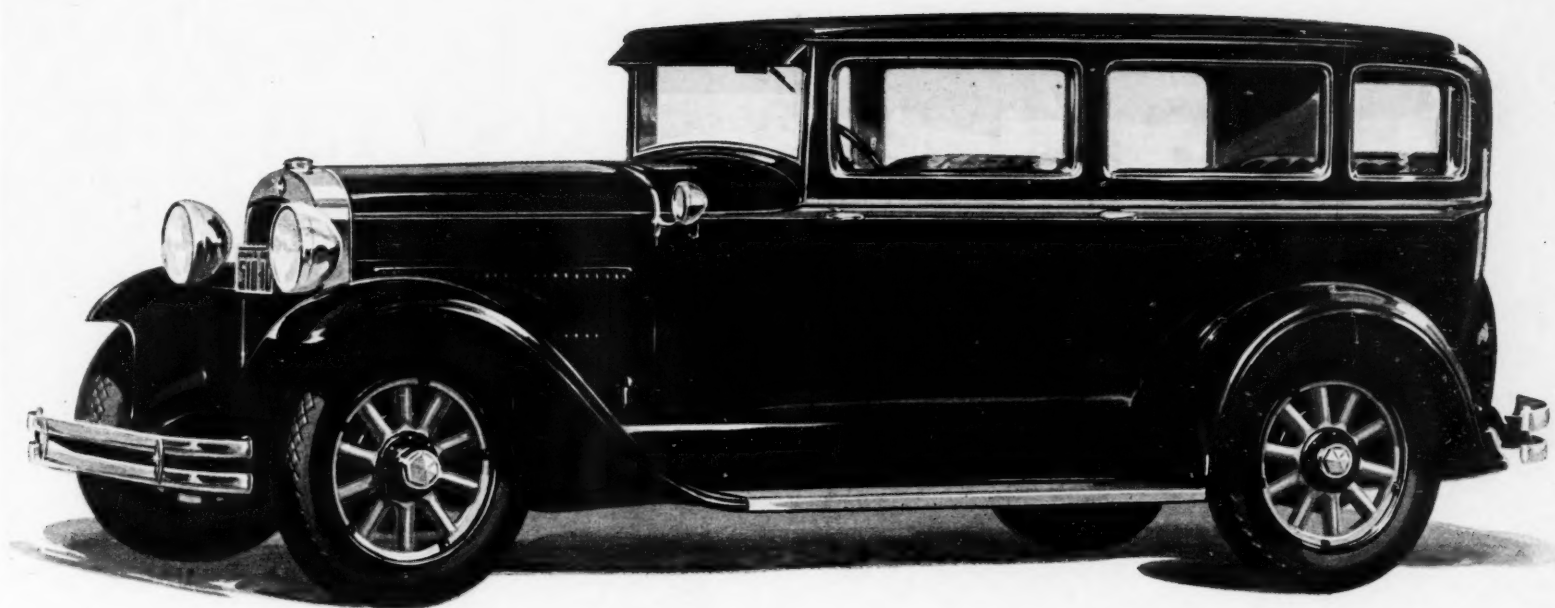
printed; *Renascence* was written and her importance as a poet was beginning to be felt.

After graduation Edna moved to Greenwich Village and occupied a hall bedroom on Ninth Street with her sister Norma. She found it no easy matter to earn a living by writing poetry and she and her sister became actresses in the Provincetown Playhouse, a theater on MacDougal Street that was once a stable and has the hardest benches in New York. There were giants in the Village in those days—literary giants whose names are significant today—Eugene O'Neill, Sherwood Anderson, Malcolm Cowley, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, and they were her friends. Miss Millay wrote another play and many poems which by that time were meeting with greater success; and in 1920 her second book of poems was printed: *A Few Figs from Thistles*. The next year *Second April* appeared.

In 1922 Miss Millay was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best volume of verse, and in 1923 became the wife of Eugen Jan Boissevain. He is a tall, sunburned man several years older than his wife. They have the same love of travel in strange places, of music, of books and the country. After their wedding they went to Europe and the Orient and on their return to this country they made their home in Austerlitz—a village hidden in the foothills of the Berkshires.

Once or twice a year they come to town, but they can hardly wait to get back. They have many and loyal friends. The living-room where they gather is unpretentious—as they like it—and the fireplace is bright and the view from the windows magnificent.

**MISS MILLAY** works in a barn that has been remodeled into a study. It is literally in the tree-tops. Her libretto to Deems Taylor's opera, *The King's Henchman*, was written there. She is a careful worker and her own scrupulous task-maker. There has been so much written about inspired poetry that one imagines a poem as springing into the artist's mind full born, equipped with lovely images and meter and pleasant-sounding rhymes. Edna Millay's poems come to her in a burst of what might be termed inspiration, but they are not fullborn. With careful craftsmanship she achieves a perfect unity with the line or two that "just came."



# ESSEX

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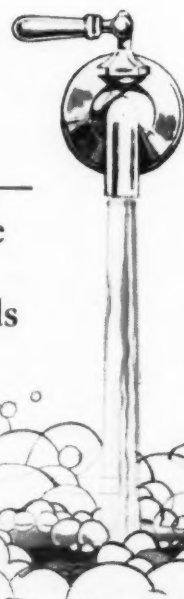
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*These lasting suds soak dirt free:* A 20-minute soaking in rich, lasting Chipso suds loosens even greasy dirt quickly without harming colors or fabrics. (You can soak overnight, if you prefer.)

Soaks clothes clean—  
Dishes  $\frac{1}{3}$  less time

Chipso—quick suds  
that last



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# the history of household soap

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# 4 Hasty Hot Breads

## GOOD-MORNING BISCUITS

(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

Baked in a jiffy for breakfast, they may be reheated to their original fluffiness—for Crisco biscuits hold the moisture which insures lasting freshness. And, of course, their flavor is sweet. How could it help be otherwise when the flavor of Crisco itself is so sweet and fresh?

4 tablespoons melted Crisco 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 3 cups bread flour 5 teaspoons baking powder  
 1/2 cup sugar 1 cup raisins 3/4 cup milk

You won't have to wash rolling-pin or biscuit-board—because they're not needed. Melt 4 tablespoons Crisco while you wash and drain raisins. Sift together flour,

sugar, salt and baking powder. Add fruit. Add enough milk to melted Crisco to fill cup, and mix with dry ingredients. Dust a sheet of oiled paper with flour, spoon out the dough and pat it with floured hands to about 1/2" thickness. Cut into small rounds, lay on Criscoed tin, brush tops with milk to insure golden browning, and bake in hot oven (450° F.) for about 15 minutes.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.



## BISHOP'S BREAD

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

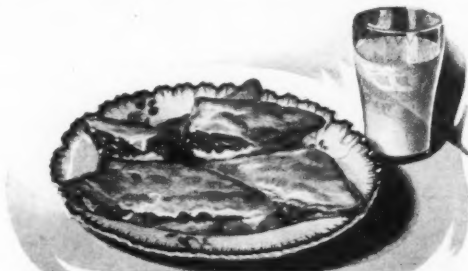
If your grandmother ever entertained a circuit-riding preacher she probably celebrated his presence at breakfast with Bishop's Bread, which in those days required twelve hours, or more, to prepare. Made of potato sponge, it was set to rise in an earthen crock, jealously guarded from drafts with a homespun blanket and baked in a brick oven.

Now you can make this same bread half an hour before breakfast by following this modernized recipe from Ohio. And from Ohio, by the way, comes Crisco—the sweetest-flavored shortening I have ever used.

2 1/2 cups bread flour 1/2 cup Crisco 1 teaspoon cinnamon

2 cups brown sugar 1 teaspoon baking powder 1 egg  
 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon soda 3/4 cup sour milk

Mix flour, sugar, salt and Crisco. Save 3/4 cup of mixture for top crumbs. To remainder, add baking powder, egg, soda, sour milk and cinnamon. Beat briskly until batter is smooth. Pour into two Criscoed cake pans and scatter crumbs of original mixture over tops. Bake for about 25 minutes in hot oven (400° F.). If you want a richer bread, add chopped nuts and raisins to batter, and sprinkle extra cinnamon on top before baking. The Crisco will keep it fresh. Reheating restores all the original fluffiness!



## HIGHLAND SCONES

(Mixing time: 12 minutes)

A Scot from Aberdeen said these were better Scotch scones than Scotch scones—which was his way of being humorous and honest at the same time. A Caledonian viand with an American accent—SPEED! And with a delightful fresh sweet flavor imparted with a shortening that is itself sweet and fresh-flavored—Crisco!

2 cups bread flour 5 tablespoons Crisco 1/2 cup milk  
 4 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt 2 eggs  
 2 tablespoons sugar jam or marmalade  
 Blend Crisco with sifted dry ingredients. (No long process of cutting hard fat into the flour—Crisco is of workable

consistency.) Stir in milk and eggs. Spoon dough onto oiled paper dusted with flour. Pat with hand to 1/4" thickness. Spread jam or marmalade over half the dough, cover with other half and press gently together. Cut into squares and then crosswise to form triangles. Brush with milk to give a rich brown glaze, and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) from 10 to 15 minutes. Serve while hot for tea or breakfast. (Omit sugar from recipe and spread dough with 3/4 cup grated American or pimiento cheese instead of jam or marmalade and you'll have a delectable scone to serve with salad.)



## HONEY-BRAN MUFFINS

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

Nature's oldest and purest sweet—honey—joins two other natural foods, fruit and whole wheat in these quick muffins. And Crisco, the sweetest, freshest-flavored shortening you could possibly imagine, lends its freshness and pure flavor to the ensemble.

4 tablespoons melted Crisco 1 cup whole wheat flour  
 1 egg, beaten 1/2 cup bread flour 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 cup honey 2 cups bran 1/2 teaspoon soda  
 1 1/2 cups thick sour milk 2 teaspoons baking powder  
 3/4 cup raisins or chopped dates

Light and set oven at 375° F. (medium oven). Melt sufficient Crisco for recipe and to brush into muffin tins. Beat the egg, stir in the honey and sour milk. Sift the two kinds of flour with soda, salt and baking powder, mix with the bran and stir into the first mixture. Add raisins and melted shortening and beat well. Fill Criscoed muffin tins half-full with batter. Bake in medium oven (375° F.) from 20 to 25 minutes. This makes 24 large muffins. I have reheated these muffins when they were a week old and found that Crisco had kept them fresh and moist.



*"Oh, Joseph, it is true. I have seen him in the garden. He touched my head in blessing"*

## IN THE GARDEN

*A beautiful legend of the eternal day*

*By Agnes Sligh Turnbull*

THEIR being in Jerusalem at all had been entirely due to Asenath. It had been mentioned first, years ago, on a still, moonlit summer evening as they sat, she and Joseph, in the open court of their old home in Arimathaea. Asenath leaned on the stone ledge of the fountain and trailed her soft fingers in the water. For a long time she did not speak. Her husband waited patiently.

"Joseph," she said suddenly, but with a childish wistfulness, "I have something very, very important which I have been wanting to talk over with you."

Joseph smiled tenderly, indulgently and with that hint of surprised delight in his eyes which his wife's presence near him always evoked. For he was not yet—even after five years—accustomed to her beauty. The long, slender throat like a lily stalk; the delicately molded face of alabaster and rose; the shining bands of black hair caught in a silver fillet with a white flower; eyes that held him



*Illustrated by*  
MEAD SCHAEFFER

in a spell whether they shone bright with laughter or dark with anger.

So he watched her now adoringly before he answered. He could guess the nature of this important matter she wished to discuss with him. It would be a new couch for the dining-room, perhaps; or a larger tapestry for the bedroom; or an unusually extravagant robe imported by the Greek shopkeeper. Joseph felt his breast swell. The joy of it was that there was plenty of gold to satisfy her every desire.

"An important matter, Asenath?" he echoed at last, his slow, grave voice mellow as he pronounced her name. "Well, let us hear all about it. Is that Greek to bankrupt me utterly with his wonderful importations? Why doesn't he stay at home and lure his own countrywomen into spending their husbands' money? I can guess what the latest novelty is. Let me see—ah, yes! A silver lace tunic over a long trailing robe of purple velvet, with silver filigree bracelets and earrings to match. Now confess."

But Asenath only made a petulant gesture.

"This is serious. It has nothing to do with new robes. It is something I have been thinking over for many months. I can't keep silent any longer. Joseph, I should like to move away from Arimathaea."

"To—move—away?" Joseph's lips seemed to stiffen as he pronounced the words.

Asenath turned quickly from the fountain, every line of her slender body intense; her vivid face all eagerness.

"I knew you would be startled. Perhaps you may even be hurt that I should feel so. But I am so tired of Arimathaea!"

"Tired of Arimathaea?" Joseph echoed again stupidly.

"Desperately! Now please don't look so dazed, and try to see my point of view. In the first place, Joseph, you are a very rich man, aren't you?"



Joseph hesitated. The full amount of his wealth had never been discussed between them. He had no reason for concealing it except natural modesty. Of course Asenath had a right to know if she asked.

"As the goods of this world go," he answered slowly, "I suppose I am very rich."

"Few in Israel any richer?"

"Not many, I should say."

"Good. There is the point at which we begin our argument. Here are we, two people with money enough to live anywhere, in any style we choose, wasting our lives in a little country town in the mountains. No one, practically, of our own class to associate with—nothing of interest to do!"

"Only consider my days. By noon I have done everything I can possibly think of in connection with the housekeeping. And the afternoons? Embroider a little, read a little, doze a little, walk a little—then change my robe to sit alone with you all evening."

At the sudden look on Joseph's face, she made an impulsive gesture toward him.

"Don't misunderstand, dear. You know I love you inordinately. But the truth is that no matter how much we love each other, our life here is monotonous, restricted, provincial. Isn't it?"

"I have never thought it so," Joseph answered quietly.

"Perhaps you haven't, but that is only because you have not pictured yourself in other surroundings. Can't you imagine life in an environment where each day would be interestingly different from all the others?"

"But where would you want to move to?"

"Oh, Joseph! How can you possibly ask? To Jerusalem, of course. To the capital. I should like to buy some land in the suburbs just north of the city, in full sight of the castles. I should like a large house with great, spacious rooms and wide courts and a garden somewhat like that of the official residence with pools for swans and little rustic bridges. And then, having an appropriate setting, I should want to live. To become a part of all the thrill of the city."

Asenath's words tumbled over each other:

"And I could go shopping in the big bazaars whenever I chose; and meet the women who are important.

Can't you see, Joseph, what it would all mean to me? Can't you understand?"

Joseph's voice was very gentle, but the words still seemed to come painfully.

"And what about me? I am a hill-country man. So were my father and grandfather before me. We've made our fortune in the hills, the fruitful hills of Ephraim. And I belong to them. What would I do in Jerusalem?"

Asenath ran across the court and dropped upon her knees before him, her lovely face shining up to his.

"But that is the best part of it, Joseph. I have that planned also. Have you never noticed how honored you are when you go up to the Passover? You are wealthy. You are just and blameless in character. You are versed in the law. You are one of those who await the coming of the Kingdom. If you were established in Jerusalem, it would be but a short time until you were made an Elder—a member of the Council!"

She paused, triumphant. Then catching Joseph's hands in her own she whispered, "You could be a great man, Joseph. Honored through all Israel. And I would be so proud!"

IT WAS late when they left the court. Asenath had gone over all her arguments while Joseph had grown more silent. Yet they both knew what the result would be. The wishes of Asenath were sacred.

They stood for a moment beside the fountain before they turned to enter the house. Joseph was looking off to Mount Ephraim.

"Of what are you thinking?" Asenath questioned brightly, aglow as she was with the knowledge of victory.

"I was thinking," Joseph said, "that the Prophet Samuel was born here, guided the destinies of the nation from here and finally was buried here. I do not imagine he thought of this place as provincial or monotonous."

Asenath shrugged with pretty petulance.

"But I'm not a prophet," she laughed. "I am a woman, young and—"

"Beautiful."

"Perhaps, a little. But young and eager for happiness. I want life, Joseph. All there is in it—all the richness, the variety, the beauty of [Turn to page 116]



*They came through the palm grove, past the fountain, beside the bed of lilies. A hush seemed to rest upon the garden*



The mysterious  
movements  
of thirteen  
joyously mad  
March Hares

# HIDE IN THE DARK

By Frances Noyes Hart

Author of "The Bellamy Trial"

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

AT FOUR o'clock on the afternoon of All Hallowe'en, 1928, thirteen gay revelers sever the silence and mellow, haunting beauty of Lady Court, an old house outside Washington, D. C. and gather for a party. They are: Neill Sheridan, precisely thirty-eight, sleek, dark, successful in law and the husband of Trudi, an arresting little urchin, with the ease of manner of a grand duchess;

Chatty Ross, small, gay, blindly adoring wife of Tom Ross, the least successful man in the room and sensitive of his place in this gay reunion;

Hanna Dart, a gentle lady, immaculately beautiful, who discreetly masks a deep affection for

Gavin Dart. He seems a fairly tired business man of fifty, with shrewd dark eyes and steel-gray hair.

In the corner—always in the corner—are Joel and Ray Hardy, married and overwhelmingly in love.

Jill Leighton, a graceful and gracious image in blue and tawny gold, stepister of that legendary Sunny, who had been the twelfth member of the March Hares group and had died so many years ago.

Moving through the shadowy room that is her inheritance, with the languid grace of a flower and trailing the elusive scent of violets, is the dark-eyed romanticist, Lindy Marsden, who shares the gift of loneliness with

Kit Baird, the handsomest man in the room and the cleverest, who in his casual way does every romantic thing magnificently well. He is a firm friend of

Larry Redmond, an agreeable young banker and a man's man, who has become engaged to Jill after ten years of misunderstanding.

The most hilarious member of the group is Doug King, a party man, jovial, ebullient and unflagging in his quest of society. Just at the start of dinner he stuns the room by forcing Lindy to dance with him to the music of "Underneath the Stars"—Sunny's old, unforgotten tune—when Kit swiftly checks the spinning disk and coolly halts their dance.

## Part II

IN THE silence that had fallen abruptly and ap-  
pallingly over the great room, a strange voice rose  
—a voice thickened and coarsened beyond recognition.

"Take your hand from my arm, you—"

There was a small crash of splintering glass as Joel Hardy moved swiftly forward.

"Steady on there, King. This isn't a tavern."

Lindy, swaying very slightly, steadied herself by catching at Doug's free arm. She slipped her hand through it, smiling desperately up at him, and at the look in her eyes, Kit relaxed his grip abruptly.

"Doug, please—it's my fault. I signed to Kit to do it because I didn't feel as though I could dance—truly I was so tired. This is my party, Doug. You aren't go-

ing to spoil my party, are you? Kit, I do think that was rather rude."

Kit, his eyes never leaving her face, said carelessly and pleasantly, "It begins to look as though none of us will make the third grade. Shall I stand in the corner, Lindy?"

"Not this time," Lindy's caressing voice was resolutely light. "Suppose you sit over there with Joel and Chatty and we all get at the porridge? Doug, you come over here with Hanna and me—you too, Sherry. Oh, no, Doug has to carve first—he's the butcher. The ham's in that little hamper there, and here's a nice sharp knife."

"Oh, Joel, look out, there goes that window!"

Joel caught it just in time to save the flickering candles and from somewhere a door banged an answer, and another door, farther away still, echoed it with feeble violence. He turned a rain-spattered countenance back to the reassuring warmth of the fire, stopping to wring out a rain-soaked cuff.

"Gosh, what a night!" he laughed, with all the curious hilarity that a struggle with the elements engenders. "It's blowing a fair gale and raining like the last day of the deluge. Now, are we all set?"

Trudi remarked cavernously from the depths of the winged chair: "Jill, you don't want Larry and Gavin and Tom, do you? Well, then, suppose you keep Larry at the table and send Gavin and Tom over here. Just for the present you two boys can pretend that you're a pair of nice little blackamoors in red panties, busy as bees gathering honey for the Queen Mother. About seven more plates of that salad, I should say, and



another pound or so of Doug's ham. Lindy, never in my born days did I eat anything to equal these biscuits."

She caught the glance of rapt gratitude tossed her by Jill, safely isolated in the shadows with Larry by these skillful maneuvers, wagged her head at them in mocking admonition and turned on the tranquil Hanna.

"Darling, don't those earrings give you megrims or something? I should think they'd double you right over. I don't believe they're healthy that size—I hope to heaven they aren't real. Sherry, you hope they aren't real, too, don't you?"

"I know darn well they're real," said Sherry. "And you can't scare me by talking jewelry either, young woman. You take it out on shoes."

"Boy, let me tell you that child spends enough for one shoe to keep a reasonable man in watches and chains for the rest of his life. I wish you'd get her to go in for something economical, like diamonds, the way the other girls do, Hanna."

Lindy murmured in her voice of moonlit languor, "Hanna has diamond shoebuckles. Gavin gave them to her for her birthday on the 'Starling' last winter. You remember, Doug—it was just before we picked you up in Palm Beach. I was even more impressed with

Hanna's buckles than Gavin's yacht. I do know people who have yachts, but I never even heard of one with diamond shoebuckles."

"Oh, Hanna, have you really got a yacht? With sails and sailors and cabins and decks and everything?" Chatty's eyes were pools of delight.

"Everything but a powder-monkey," proclaimed Doug.

"Hanna, does it sail everywhere? Is Gavin the captain? Oh, Lindy, were you on it? When were you on it?"

**WE WERE** cruising for almost four weeks, weren't we, Hanna? After we picked up Doug and those nice Hammonds in Palm Beach, I mean."

"Didn't it ever get rough?" asked Chatty breathlessly. "Didn't you ever get sick?"

"Oh, not ever—not even hardly ever. The water was like blue silk—wasn't it, Gavin? I couldn't bear it when we had to stop. Hanna, did they ever find out what made you so dreadfully ill that night at Port Limon?"

Hanna did not raise her eyes from her linked hands. She sat staring down at their long whiteness and the great square-cut diamond for a moment.

"No, not ever. I'd been feeling badly all that day from the heat, and it may have been something that I ate, of course—or drank. It was a wretched way for me to wind up the trip."

"Hanna sick?" inquired Doug. "At Port Limon? How come no one told me?"

"Oh, Doug, we must have told you. It was the night after you transferred to the Panama boat," said Lindy. "We were absolutely terrified out of our wits; and there wasn't a doctor in the place, when we sent ashore, because there was some kind of an epidemic in San José. I'll never forget that nightmare of heat and noise and terror as long as I live. They were loading a fruit boat by torchlight and all the darkies were groaning out some kind of dreadful chanteys, and Gavin and I were sitting in that little cabin with our hands over our ears, not even daring to look at each other."

Hanna said, her eyes still on her hands, "Darling, you'd make measles sound dramatic. You weren't told, Doug, because—because there simply wasn't anything to tell." She pushed the plate before her aside, untasted, and rose to her feet. "D'you mind if I stand by the fire a minute and get warm?"

Ray, stirring drowsily, protested: "Warm? Oh, Hanna, it's warmer than toast here now."

Hanna, spreading long fingers to the blaze, murmured, "I know—I know. It's absurd of me, but suddenly I felt—cold."

Lindy followed her with eyes dark with concern, murmuring under her breath, "Oh, Sherry, she's as white as a sheet. I'm an absolute idiot to have brought that up. She was desperately ill and apparently it upsets her to think about it."

**GAVIN DART** inquired pleasantly from the loveseat near the fire, "Lindy, where is that murder story you promised us? I'm rather a connoisseur of murder. I believe that I have the best collection of Nineteenth century trials in the country."

"Oh, have you?" demanded Joel. "Good night, I didn't know that! I'm a nut about it, too, though I go in more for detective stuff than trials. I know every way to bump a guy off that was ever invented, and I've thought of two new ones."

"You're to be congratulated. I'm not an expert on the literary side; reality's so much more brutally melodramatic than fiction that I don't go in much for anything else. I've rather specialized in police courts."

"Well, this place ought to suit you right down to the ground," commented Joel proudly. "Unless you're the victim or the coroner, you'll never be much



"Not Douglas nor any man that breathes means as much to me as your shadow"







nearer the scene of the crime than you are this minute. If you turn your head about two inches, your eyes will encounter X, which marks the spot where the body fell."

"Here?" demanded Ray in stricken tones. "Here in this room? Where we're sitting?"

Lindy smiled faintly from her firelit corner.

"I'm afraid so. Where some of you are sitting at any rate. Sidney's knee-hole desk was right in front of the fire, if legend can be trusted—just about where the big sofa is now."

RAY, with a frenzied squeak of protest, hurled herself straight from her corner of the sofa into Joel's arms, where she was greeted with benignly patronizing murmurs of reassurance.

"Was it Sidney who was murdered?" inquired Gavin Dart, amiable but undeterred.

"Yes, it was Sidney—such a beautiful young man," murmured Lindy drowsily. "He wore a scarlet coat and a little white wig and an unholy smile in the corner of his eye. I fell in love with him when I was six and a second, and even now I know him for a graceless scamp and rouge, I love him just a little. Aunt Serena has the portrait. It hangs over the mantel in the white dining-room. There's lace at his wrists and his eyes mock you from every corner of the room. He was my great, great, great-grandfather and a colonel in His Majesty's forces."

"And are you going to tell us who killed His Majesty's colonel, Lindy?"

"Ah, that's it. I told you that it was a good murder story, didn't I? And did you ever hear of a good murder story without a mystery? This one has sixteen or seventeen. For a long time everyone thought that it was a runaway slave. Sidney wasn't a very nice young man, and if he thought that a slave was getting a little slack or rebellious, he was apt to tie him up by his thumbs until he felt docile and energetic again. A week or so before the murder two negroes escaped, and there were rumors that they were hiding in the pine woods north of Lady Court—and one of the long windows out behind the cold-room was open. But they turned up as stowaways six weeks later on a boat that had sailed for the Indies the day before Sidney was murdered, and by that time everyone was off hotfoot on another trail."

"You haven't even told us how he was killed yet," interpolated the connoisseur of murder, a shade reproachfully.

"Haven't I? He was stabbed—in the back of the neck. Someone must have crept up behind him while he was sitting at the writing table. He was facing the fire, you see, with his back to the rest of the room."

"Was he writing?"

"Now you've found another mystery, Gavin. There was a quill pen on the floor beside him and even a few grains of sand on the desk as though he had been



*"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright, show me the man—"*

shaking some out to dry the ink, but there wasn't a single solitary sheet of paper on the desk. The sand might perfectly well have been left from another time, of course."

"With a lot of nigger slaves that got strung up by the toes any time they went slack?" Joel shoved the still palpitant Ray somewhat unchivalrously aside in his contemptuous excitement. "Swell chance! No, sir! The boy that stabbed Sidney was after something he was writing."

"Surely that's obvious." Dart's fine, shrewd face was riveted in amused attention. "But what was this document that turned death from a horror to a solution?"

OH, A WILL, in all probability." The buoyant voice of Monsieur Le Coq's disciple was self-confidence made articulate. "Or a disclosure of some kind that meant someone's ruin. Or mayhap the noble lord was going in for a little nice lucrative blackmail. D'you happen to know what the state of the family fortune was in those days, Lindy?"

"Oh, Sidney was magnificently rich. He'd been wealthy even before he married Damaris Fane, and she brought him another fortune. This house was his

wedding present to her. He had it copied exactly from her childhood home in Devon, even to the Chinese porcelain on the table and the clove pinks in the box garden and the silver altar in the chapel."

"Have you honestly got a chapel?" Ray's eyes were round with awe.

"Indeed we have a chapel—a perfectly divine one, all rose-colored marble from Italy. That door to the right of the fireplace leads into it and there's another door to the left of the altar into the servants' quarters, so that they could all troop respectfully in by the back corridors without coming through here."

"A chapel!" murmured Ray solemnly. "I didn't know that anyone in the world had chapels except Catherine de Medici and the Pope."

"Oh, lots of the Maryland families had them. Damaris was very devout and she brought a priest over with her. He lived for twenty years in the room over the chapel that I'm using now. You must see that tomorrow, too—it has really lovely pine paneling."

"Jimmy Carewe saw her portrait in Richmond at your Aunt Chloe's," said Chatty, "and she said it looked enough like you to be your sister—yes, and your twin sister."

[Turn to page 85]

# THE WHITE FOX

By Princess Der Ling

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

*A Manchu  
princess discloses  
a fable of  
ancient China*



ONCE upon a time in ancient China there lived a beautiful woman who was very bad. The Empress of Heaven in high displeasure changed her into a beautiful white fox and condemned her to roam the world for a thousand and a hundred years, suffering for eleven centuries for the few evil years which had so displeased Her Majesty.

Days, months, years and centuries swept down their endless corridors, closing the doors of time. The white fox, wandering here and there on the face of the earth, suffered her appointed time in silence; she could not speak, could tell no living person of her torment.

Then the day came when she happened to look through the open window of the cheerless little abode of Kwan Ching, an ambitious student who slaved the hours away against the time when he must take his examinations and prepare to take his rightful place among the great lawgivers and magistrates of the Middle Kingdom.

Kwan Ching had a secret. It was a secret he told no one until matchmakers, go-betweens, friends and relatives gathered about him, urging him to marry before he should be ordered up for his examinations.

On the wall of the study chamber of Kwan Ching was a beautiful picture that was very old—a picture of a China maiden, dressed in an ancient court costume.

The face of the China maiden was like a cameo. Her eyes seemed to peer lovingly out upon the bowed head of Kwan Ching, who, every evening before the cold of winter drove him to his bed, was accustomed to look longingly at the picture, bidding the maiden good-night.

And when the matchmakers, go-betweens, relatives and friends came to suggest that he take a wife, naming over for him the beautiful ladies of that section of North China in which he lived, he shook his head sadly.

"There shall be no marriage for me, ever," he said softly. "For I love a lady who exists only in my dreams!"

His eyes wandered to the picture which hung on the wall of his cheerless study chamber.

"Find me a maiden," he said at length, "who shall be as beautiful as the little lady in yonder picture and I will take her in marriage. For me there shall be no other. I love the picture woman and shall be true to her until I die. Find me one who has the face of the girl in yonder picture and the graceful perfections of the lady of my dreams and I shall wed her, and turn the face of the picture to the wall!"

The matchmakers stared at Kwan Ching aghast. Surely the man must be mad.

The picture was very old. The lady of the picture had perhaps been dead for centuries. Where, then, could they find her counterpart?

They tried to persuade Kwan Ching from his stubbornness, but Kwan Ching steadfastly shook his head. Find the counterpart of the picture, he told them; and they knew she could not be found. In the midst of the remonstrances, the gesticulations, one of the matchmakers raised his eyes, by chance, to the window.

"Look!" he shouted.

All the matchmakers looked. Then they fled from the study chamber. Kwan Ching raced to the window and peered out.

The matchmakers were beating the garden excitedly, looking under bushes, into tall trees—seeking, seeking. Finally, after a long time, they returned.

"What was it?" asked Kwan Ching.

One of the matchmakers took upon himself the rôle of spokesman.

"We saw a strange face at the window, Kwan Ching," he said. "It was not a woman's face, yet it was very like a woman's face."

A second matchmaker, excited so that he forgot the dictates of propriety, interrupted the speaker to make a startling statement: "It was the face of a white fox that peered in at the window!"

THE white fox had fled from the window of Kwan Ching. She fled with the fleetness of the wind, for hers was the power which had grown with the centuries. When she had reached the open country beyond the village it had become quite dark. Lights were blinking in the darkness like fireflies.

The white fox was filled with sadness, wondering when the Empress of Heaven would see fit to release her from bondage.

Then without warning came a voice out of the darkness: "White Fox, you have suffered for over a thousand years. It is in my heart to release you from bondage and to allow you a brief period of happiness before you die."

The white fox made reply, for her long silence had suddenly broken. She knew the voice was the voice of the Empress of Heaven and that in its hearing she was given all power.

"I am ready," she replied. "What wouldst thou have me do?"

"You shall take the form of a young and beautiful maiden, fair as fair to the eyes of men. You shall marry the man of your own choosing, provided he be worthy; you shall live a life full of happiness and in the end shall die satisfied, aged and full of years."

"I am ready," replied the white fox.

"Go, then," said the voice, "and all powers are yours."

KWAN CHING was talking with his servant before retiring.

"You love the lady of the picture," said the servant, who was very superstitious. "Why do you not talk to the picture every evening, telling her how much you love her? Perhaps a kind fairy will listen to your words and bring the lady of the picture to you."

Kwan Ching shook his head sorrowfully. It was impossible, of course, for there never could be a living woman as fair as his beloved. After [Turn to page 142]







# 18,000,000 WOMEN VOTE!

By Mrs. Alvin T. Hert

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

**P**ERSONALLY, I am a Republican. But when the woman vote is discussed I think of women not as Republicans or as Democrats, but as a group. The government of the United States is "of the people, for the people and by the people."

I recall the conversation of a young person who visited me last summer. She was a college girl old enough to cast her first vote and endeavoring to approach it intelligently. "I am on the fence," she said, "neither one thing nor the other. I don't know how to vote nor why. What shall I do?"

Perhaps I lost a golden opportunity to recruit a new member for my party, but I gave her the same advice I would give any woman when I answered: "Study the principles of the two parties. Decide which one comes nearest to your ideals, then affiliate yourself with it. Never be negative or wavering. Be definite regardless of which side you choose."

And that is exactly the way I feel about all women. Join one party or another, but join and work. The real definition of politics is "the science and art of government." It is the duty of every woman, therefore, as long as she has a voice in her government, to know something about it.

Women were enfranchised as soon as they were ready—as soon as a clear majority of them demanded the right to vote. They developed into political equality just as naturally as they made their way into the business world. True, they fought for their rights in the beginning—every crusade presages a battle—but before they fought they had to awaken.

Men gave us the vote, as history shows, yet many of them bitterly opposed suffrage. They offered innumerable

**T**HIS article is the first of three non-partisan discussions of the Woman's Vote, written for McCall's by Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, Vice Chairman of the Republican National Committee.

The publication of this series—with in a week after the inauguration of the new President—discloses the striking significance of the widespread interest of women, particularly home makers, in political responsibilities.

—THE EDITOR

reasons, but what they honestly feared has not happened—women have not become one bit less feminine. They have demonstrated their aptitude in the political field. They have put into their politics the same intelligence, the same study and research that they had previously put into their church and club work, which up to the time of enfranchisement had been woman's chief activity outside of her home. Once suffrage was granted, equal recognition was presumed to be established, and so

far as a right to ballot was concerned this was true. Actually, however, although it is approaching, it is not yet a reality. There is a difference between being recognized and being patronized. There is a steadily increasing sentiment in favor of women in politics; and today,

from National Committees down to precincts, double Committees operate—that is, women and men are equal in position and usually equal in authority.

It was in 1920 that women voted nationally for the first time. I wish I could say that after their years of struggle for the ballot they rushed to the polls in hordes voting for those they considered to be the best candidates. But they did nothing of the sort. Instead, fourteen million of them stayed at home on election day; and fourteen million men stayed at home, too, with far less reason. At that time, among the majority of the women interest could not be as deep-rooted or wide-spread as among the men. The women had had no hand in selecting the nominees. Their enfranchisement had come after the National Conventions were held.

After more than a hundred and fifty years with no direct voice in their government, women were suddenly confronted with the right to speak. Those who went to the polls in 1920 went with defiant exteriors but timid, quavering hearts. To some extent that same feeling exists today. Many women still hesitate about invading polling places which for years have existed as strictly masculine affairs; some even feel ashamed of the fact that they might be ignorant about polling procedure.

In 1924 women were in the primary as well as election campaigns and turned out in [Turn to page 100]





"Honest, Jean, do you know how to fry an egg?"

# A Mountain of Millions

The adventures of a modern Mahomet  
in the canyons of Wall Street

**P**RENTISS MIDDLETON sat in the cubby-hole which the brokerage house of Bigelow, Gwynne & Co. allotted to its assistant statistician and gazed thoughtfully across Wall Street at the modest, marble-fronted building which constituted the view. On either side towering edifices announced the names of the hundreds of enterprises which populated them. But the building in the center bore over its entrance the simple legend Starrett & Co., and to that plain statement did not add another word. Starrett & Co. spread comfortably over a ground floor and two upper stories. Here they were; here they had been fifty years ago; here they would be fifty years hence.

Prentiss Middleton, sitting in his cubby-hole across the street, had often amused himself by designing a business card for the redoubtable firm: "Starrett & Co.: Railroads Reorganized While You Wait: Bankrupt Industries Rejuvenated and Reinvigorated: Frozen Credits Thawed Out by Our Patented System: Trust Companies, Insurance Companies and Banks Bought and Sold. No Goods at Retail."

**I**T DID not describe their multifarious activities inaccurately. If the pie were large enough, Starrett & Co. were pretty sure to have a finger in it; and where the finger led, the whole fist often followed. An enterprise might be too small to attract them; none could be too large. Amalgamated Industrial Cotton, North American Transportation and Consolidated Aviation Service had come into the Starrett fold; had spent varying periods

By Percival Wilde  
Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

in the hot room, the steam room and under the cold shower, and had emerged radiating the vitality of youth, the pink glow of health in their cheeks.

Some of these things had become known to Prentiss Middleton during the two years that had lapsed since his graduation from college. Others he suspected. The effect upon him was to make him gaze upon the short, stumpy figure which was occasionally visible across the street with a respect akin to reverence. A stranger might have taken Oliver Starrett for a country schoolmaster or an underpaid clergyman. His dress was careless; his features mild—deceptively so. But Prentiss, gazing out of his window, knew Oliver Starrett for what he was, and did not hesitate to characterize him as Napoleonic.

That conclusion had been forced upon him by his twenty-odd months in the financial world. Nothing in the capitalist's home life—and with that Prentiss was far more familiar—could have conveyed such an impression. He had known Oliver Starrett for as many years as he could remember; and known him, indeed, as the gentle, unassuming father of the girl whom he

hoped some day to make his wife. He had looked upon him as an admirable background for that attractive young lady and it was with some-

thing of a shock that he was compelled to revise his estimate; was forced to admit that Starrett, in his chosen field, occupied a spot very, very near the center of the stage.

Despite the fact that Jean Starrett was only seventeen, and therefore half a dozen years his junior, it seemed to Prentiss that they had always known one another. The fact that the Starretts had succeeded in annexing an unduly large share of the world's goods, and that the Middletons had to content themselves with what, in their set, was an unduly small share, meant nothing whatsoever to the young people. Just one thing was of real importance: they cared for each other; they felt happiest in each other's society; their friendship had grown insensibly into affection. That being so, nothing else mattered.

**P**RENTISS turned back to his desk with a sigh. His problem had seemed so easy and that not so long ago. To love and to marry: it had been so perfectly logical until the mountain of the Starrett millions had reared its bulk between them. Sooner or later Prentiss' own mountain of millions would begin to grow, but before then weeks would click into months and months would click into years. The young man found the waiting irksome. It was quite characteristic of him that the thought that Starrett's son-in-law might start at the top, and not at the bottom of the ladder, never even occurred to him. He would make his way by his own unaided efforts.

Had it not been for Carol Perkins, who, so gossip said, wanted Prentiss for herself, the romance of the capitalist's daughter and the comparatively poor, worthy assistant statistician might have progressed to a humdrum conclusion. Sooner or later the young people would have got tired of waiting. Sooner or later they would have thrown themselves on the mercy of Oliver Starrett, and this latter, approving heartily of Prentiss and possessed of more capital than he knew what to do with, would have smoothed out all difficulties by scrawling a few lines on a check. Thereupon Jean Starrett would have become Mrs. Prentiss Middleton, and judging by precedent, would have lived happily ever after.



But Carol Perkins—"My dear," she murmured over a cup of tea, "I think it's just too thrilling for anything!" Carol was barely seventeen—a month or two younger than Jean—but possessed of worldly wisdom that was quite beyond her years. "The poor young man and the heiress! Isn't it just too lovely!"

"Yes," assented Jean. Twin spots of color danced in her cheeks. Half the pleasure of a secret engagement consists in sharing the secret with discreet friends. In strict confidence she had just told Carol what that well-informed young lady had long suspected.

"Not a cent and you're going to marry him," elaborated Carol. "You'll keep no servants; and you'll live in a little apartment somewhere near the subway; and you'll do your own cooking and mending and cleaning and—it'll be just like camping out in the wilderness, won't it?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," admitted Jean candidly. She squared her graceful shoulders unconsciously. "If other girls do it I should be able to do it, too."

"With your bringing up?"

"What of that?"

"You have had servants to do everything for you. Why, you've had your personal maid ever since you were six. Do you think you could get along without her?"

"I could try."

"That might be enough. Honest, Jean, do you know how to fry an egg?"

Jean laughed. "If I fry it," she declared confidently, "Prentiss will eat it."

"How often?"

"Well," declared the heiress innocently, "I didn't know you could eat an egg more than once."

CAROL shook her head despairingly. "You won't take it seriously, will you? It will be all right for a day or a week or a month or even for a few months. I know other girls who have tried it. It sounds so attractive—so easy—such fun—when you just talk about it. Then you start off, thinking it's going to be a lark. And it is a lark—for a while. And then—my dear, do you know the seamy side of housekeeping without help? Have you ever washed a pile of dishes that you were too tired to wash the night before? Have you ever crawled out of bed on a cold morning to put the coffee pot on the stove? Have you ever darned a pair of socks?"

"Have you?"

"No," admitted her friend readily, "but I've heard other girls tell about it."

"If they lived to tell about it," countered Jean, "I think I'll live, too. I seem to remember that my grandmother used to do things like that herself; and she isn't ashamed to talk about it today—not one bit! It didn't hurt her any. It won't hurt me. Anyhow," she concluded valiantly, "Prentiss is going to get ahead."

"That's one advantage of being in his position," commented Carol drily. "He can move in only one direction—up."

"It isn't fair for you to say that."

"Why not?"

"He isn't so poor—so awfully poor."

"How do you know?"

"He's got a car."

"It's been called many things," admitted Carol, "but I've never heard it called that before."

"His family lives in a nice neighborhood."

"No," contradicted the persistent young lady, "they don't. It's nice once you get on the other side of the corner; but they live on the un-nice side of it. It's less expensive there."

"They go away summers."

"Yes—week-ends—when they're invited."

"Carol, what are you trying to do?" Jean demanded. "Splash cold water on Prentiss?" Her eyes held a dangerous spark.

"Anything but," Carol protested. "Prentiss is a dear and everybody likes him. But if you marry him, you ought to do it with your eyes open. He may make good—I don't say he won't—but what will happen to you if he doesn't?"

For the first time Jean hesitated. "Well," she pointed out, "there's always father."

"Ah!" crowed her friend. "I was waiting for you to say that! Don't you think Prentiss knows it? You may be going into this blind, you can be sure Prentiss isn't."

Being seventeen and candid, Jean had not hesitated to discuss her most intimate problems with her friend. But this overstepped the privileges of friendship. Jean drew herself up with swift dignity. "Carol," she suggested, "let's change the subject."

But the sting had found its mark and the poison rankled. She could think of little else the rest of the afternoon. Never for an instant had it occurred to her that Prentiss might have motives less transparent than

they seemed. The thought was preposterous, ridiculous; but once instilled into her mind it was horribly disturbing. Other men married for money. She had set Prentiss in a class apart—such a deed was impossible for him. But was it?

Dressing for dinner, she debated vigorously with herself. Now, such debate is unwise, for being unable to take offense at one's opponent, there is no possibility of terminating it with dignity. The more Jean argued, the further she found herself from a conclusion and the more her temper rose. She entered the dining-room in a cold fury—furious at she hardly knew what—and sat through the meal in unresponsive silence.

OLIVER STARRETT, observing his daughter, reflected that at the age of seventeen strange moods were perfectly in order and concentrated his thoughts on a new Glasgow putter which was to have its baptism on the following day. He barely nodded when, later in the evening, the butler announced that Mr. Middleton was calling, and when Jean, with set face and determined lips, marched her guest into the music room.

She had firmly intended to put her unsuspecting fiancé through the third degree. She loved him; she loved him deeply—so much she admitted [Turn to page 102]



*She had intended to put her unsuspecting fiancé through the third degree*





*The Governor, infuriated by the attack upon him, thundered: "Stand*

## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

*Honor and treason meet in the lists*

COUNT ANTHONY of Egmont, heir to the Duchy of Guelders in Flanders, disillusioned in love, secretly leaves the court of his cousin Charles, Duke of Burgundy. Riding through Ghent his pity is aroused by the plight of Philip Danvelt, young merchant of Zeeland, who in a tavern brawl speaks ill of Duke Charles. Count Anthony becomes his surety for a fine of a thousand ducats and rides home with him to be reimbursed. On the way they stop with Mynheer Claessens, wealthy burgher of Flushing. Anthony falls in love with Claessens' beautiful daughter, Johanna. Philip's father dies and Anthony sails for England. On his return Duke Charles, through Claude de Rhynsault, Governor of Zeeland, finds Anthony and wins him back to his standard. Johanna's father, to divert her mind, takes her to Bruges where the mar-

By Rafael Sabatini

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Illustrated by N. C. WYETH

riage of the Duke of Burgundy to Princess Margaret of York is being celebrated. Seeing Anthony in the scarlet mantle of the Knights of the Golden Fleece Johanna discovers his princely rank and, realizing the hopelessness of their love, marries Philip. Anthony learns of her marriage and dedicates his life to her. He and Duke Charles lay plans to foil the schemes of King Louis XI of France, who is plotting war against Burgundy . . .

IN A SMALL stone chamber, vaulted, cheerless and sparsely furnished, the hearth cold and empty, and the square window barred like a prison's, sat the King of France; and a less kingly figure you will seek in vain down the galleries of history. He was alone with his confessor, the Cardinal Balue, who sat apart—a majestic scarlet figure, deeply immersed in his breviary so as not to disturb Louis at his devotions. For the King was praying.

The Cardinal rose and moved with slow majesty, his cloak of scarlet silk trailing along the ground as he crossed to open.

He stepped out of the chamber, to return a moment later with the announcement that the Duke himself, accompanied by Count Anthony of Guelders, begged an audience of the King's highness.





*where you are, or, on my oath, my men shall cut you down!"*

The keen, eager eyes of the King flickered at the announcement and a measure of relieved surprise showed in his face. If Count Anthony of Guelders was in this, his case must be far from hopeless. Count Anthony—that mirror of chivalry and pattern of honor—did not deal in murder or baseness of any kind. He rose as they entered and spoke in his thin, quavering voice:

"Fair cousin, this is to honor me. And you, my Lord Count, I bid you welcome." He removed a hand from the Duke's sleeve of rich black velvet, to extend it to Count Anthony, who dutifully kissed it whilst he bent his knee. "You find me in deep distress," he ran on, "at the events which have come to trouble the harmony I had hoped should prevail between us here. It was that hope, that confident hope, which made me anxious to come in person to adjust our differences."

Fearing imprudences from the Duke, Count Anthony made haste to assume the spokesmanship.

"Sire, his highness has ventured to intrude upon you in the hope that it may be your good pleasure to fulfill now the purpose of your gracious visit to Péronne."

THE King licked his coarse lips. "Why, this is good hearing," said he. "Excellent hearing. I had feared that the discussions of terms might have been indefinitely postponed by these unfortunate events which, believe me, no man could deplore more deeply than I do."

The Duke laughed. The King jumped visibly at the sound, which was far from pleasant.

"As God lives," said the Duke, still with that snarling laugh, "you have good reason to deplore them."

Count Anthony brought him sharply to the reminder that the matter had been entrusted to his hands. "By your leave, Charles!" His glance said more than his words and it was not lost on the watchful monarch. "The King's reasons may not be as you suppose them." With the former gracious deference he turned to the King again. "You perceive, sire, that an obstacle exists to the calm discussion of any terms of peace between France and Burgundy. But if I have brought the Duke here to consider them with you, monseigneur, it is in the hope that in spite of the circumstantial reports his highness has received, you will, yourself, sire, be able to remove the obstacle."

The King considered. "I conceive and understand my cousin's indignation. I share it even. But how is it reported, how assumed, that I am concerned in events in distant Liège?"

"It is not assumed," the Duke rasped. "There is evidence of it. We know now of the activity in Liège for months past of your agents. Officers of your own, such as Fremont de Marle, des Aubus, du Breuil and Grandmaison were seen to be leading the insurrectionaries."

"Who says so?" snapped the King.

"My messengers—gentlemen of my own who have ridden in from Liège. Shall I send for them to tell you, themselves, sire, what they witnessed?" The Duke half rose as he spoke.

Count Anthony cut in smoothly—"But where is the need for that? The King himself is here and can speak of it. His royal word on this or any other subject cannot be held in doubt."

Thus smoothly Count Anthony opened for the King as a door of escape the door of falsehood. And the King for all his astuteness, never dreaming whither that door would lead him, bolted through it.

I THANK you, Lord Count," he said, with a great show of dignity, "for hesitating to believe that the King of France is a knave. As for these men of mine who are implicated, three of them are men of mine no longer; they ceased to be men of mine in the course of the last half-year. As for the fourth—Grandmaison—he is to the best of my belief in Paris at this moment. So that in respect of him, at least, your report is inaccurate."

"You have not proved it, sire," said the Duke uncompromisingly.

"Charles!" Count Anthony admonished him. "His highness has indeed proved it by stating the contrary upon his kingly word. It only remains, sire, completely to disabuse the mind of his highness by informing him with your own lips of what I am persuaded must be true: that not by the hands of the men named, or by any other hands, or in any way have you had part or share in the insurrection at Liège and the massacre that has taken place there."

[Turn to page 106]



"Come back, you spitfire—you'd break your neck!"

# THE BLUE ROADSTER

*April comes to Sweetcreek*

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

Illustrated by RAYMOND SISLEY

"MY BOY died for America," said Mrs. Hilary Rossiter to Bruce Evans. "He did not die for France or Belgium or England. I wish this memorial, on the little campus he loved, to express something truly American. I do not wish it to be just another beautiful bit of collegiate Gothic. Do I make myself clear?" She spoke evenly, masking, as thoroughbred ladies can do, the sorrow behind her words. The April afternoon had been chilly; crackling logs upon the hearth of the living-room of this Pride's Crossing manor house made the dull mahogany furniture glisten. Bruce Evans had motored over from Lenox. He was an architect—a rather famous one considering his youth, for he was only twenty-nine. Mrs. Rossiter's conversation had been clarity itself. She had asked him to design a new chapel for Dorrance College; she was giving it in memory of forty Dorrance men who had laid down their lives in the war. One of the forty was Tommy Rossiter.

"Will you do it?" she inquired.

His throat tightened as he regarded Tommy Rossiter's outwardly serene mother.

"I'll try to do what you wish—try hard," he told her.

He was in a hurry and an evil temper the following morning when, driving down to New York, he saw the old grist mill. His wrist watch showed that he was an hour late. He had experimented with an alluring country road through the Connecticut hills. The flowering dogwoods had been to blame. He hated to leave them and they had betrayed him, as beckoning vistas usually do.

The weathered stone building straddled a choked sluiceway with crumbling staunchness. Many years had slipped by since its wheel had turned; lichen clung to the sturdy oaken spokes. He braked to a standstill and read the inscription upon a brown slab above the double shuttered window. The slab was moss encrusted, and he deciphered the rudely carved letters with difficulty:

HONEST WAIN  
1 7 6 0  
HONEST GRAIN

The hand that had etched this motto might have fingered a flintlock after Lexington. Something flashed above the surface of the water and vanished—a trout was at luncheon.

Violets and hepaticas sprinkled the creek rim and he caught a glint of bloodroot and anemone on the slope beyond. What a place for wrestling with a problem! The idea evolved suddenly. Was he not making a mistake trying to fulfill a mother's dream amid the towers of Park Avenue?

A few rods farther he turned into a cement pike, stopping for gas at a one-pump filling-station in front of a

brown cottage beneath a clump of sugar maples. A middle-aged man in overalls limped from the porch.

"I passed an old mill on the way down," said Evans.

"Pretty up there in the spring," the lame man answered. "That's Sweetcreek Mill. My great-grandfather built

it. There's been a Sneed at Sweetcreek for nigh two hundred years."

"Good!" said Evans. "I'd like to use your mill loft this summer."

He took a card from his wallet. The lame man was examining it when there was a roar down the pike. A blue roadster shot into view.

"It's her again," the filling-station proprietor said.

"Who?"

"You'll see."

The roadster slowed and swerved abruptly; vapor was arising from its radiator cap.

"Boiling!" a feminine voice cried. "Hustle, Bill! Give the blue brute a drink. I'm late for golf."

Bruce Evans could see only one shoulder and bobbed, chestnut hair above it. A turquoise fender had shoved him out of the picture.

"Thanks, Bill. Father's coming next week. 'Bye!'"

"'Bye, Nancy!'"

The cerulean roadster snorted off. Its occupant had not wasted a glance upon the other car.

"Nancy Folsom," Bill Sneed explained. "Her place is two miles to the south. The Boston Folsoms. Nancy's the lady golf champion of the Sweetcreek Club."



The architect stared after the diminishing blue dot, the lilt of the girl's gay voice still in his ears.

"I want that mill for June and July," he declared. "Whatever you think fair I'll pay. Where could I put up for two months?"

The lame man appraised him deliberately.

"They're snooty at the golf club," he said. "Even if someone give you a visitor's card they wouldn't let you bunk there. Old man Folsom rules that roost. And say, you ain't seen hard-boiled millionaires till you've met Nancy's pa."

"When you've looked me up, Sneed, write a letter. By then you may find somebody willing to board me."

"Don't intend to look you up. Liked the cut of your jib right off. I'll take a chance on my rent if you'll gamble on my chow."

"You mean—?"

"There's plenty of room in the cottage. I batch it and do my own cooking. That's what I mean. And I can cook, mister; specially pies when the blueberries gets ripe. Not enough gas trade to interfere with housekeeping. You'll find things clean when you come in June."

BRUCE EVANS did. The ancient loft had been swept and garnished against his arrival. Bill Sneed watched his tenant beam when he surveyed hooked rugs, four rush-bottomed chairs and a prodigious cherry table rubbed to a satin gloss.

"They're treasures," Evans told his landlord.

"Maybe. Thought you'd like that table—Ma doted on it. You can spread your papers and leave 'em lay."

Double shutters of the window were flung wide. Early twilight wrapped the hills, stretching gray fingers across rolling fields and laid-stone fences; the sluiceway's current tinkled upon pool boulders where a trout had leaped that first day; whippoorwills complained and maple branches rustled.

"Peace, Sneed. It's here, isn't it?"

"Seems kind of good, I guess. Did to me when I come back from overseas. Got this gimpy leg in the Argonne. Was cooking for a leatherneck outfit and shrapnel busting a slumgullion trailer ain't like going over the top."

"I missed that show," said the architect. "I was a rookie at Camp Zachary Taylor."

"Didn't miss much. The one thing you lack here is 'lectricity, but I dug up a nickel student lamp. You'll be working nights some, I reckon. Supper's ready, let's go."

Two weeks of it made Evans feel as if he had lived there always. And upon the satiny cherry table, the Park Avenue exile began to assemble the plans for Dorrance College's new chapel. One fragment at a time he conjured out of the peace which brooded above the decaying flume. In the meantime he prowled around the countryside. Knickers and cricket flannel remained in his trunk. It was pleasant to imitate his host. Woolen shirt and khaki trousers were his daily garb. When Sneed was absent and a tooting of horn indicated that some wayfarer off the beaten track needed attention, the transplanted architect would saunter to the filling shed and wield the pump-handle. He enjoyed these interruptions; he was studying faces from a new angle. It annoyed him when tourists took advantage of Sneed, who was forever tinkering with balky engines and refusing to charge for more than gasoline.

"It's all wrong," he protested. "You've got to give them free air, but if you use a spanner you ought to be paid for it."

"When you're alone go ahead," the lame man retorted. "I don't aim to make big money out of this station. Put in the pump so's to have someone to pass the time of day with. It's lonely around here and I like folks."

Sneed had piloted his rickety flivver to Conway one morning when Evans heard impatient honking. He dropped pencil and tracing sheet, using his short-cut from loft to creek rim. He had rigged a double hawser through the grain sack pulley blocks; it was good exercise, lowering himself hand over hand. The horn sounded persistently as he crossed the rotting flume. He recognized the blue roadster.

"Where's Bill?" Nancy Folsom demanded.

It was his first genuine look at the girl—firm mouth and chin, nose tiptiled a trifle, topaz eyes glowing. She couldn't be more than twenty-one.

"This teakettle's boiling again," said Miss Folsom. "It's always boiling."

After you put in water, have a look at the fan. When did Bill take on a helper?"

Bruce Evans looked up from the lard pail he was balancing.

"A couple of weeks ago. Why don't you women drivers remember that a car gets thirsty as well as a horse?"

"You'll be a business getter for Bill. One wise-crack with every pint of Sweetcreek water. Giving away anything with five gallons of gas?"

As he whirled the crank he enjoyed her wrath. Another spoiled, rich man's daughter, of course; but hers was the wrath of an angered boy, a wholesome, quite understandable resentment. He screwed on the tank cap and lifted the hood. It took ten minutes to readjust the fan.

"Charge the gas," she ordered as she pulled down her hatbrim and prepared to throw in the clutch.

"Can't. I don't know you, lady."

"I'm Nancy Folsom."

"Don't know you and I'm responsible. Gas is thirty cents today."

The driver of the blue roadster bestowed upon him a poisonous glance while she produced a scarlet leather bag and fished for the money.

"You haven't paid for the fan. Fixing that will cost you two dollars."

"Absurd! Bill does it for nothing."

"Sneed will end up in the poorhouse. You got an honest two dollars' worth. They'd have charged you three at Conway."

"I won't pay it!"

The car was moving when Bruce Evans reached out and shut off the gas. "Oh, yes, you will!"

His grimy fingers had left a smudge across her tanned forearm.

"Look what you've done!"

"Bill's helper—his mark," he laughed. "Come across, lady. I don't trust anybody, not even a Folsom."

She flung the handbag beside the empty lard pail.

"Take all I've got, you hold-up man!" she shrieked.

While he stooped, the roadster leaped forward and was gone. He wiped his hands carefully before inspecting filmy handkerchief, gold vanity case and tiny purse. The latter contained a solitary dime.

NOT much business while you were away," he reported when Sneed rattled up. He exhibited banknote, half dollar and the scarlet purse's lone coin. "Ten cents is on account," he explained. "There's a dollar ninety coming to you. The Folsom girl gypped me. When I charged her a two-spot for fixing her fan she cut up rough and beat it."

"Cricky, Bruce! I never charge for them little jobs."

"I'm going over tomorrow to collect the rest."

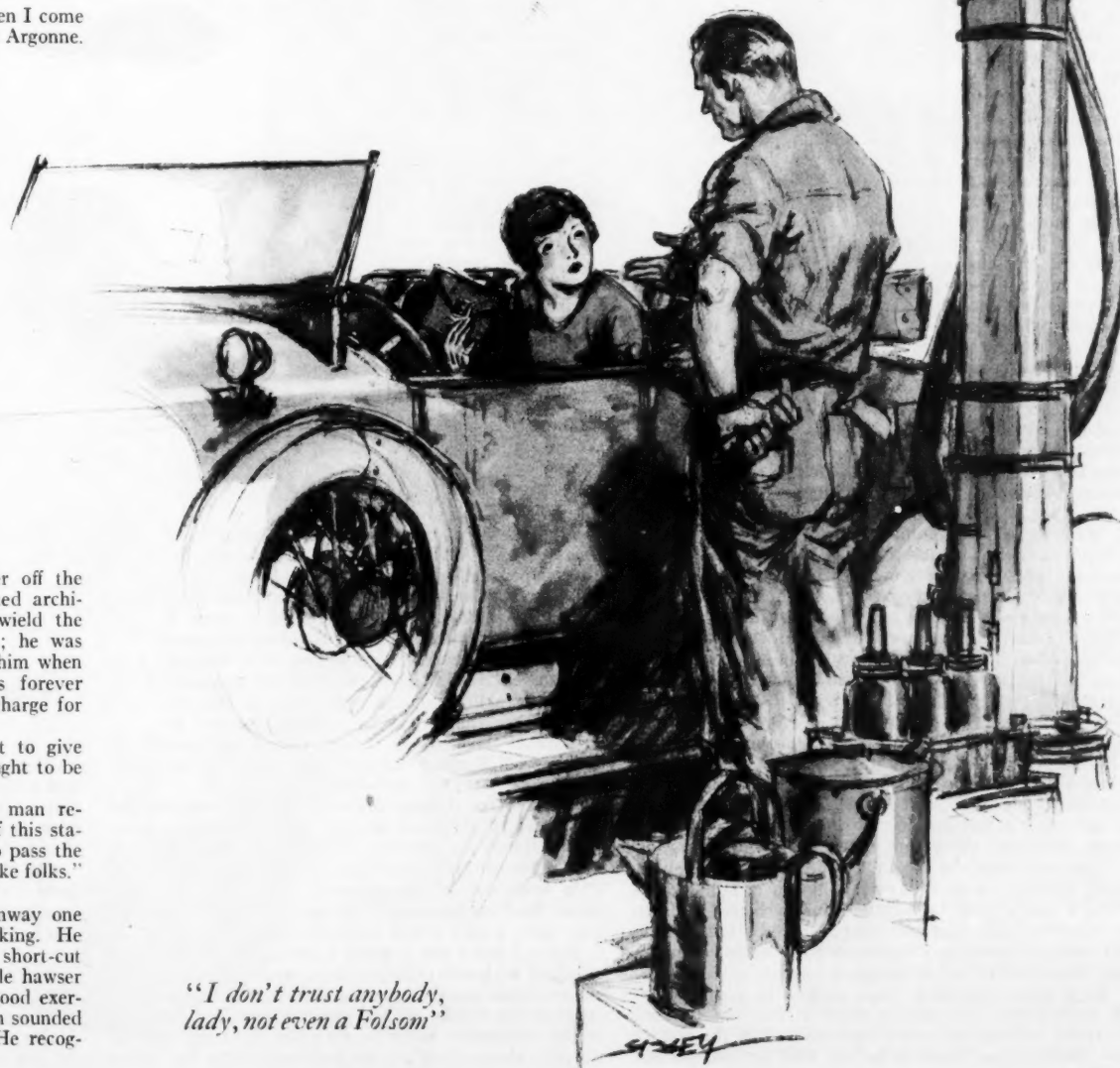
"Wouldn't if I was you. Nancy went off mad and you'll get the worst of it. Took you for a hired man, didn't she? Figure you'd like her to keep thinking that."

"For a while, Bill. Why didn't you tell me she had topaz eyes?"

"Never labeled them before. Keep snapping at you, don't they?"

Scorn in those eyes had stimulated the cloistered architect. He labored late

[Turn to page 112]



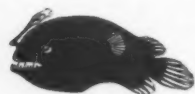
"I don't trust anybody, lady, not even a Folsom"



# BELOW THE TOP

*Exploring the deserts of the deep*

By William Beebe



EVERY now and then we are thrown into joyful excitement by the arrival of fellow human beings who have flown or climbed or steamed either very high or far, or through stress of storm or night; and we cheer them and cover them with medals and city keys and everyone is happy. Afterward, on all sides, we hear regrets that exploration is possible only to the few and that most of us must stay at home and know only by hearsay of the wonders of strange worlds.

I had to spend most of the summer of 1928 in New York City and yet I longed to be on the edge of things. How could I manage both at once? There came to mind a cartoon I had seen some time before, in which Skippy and his small friend stand for a long time gazing out to sea. Throughout the layers of cartoon strips not a word passed between the two urchins. At last, without turning his head, Skippy said, "You know, that's only the top of it."

That cartoon set me thinking and I realized that if I could manage to find transportation one hundred miles southeast of New York City and could reach down a mile, or even one thousand feet, I would find a world in comparison with which the north and the south poles are trampled ground.

My thought spread and took fire in other minds and one day in early July I found myself on an ocean-going tug, backing out of a Brooklyn slip, on the way to test my newly-thought-of world.

Twenty-five thousand years ago I could have walked the hundred miles out to sea dry-shod, for at that time there was so much water locked up in ice on the continent that the ocean's level was three hundred feet lower than now. Ages before this the Hudson had cut its way still farther, through a valley now deep beneath the surface and through a gorge with waterfalls higher than anything on earth today. In this ancient Hudson Terminal, still present on the ocean floor, I sought today my no-man's-world.

We start in the evening and on the first trip sleep but little for there is a magnificent display of northern lights—flashes and ribbons and radiating spokes of yellow and rose and green. At eight o'clock the next morning our little tug is rolling gently on the threshold of our New York mystery something more than one hundred miles out sea, with the blueness of mile-deep ocean stretching all around to the rim of the world. The only life on the planet is our tugful of selves and a quartet of Mother Carey's chickens.

MY SMALL Arcturus winch is uncovered, given a breath of steam and the wire begins to uncoil. To it a series of great silk nets is fastened and they go billowing back in the wake, settling slowly out of sight. A mile and a half of wire is run out and for several hours we crawl along at a speed of two knots.

I put my hand on the taut, vibrating spider-web of steel, my eye follows it down into the sheer liquid ultramarine and I pray to Neptune—or perhaps better to Slid, god of the uttermost deep, where, it is said, "he may sit and smile or creep among the ships, or moan and sigh round islands in his great content."

In a metal helmet I have walked in comfort ten fathoms down, and once a diver in full suit touched forty-six fathoms and came back alive. But the rest of the under-water world is hidden and for the present

the North Pole is far more accessible than where my nets are trailing.

I wave my hand, the bell in the engine room clangs, the propeller rests and the sturdy bulk of the tug begins to rock, swinging to the wind.

Slowly the wire reels in and finally the deepest net, bulging at its end, comes dripping aboard. Into big jars and aqua-

the surface I have watched fish swim in what seemed brilliant tropical moonlight, while at two hundred fathoms submerged photographic plates tell us the illumination is of the strength of starlight. But the twilight of the depths is not the gloaming of land, for as we descend beneath the waters the red goes first, indigo and violet last. So at this great depth my scarlet shrimp would be as black as black, there being no red rays to reflect from him. In fact, until I brought him up he was not red and had never been.

WE THINK of the blackness and we look at the great teeth and a connection at once occurs to us—plants cannot grow without sunlight; so, far beneath the surface, every creature is carnivorous. We know indeed that some are confirmed cannibals and many have stomachs so elastic that they can swallow a fish several times their own length.

If absolute and perpetual midnight should suddenly envelop our city, only those of us could survive who had access to adequate illumination, or who by blind skill

could manage to avoid danger and find food. As we study our deep-sea creatures we learn that the same thing holds good in the gorge of the Hudson. Many of the fish and shrimps and squids are covered with powerful searchlights, or dotted with lesser beacons and their eyes are large and all-seeing. In others we find long feelers reaching out in all directions and blind or nearly blind eyes.

As a blind man hangs a lettered sign about his neck—a

riums flows the pink treasure, glittering and gleaming, trembling with strange vitality, every spoonful a cosmos of hundreds of living beings. There looms through the translucent mass a long black and bronze snake, or eel, or, as it finally proves, a scimitar-fanged sea-dragon. I pick it out and at the first touch feel almost pain from the bitter cold. In the heat of a quiet July day, my hands become numb as I dip them into the living gelatine and the mysterious character of this deep world begins to shape itself in my mind.

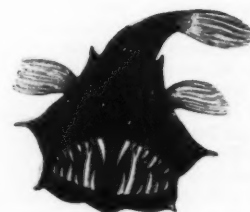
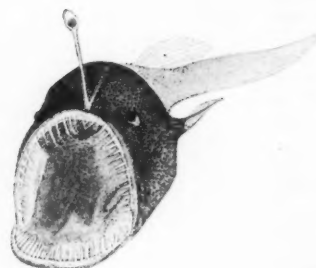
AT THE surface the water is 68°, five hundred fathoms down it is 40° and at the bottom of the Hudson Gorge the thermometer records 31°. This would be impossible in lake or river, where the fresh water turns to ice at 32°. As I pick up the dragon fish, the mouth opens unbelievably wide—as wide as the gape of a saber-toothed tiger—and the long, needle-like teeth come together with a snap. I had wondered how such teeth could be managed and I now saw that the two longest went straight through concealed holes in the head and appeared above the skin near the eyes. A long tentacle thread from the dorsal fin drooped forward in advance of the head—a feeler recalling the portière of dangling cords which warns freight crews of the proximity of a low tunnel or bridge.

Several large shrimps drew my eye like magnets, for they were of the most intense, vibrating flame-scarlet conceivable. I put one into a small glass, ran down to a dark cabin, shut the door and watched magic. Little by little from out of several pores there flowed a fluid within fluid—a foggy mist sifting and billowing through the water, a mist which suddenly took fire—and in the darkness I saw I was holding a glowing glass, the water all alight with soft radiance. As a squid escapes through his own sepia smoke-screen, so this deep-sea shrimp was covering his tracks with a dazzling cloud of flame. A second realization came to me—the utter darkness of the path along which the net had come. Sixty feet below

sign he himself can never read—and sits patiently waiting for it to attract pennies, so occasionally we find a blind fish with the sockets of its eyes turned into glowing headlights. We can explain it only as a lure to draw small victims close enough for some other sense to detect them.

The flabbiness of the fish, their relaxed bodies and loose scales remind us of the gentle pressure upon our own bodies compared with that which exists at great depths. A mile down the water bears upon every inch of surface with the weight of a ton and only because we have brought them up so slowly are the fish still alive and in fairly good condition.

In every net there are hundreds of unsolved problems. A tiny white thread of a fish has perfectly good eyes far out on the end of impossibly slender stalks, each





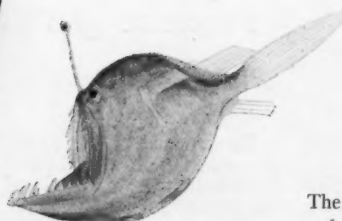
half as long as the body—a boon indeed for the watcher of a parade—but in our present ignorance of no conceivable use to the fish. Another fish is round and of glowing silver and has all its batteries of green and violet lights turned downward while it forever stares immovably and piously upward. A third fish has series of great curved teeth along the jaws but outside at various angles on the skin where they seem utterly useless.

Now and then we see something that needs no explanation, but demands only appreciation and wonder—a curious, pale violet, hump-backed shrimp with a brood of tiny hump-backed offspring. All are gathered on the inside of a transparent, fluted barrel which the mother has taken from its original owner, and, like a more unselfish Diogenes, used it for a nursery. With her swimmerets she is able to kick her house along so that a stream of water and food pours through. Though hosts of hungry dragons may nose about the sides—we can scarcely say that their mouths water—yet the shrimp and her brood are safe. The courtships and battles, the comedies and tragedies of family life in this underworld will someday yield delightful tales of ingenuity, horror and devotion.

WITH all this strangeness there is also beauty beyond words. In and out through the mass of life swim active opals, gleaming and scintillating as they twist and turn—tiny oval living tissues of flame and ash, which glow as brightly after death, for their colors are due not to pigment but, like a humming-bird's throat, to a myriad prisms.

With our present meager facilities we can best revive the glories of the sea depths by taking the new-caught beings into a darkened room and watch the shift and play of colored lights, the lines upon lines of glowing portholes, each beacon as complex as an eye, with lens and reflector. Other lights arranged in certain patterns along the sides are perhaps for recognition by members of the same school; and finally, we watch the penetrating flashes which, as they are different in the two sexes, may be of use in finding and securing a mate.

My body cramped from a day of long and intensive activity, my mind completely withdrawn, I am roused by a steady throbbing, and I look up to see that the tug is headed homeward. Far off on the horizon is a tiny black smudge in the sky and I realize that there is another world than this of the ocean depths—that on the great liner on the horizon people are



playing bridge, gossiping, looking at the water with unseeing eyes, while in the dimming light of day the sea dragons beneath our keel are beginning to swim slowly upward on their tigerish quests.

The tug churns cityward; I look back over the sea oxydizing in the last gleams of sunset; and to quell any possible sentimentalizing, I prefer to let four lines of Kipling crystalize my thoughts of the deep-hidden gorge:

*Drawings by Isabel Cooper and Dwight Franklin*

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar—

Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,

On the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-burned cables creep.





*"Sorry you're all in, because I've a couple of blows for you"*

## TURN ABOUT

Tables are turned in an  
amusing domestic pantomime

*By Pauline K. Angell*

*Illustrated by* GRATTAN CONDON

**P**ROBABLY if you'd been one of the crowd attending the departure of the Eastern Limited that afternoon, you'd have turned and looked, too. So lithe, so brown, so unquestionably conquerors of the earth were the two men who swung down the platform in that last hurried minute. They were joyously conscious of their power. And why not? In the last ten days they had shot a bobcat and a brown bear and had hooked enough trout for three royal breakfasts.

And in addition to these primitive triumphs, they remembered as they again came face to face with the suave machinery of civilization that they had matched wits with three of the sharpest lawyers in the country and won their case. To Herbert Beales it was just one more buttress to an established reputation, but to Nick MacNally it was a corner stone on which he hoped to erect a career which other men would esteem, a career which would lift the hardships of living off the shoulders of his young wife and . . . there was little Ann—

He settled back in the comfortable lounging room of the observation car and pulled out Nan's letter. It had been waiting at the hotel and he had crammed it into his pocket unopened.

"I suppose you're having a wonderful time out there in those mountains," she wrote. "I'm having a wonderful time, too, surrounded by a private landscape of my own—mountains of dirty dishes, mountains of dirty clothes and a kitchen floor covered with plaster because the roof leaked. As for free entertainment—well, little Ann's cutting her eye teeth and I've been up all night for three nights . . ."

Well, that was what came of marrying a red-haired girl. Nick tore the letter slowly into fine, fine bits. He'd been a fool to tell her about that week in the mountains. What was the matter with her anyway? Beales' niece wasn't like that. She ran house and baby with the air of a triumphant general. She didn't have any Mrs. Brady in her life, either. Nan didn't seem to count Mrs. Brady's coming once a week to rescue her from chaos. Having a house and baby was particularly hard on Nan, of course. She'd earned good money in the publicity game before she married, been free and independent as a man, knew as little as a man about all this domestic fuss and the tyranny of infants. But after all, she had married and borne a child. And what a fellow ought to do was to square his shoulders and round out his chest and say to her, "Yes, it's too bad, but that's the way it is. You can take it or leave it. But you can't whine on my shoulder any longer. I'm busy. Got my own troubles—of which you are now probably the chief."



But on the day of Nick's return, Nan had an attack of remorse and by way of doing penance undertook to repair all those little things about the house that had been particularly annoying to him. She mended a window shade, supplied a missing caster, found a knob for the top drawer of the chiffonier, threw away the old magazines and even tried to get a coat of black enamel on the gas range. But the paint upset and it took until the end of the afternoon to clean the linoleum. Little Ann was showing the first symptoms of weariness and hunger and would not leave her alone. Finally the baby crawled over and put her fingers in what was left of the paint. It took half an hour longer than usual to clean her up for bed. Nan's nerves were a-quiver. Nick was due at seven-thirty and she had wanted everything to be just right.

NICK'S arrival was most unfortunately timed. He threw open the door with a boisterous greeting just after she'd got little Ann to sleep and was greeted by long-drawn, sibilant sounds. All her grievance swept over her afresh. Baby's bedtime and all the attendant cautions forgotten!

"All tired out, aren't you, dear," Nick took her face in his hands and kissed her tenderly. But even then the careless freedom of the open spaces was still about him. She did not return his caress. "See here," he said as he threw off his coat, "out there I met a girl—Beales' niece—she's got a kid, too, and say, we've got a lot to learn from her. They don't go tip-toeing. They . . ."

"I don't want to hear one word about her. Not one word!"

"Poor tired little girl!" Nick pulled her down on the couch beside him. "Listen, dear. I've been thinking a lot about it. Why don't you get a job if you want to? I don't see any reason why we should get so upset over four rooms and one baby. Other people don't. Why, look at my mother—she had a farmhouse and six kids and with all that she churned butter and raised chickens and took 'em to market herself. You could handle this little thing and a job, too. Get Mrs. Brady to help you out and go to it!"

Nan sprang to her feet, her eyes wide and brilliant. "Go to it yourself, if it's so easy," she said evenly. "I know I'm a failure as a housekeeper. You don't have to go to Colorado or back to your childhood on the farm to find that out. But I never said I was a housekeeper. I don't intend to be one, either."

"We agreed to go fifty-fifty in everything when we married. I've handled this end of it for a year. Now it's your turn. You may get Mrs. Brady or a trained nurse or anyone you please. Send out to Colorado for the Beales girl if you want to. I'm going to get a hall bedroom and a job and take my own good turn at a little freedom—starting tonight!"

She fled hastily into the bedroom so that he wouldn't see her tears and locked the door. Nick rapped gently, called softly, but in vain. Nan heard him bumping things about in the icebox. Then she tossed a few things into her bag, yanked a hat on with the brim down to hide her eyes and left the house. It was a bad night all around. Nick spent most of it wondering dully why he'd been such a fool, where Nan had gone and when she'd return.

Finally at four o'clock he fell asleep. He woke at six; the baby woke him. What was it you did first? Oh, yes. He did it. Also the things you do second and third and fourth and so on till the little animal is dressed and fed. Then he stuck the young lady in her carriage and started out to find Mrs. Brady. Yes, she would come.

It was nine-fifteen when he reached the office and Marsden, the managing clerk, barked a relieved good morning.

"Glad you're back, sir. Just in time. That case in Long Island City has popped up."

"All right," said Nick. "I'm off."

He bought a paper and started on his tedious journey across the river, determined not to think about his personal problems. But he couldn't manage it. All day he fought to keep his mind on his work, only to find himself wondering where Nan was and whether she'd be there when he got home from work.

She wasn't there. She was dining with Margaret Fleming at the Professional Women's Club, and thanks to a tip from that successful young woman, she already had a job. The Girl Scouts had been looking for someone to handle the publicity for their annual drive and Nan's reputation was sufficient to secure the place at once. Having settled this, Nan went straight to the club and took a room. There was a certain prestige connected with such a residence; moreover it secured her against the necessity of explaining her position or answering the questions of curious friends.

She ran down to the park the first free moment she had the next afternoon and looked for her baby. It was a warm, sunny afternoon. She felt quick resentment that the little thing was not having an airing. She called the apartment on the telephone. To her relief Mrs. Brady's

voice answered. Yes, ma'am, the baby was all right. Yes, ma'am, they were going out in a minute. She was just finishing the wash. So Nan returned to the park and waited for half an hour and had a playtime with little Ann which surpassed in sheer joyousness anything she had ever known in her relationship with the exacting stranger. She also had a thorough consultation with Mrs. Brady, and went back to the club drawing deep breaths of delight. Think of it—the wonder of a woman being free and able to enjoy her own child just as a man would. "I'm going to love and appreciate her a lot more just seeing her like this," Nan reflected happily. "Nick, too . . . To have them both and still be free!"

NAN bit into the new job with all her old-time assurance and vigor, took a different set of business friends to lunch every day, delighting and dazzling them as of old. And Saturday night, with one week's salary in her pocket, she telephoned Nick and invited him to dinner.

He accepted, of course. He was entirely vague in his mind as to the outcome of this mad whim of Nan's, but she was happy at any rate. [Turn to page 78]



"If a year of it didn't kill my wife, I guess it won't kill me"

# BURNING BEAUTY

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by  
C. D. MITCHELL

MARY LEE LOGAN had taken an early train over. She had come to Washington Square before ten in the morning. She wanted to know if Virginia had had news of the wedding. She had slept little the night before—Rickey and Marty—Rickey and Marty—The two names flamed in her mind like fire.

She had bought the morning papers and had searched the society columns. Surely if the thing she dreaded had happened, the headlines would show it; there would be food for eager readers in the details of Marty Van Dwyne's marriage to her unknown poet.

But nothing was in the papers, and when Mary Lee ascended the stairway of the old house she was trembling with apprehension. Virginia might already have had a letter or a wire. Mary Lee felt if her fears were confirmed, she would not be able to stand it.

As she opened the door of the attic apartment, she said, "It's Mary Lee, Virginia," then stopped and gasped. For the sight which met her eyes was so astounding that it seemed as if she must have, for the moment, a hallucination. For Virginia was not there, but standing in front of the little stove was Rickey, wrapped in a gorgeous gown, his face as pale as death and his eyes blazing.

He turned with a start as Mary Lee said sharply, "What are you doing, Rickey?"

"Burning a book—my book." She saw at once that something was wrong, that the brightness of his eyes was the brightness of fever. She crossed the room and tucked her arm in his. "I don't care about your old book. Aren't you glad to see me, Rickey? Really aren't you glad, Rickey?"

He stopped for a moment in his orgy of destruction and looked down at her, "Glad?"

"Yes, glad to see me—little Mary Lee Logan?" "Why should I be glad? Why should I be glad about anything?" His voice rose hysterically, "there isn't any gladness in the world since Marty wouldn't marry me. Marty—" He swayed a little and the papers in his arms went fluttering to the floor.

WHEN Virginia arrived Mary Lee had gotten him to the couch and stood leaning over him. "He fainted, Virginia. But he's better. Mrs. Barlow is telephoning for the doctor."

Jinny on her knees beside the couch cried, "Rickey, Rickey."

He opened eyes which saw nothing and murmured, "I burned the book, Jinny—so Michael—couldn't have it."



"So you are giving her orders," Rickey flung out

But the book was not burned, only a few pages and there were carbons to match them. But Virginia did not care about the book. She had only one thought—Rickey. People came and went in the room—Mrs. Barlow, the landlady, the doctor, a nurse, and at last Michael.

"He is very ill," Virginia whispered to her lover.

"I know. Dearest, let him be moved to my rooms, this is no place for him. And you'd like his being there better than in the hospital."

"Yes, but he'd hate it." "Why need he know? I'll go to the hotel and give the place up to the two of you and the nurses."

She allowed herself at last to be persuaded. The doctor said the invalid could be moved and before night it was all accomplished. Rickey was in Michael's great bed

with its crimson canopy, and Virginia sat in her mother's ladder-back chair in front of Michael's fireplace.

Michael from the other side of the fireplace was saying: "And now you have nothing more to think about ever, but getting Rickey well."

"How shall I ever thank you, Michael?"

"By loving me."

She reached out her hand to him and he took it. As it lay slender and white against his darker palm, he said: "There's a ring which must be made to fit that third finger, a family jewel; and the pendant you sent back is there in that cabinet."

He rose, opened a little drawer, brought the box with him, knelt down beside her and gave again the verse:

"If East or West  
Or North or South  
Be thy direction,  
This silver toy  
Shall show thee Dian's  
face,  
And thy reflection."

HE FASTENED the chain about her neck. "When it came back I thought that my world was ended and now it is just beginning."

"And we are never going to doubt each other again?"

"Never." "Faith always—and steadfastness."

"My dear, yes."

She leaned against him. "Michael, you've got to be strong for me. The men I've

known best have been weak—Daddy and Rickey. I might as well tell the truth about them. They have never really faced life. I want to face it with you."

He held her close. "Nothing will be hard if we face it together; all the hardness will seem happiness."

A little later she read to him her mother's letter. "Do you think we could go back? Grogan wrote that the house was sold, but he didn't give the name of the new owner."

"I am sure you can rent it. The new owner is a friend of yours," Michael hinted.

"Of mine?" Virginia cried, her curiosity piqued.

"Yes, Jinny, my dear, I bought the house. I couldn't let anyone else go and live there with your dear ghost going up and down the stairs."

"Michael how wonderful!" He had his reward in the radiance of her countenance. It was easy enough to plan, he told her. He and she would have a gorgeous time getting the old house ready "when Rickey is better," as they always said.

When Michael left at ten, Virginia went in and looked at her brother as he lay under the crimson canopy. He was still unconscious, and he might have been dead for all the movement he made. Once he murmured, "Marty," but it was just a breath of a sound and only Virginia's quick ears caught it. The nurse, pouring medicine in a measuring glass said reassuringly, "Things seem better tonight. I am sure they are better."

Virginia slipped to her knees beside the bed and laid her cheek against Rickey's hand. [Turn to page 137]



Photo by  
VANDAMM



Alfred  
Lunt and  
Lynn Fon-  
tanne in the  
Guild play  
"Caprice"

# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

## THE BOOK CORNER *Pioneers and Reporters*

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

**B**OOKS are, at once, pioneers and reporters. They blaze trails for human thought but, also, they reflect it. A few missionary-like volumes tell the race what it should think and feel and do. The majority are designed to supply the mental, emotional and spiritual hungers of the race. People, many of them, read less for the sake of amusement and more that they might understand. They are tired of tinsel fiction. They want, even in their novels, less of the false light of romance and more of the warm authentic glow of actual human conduct. Lords and ladies, heroes and princesses, swashbucklers and two-gun men fade, and in their place emerges the common man with his spiritual and physical struggles against environment and circumstance. It is he whom the average reader with his awakened curiosity about life, with his impulse to reduce it to its simplest, most comprehensive terms, best understands.

Such, at least, is my explanation of the harmony that runs through the widely divergent movements of five important recent books.

*The Case of Sergeant Grischa* by Arnold Zweig (Viking Press) is a story of the Great War. Less powder is burned, less blood is spilled than in any one of a thousand Wild West romances, yet it stands a full head higher than any other novel born, so far, of the conflict. Its scene is a sector of the German front in Russia. Its plot is simple.

Grischa, a Russian war prisoner, escapes from a prison camp, is recaptured and his identity mistaken. He is sentenced to be shot as a spy. He proves himself, instead, only an escaping prisoner and, straightway, the conflict of

a mighty story is joined. The division commander of the sector in which Grischa has been caught holds that the sentence of execution must be cancelled. General Headquarters insists that, once pronounced, it must be carried out. The struggle of these forces against each other, the mental and spiritual reaction of the simple Russian captive caught in the slow-moving, remorseless cogs of a military machine is more tremendous and thrilling than the accounts of a dozen battles could have been. There is a great humanity, a great power, a great pitifulness in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*.

Arnold Zweig epitomizes one aspect and period of the war more vividly and permanently than a half dozen orthodox histories might. It is to that considerable extent a historical novel. So, likewise, *Rome Haul* by Walter D. Edmonds (Little, Brown) is, by grace of a vividly drawn background, history as well as fiction.

Mr. Edmonds' real hero is the Erie Canal in the 1850's, when the boisterous, colorful traffic of that waterway flowed still at full tide and the competition of railways was only beginning.

The story of Daniel Harrow, a farm lad turned boatman, and the adventures that befell him on the lock-spaced water road between Albany and Buffalo is adequate. It is unimportant in comparison to the hues and shapes and sounds and smells which Mr. Edmonds has conjured out of the past, so completely that the canal of almost eighty years ago is as immediate and real as Broadway, New York. Here is the life of a half-forgotten enterprise in a long-gone era, recreated.



Arnold Zweig

A more rugged, heavier book, *Peder Victorious* by O. E. Rolvaag (Harper) also recreates an epoch in America's growth. This, like his earlier novel, *Giants in the Earth*, of which *Peder Victorious* is the sequel, recounts the lives of Norwegian settlers in South Dakota.

Of plot, as such, there is the barest trace. Mr. Rolvaag presents a sequence of pictures rather than tells a story. Because of this, his book is closer to life than the usual novel. It is, as a matter of fact, a record of the existence of a Norwegian settlement through the 1880's. Forces instead of characters provide the action. The author portrays the erosion and breaking down and assimilation of a jealously exclusive community from Norway by the irresistible stream of American [Turn to page 99]

## GOING TO PIECES

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

### *The Actor from Genesee Depot*

**I**N THE dozen and more years that I have been writing pieces about plays and players for the ravenous newspapers and magazines of this patient country, I have been baffled each season by spring freshets of correspondence from the colleges where, in sundry dormitories, the seniors toss in nightlong vernal speculation as to what they will do after Commencement. Their inquiries are baffling because of their assumption—their quite baseless assumption—that I can tell them how to go upon the stage.

Yet I vow I do not know how a young person manages the first step, unless he or she happens to have been born of show folks.

So I meanly take refuge by replying that, whereas it is doubtless an excellent idea to select a good actress as a teacher, it is a still better one to select a good actress as a grandmother.

I have pointed out the consequent advantages of an early start and the pressure of a great [Turn to page 82]

# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



*Jeritza, as lovely as the original Helen*

## Richard Strauss Discovers Helen of Troy

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

By DEEMS TAYLOR

THE career of any distinguished artist may be roughly divided into two periods. During the first, he is identified as the man who wrote such and such a brilliant work. During the latter, certain works are widely known and discussed because he wrote them. Richard Strauss' career has long been at the enviable second stage. Any new ballet or symphonic poem or choral work or opera that comes forth bearing his name is bound to be world news even before its first hearing and is certain, once it has been heard, to be the subject of reams of critical comment.

It is well for *The Egyptian Helen* that this is so. For if this opera, produced last winter at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, had been the work of a less distinguished pair of collaborators than Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, it would even now, I think, be halfway on the road to oblivion. But even a bad work by the composer of *Elektra* and *Der Rosenkavalier*—to say nothing of *Salomé*, *Ariadne auf Naxos* and numerous others—may not be dismissed without discussion.

One of the legends surrounding the figure of Helen of Troy relates that she never went with Paris to Troy, but was snatched up by the gods and hidden in Egypt, leaving the Greeks to fight for a shadow. It is this version that von Hofmannsthal has used as the basis of his libretto—a libretto, by the way, very difficult to condense. Here are the bare outlines of the action:

Menelaus, returning to Greece from the Trojan war, bringing Helen with him and resolved to sacrifice her to the shades of the slain Greek heroes, is shipwrecked with her on an island ruled by a nymph and sorceress named Aithra. The latter saves Helen from her husband's vengeance and gives him a magic potion that causes him to believe her when she tells him that the Helen for whom the Greeks and Trojans strove was a phantom, the real Helen having been entrusted by the gods to her care.

Menelaus' restored faith in Helen lasts until the pair have been transported by Aithra to a grove at the foot of the Atlas Mountains. There he becomes obsessed with the idea that the Helen now with him is the phantom and that he slew the real one on Aithra's island. Helen, aided by Aithra, gives him a second potion, which destroys the effects of the first. Menelaus now sees her as she is and once more raises his dagger to sacrifice

her, but she smiles at him; and vowing that he now knows her at last, Menelaus embraces her.

Despite the admiring outcries of the German commentators, this story persists in seeming dull and trivial stuff. Cerebral action is at best unexciting operatic material, and when, as in this instance, it concerns the aberrations of delirium, it becomes excruciatingly tiresome. What one saw on the stage of the Metropolitan was a couple downing many rounds of magic drinks, the male protagonist pausing between drinks to threaten his fair companion with a carving knife. This spectator found himself longing for a little actual bloodshed, if only to shorten the evening's proceedings.

If Strauss had written a magnificent score he might have saved something from the general wreckage. But Strauss has not written a magnificent score, or even a good one. Both in his tone poems and his operas he has always been very much at the mercy of his literary theme, the merit of his music varying almost invariably in exact accordance with the merits of the ideas he is clothing. In the case of *The Egyptian Helen* his music is no better and no worse than von Hofmannsthal's libretto—in other words, it is pompous, inflated and essentially empty. Only in the music allotted to Aithra is there to be found traces of the lyric beauty that distinguished Strauss' songs. Otherwise one encounters little beyond [Turn to page 99]

## The Immortal Life

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

BY REV. MILES H. KRUMBINE

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. KRUMBINE is pastor of the Parkside Lutheran Church of Buffalo, to which he has recently gone, having declined the deanship of the new chapel of the University of Chicago. He is widely known and beloved, alike as scholar and preacher, and is counted as one of the most outstanding of the younger group of leaders both of Christian thought and enterprise in America. In the sermon here reviewed we have the fresh, virile and challenging point of view of a new Christian leader as regards the oldest, as it is one of the greatest, issue of religious thought and faith, and the Easter message.

Dr. Krumbine does not think that people have less faith in the immortal life than in other days, but he realizes that they are bewildered by it. This is largely due to the fact that the old scenery of faith has faded out of mind—made impossible in the vast universe in which we now live—and no new scenery has taken its place. It is a bafflement, then, not so much of faith as of imagination and the difficulty of conceiving of the conditions of a future life, or rather, life further on.

There was an original body of certainty about life after death," Dr. Krumbine says, "which was the raw material out of which all such dreams were fashioned. That body of belief remains, but it is interpreted differently. Not one generation, but countless generations have had not the slightest doubt about the continuity of personal existence. In the ancient world it was not questioned; it was assumed. On that basis, by the aid of imagination, the most amazing structures of beauty were erected. If the pictures no longer seem real, the faith abides, as inextinguishable as [Turn to page 111]

## My Man

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

FANNIE BRICE is a phenomenon in the American theater, not because she is marvelously comic—there are plenty of others: Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn, for example, who are that; not because she is Jewish—the same parenthetical comment applies here; not because of any peculiar originality or style of method; she is phenomenal and unique because she is a woman.

Since the oldest days of the musical halls, Fannie Brice has been the one great female clown on the American stage. There have been Beatrice Lillie, Cicely Courtneidge and Maizie Gay, among others, in England; but over here, Miss Brice has been in a class by herself. She is the only representative of her sex who has consistently refuted the traditional American doctrine that a woman has no right to be funny—a doctrine propounded, strangely enough, not by the male members of the native audience, but by the women themselves.

Now Fannie Brice has burst into the movies wherein feminine loveliness and dumbness are held sacred. On the screen, it has been permissible for a beautiful girl, such as Constance Talmadge and Marion Davies, to be cutely humorous now and then; but there has been no demand for a female counterpart of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton. This, however, hasn't fazed Miss Brice, who boldly brings to the screen her gawky awkwardness, her optical grimaces [Turn to page 111]



Rev. Krumbine



Fannie Brice, witty comedienne in "My Man"



*For those who prefer*  
**VEGETABLE SOUPS**  
*Lent Friday Anyday*

Soups that bring to your table the richest treasures of the garden! Wholesome vegetable foods, enriched with nourishing butter! No wonder they're so eagerly welcomed for the Lenten meals, for Fridays and for the strictly vegetarian menus! And in the general family meals at any time!

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You'll say you never enjoyed such tempting Pea Soup as Campbell's. It's made with the sweetest of dainty little peas, blended with fine creamery butter and seasoned "just so" by Campbell's famous French chefs. Rich in body-building nutriment, and oh, so delightful to the taste!

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Asparagus Soup! The very name invites you. Tender young asparagus shoots are blended, in Campbell's Asparagus Soup, with such skill and care that all their charm and delicacy of flavor remains to please you. The garnish of dainty asparagus tips is an added temptation to the appetite.



All these vegetable soups are highly beneficial to children. Especially when combined with milk or cream and served as Cream Soups. Follow the easy directions on the labels. See on label also full list of 21 different Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

# MORE THAN EFFECTIVE— IT'S *DELICIOUS*

*... more people eat it today than  
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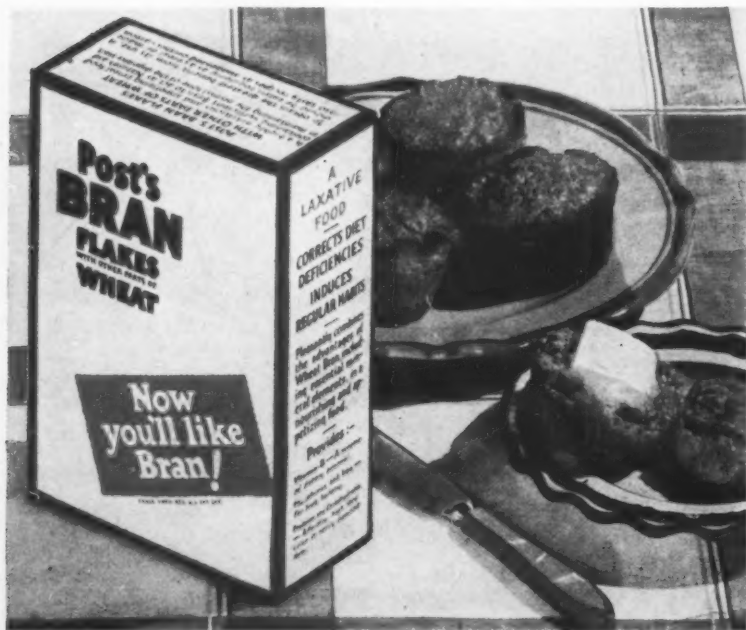
It means something when you find more people eating Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in all the world.

It means they've found a wholesome, *effective* cereal to safeguard them every day against the menace of a constipated system—a cereal they can safely count upon to keep them regular, fit, and normal—and it means still more. It means that in this effective cereal they have found a daily breakfast that they *like*—a flavor so delicious that it tempts them to eat regularly every day the bran cereal that does them so much good.

For the next two weeks, try giving *yourself* the daily benefit of this wholesome breakfast. A bowl, a spoon, a little milk or cream, and a golden shower of delicious, mellow flakes—crisp from the package—and you, too, will know why Post's Bran Flakes has become the favorite bran cereal of all America!

*Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"



## POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER



PARTS OF WHEAT

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Photo by  
H. Shobbrook Collins



*At Easter the altar of The Little Church Around the Corner is a mass of flowers*

## EASTER In New York's Foreign Churches

BY JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON

Another interesting Easter service is at the Ukrainian Church of St. Vladimir on East 14th Street where a large congregation is presided over by the genial

rector Father Vanyshlyn. After the long Lenten fast, feasting awaits the faithful. The Ukrainian housewives prepare an elaborate banquet Easter week to which many friends of other churches are invited to partake of the excellent native foods. Special music and flowers figure in these Easter services.

Tucked away on the upper West Side of New York is the church of "Our Lady of Esperanza" beloved by its Spanish and Portuguese communicants. Many tourists to the city visit the sanctuary to admire the rich decorations, beautiful stained glass windows and rare paintings. Father Adrian Buisson, A. A. has been the rector since the church was opened in 1912. The Easter service brings many celebrated people to worship here as well as the Spanish, Portuguese, Mexicans and South Americans who are among the regular attendants.

From a small beginning has grown the present Jan Hus Presbyterian Church on East 74th Street, the religious home of New York's people of Czechoslovakia. The Bohemian congregation is a large one and the Easter services are celebrated after the form of the Presbyterian faith. Dr. Vincent Pisek has been in charge of the church since 1880.

The Easter service in the Russian Cathedral is impressive. The Church is presided [Turn to page 65]



Photo by A. Tennyson Beals

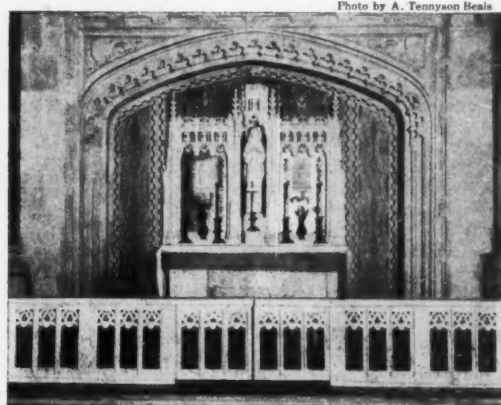
**E**ASTER SUNDAY services come to New York from every Christian country in the world. In Manhattan's noisy crowded streets churches of every nationality open their doors to worshippers who have adopted this country as their own. Others of these Easter morning devotees have been born here of immigrant parentage and cling to the rituals of their fathers even in an alien setting of skyscrapers.

Of the thousands of foreign churches in New York none is more interesting than the Church of All Nations on Second Avenue. The name over its door is repeated in Russian, Italian, Jewish and Chinese. Through the entrance pass representatives of thirty-eight nations. Black and white garbed Russians, Roumanians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Bulgarians, Albanians, Turks, Filipinos, Fascists and anti-Fascists, and both factors in the Chinese revolution kneel at communion side by side. At Eastertide the Chinese girls' quarter in this church is flanked by the Russian and Sicilian children's choirs all in white vestments. An Italian minister, Jewish Rabbi, a reader with a Chinese interpreter are in attendance with Dr. Donald H. Tippet. The brotherhood of man seems here to have become a demonstrable fact for inside the doors racial and religious differences are forgotten as worshippers kneel at the same shrine.



Photo by A. Tennyson Beals

*At the left is the Chapel in the Tombs; just above is the colorful altar of Jan Hus, the Czech Presbyterian Church. At the right is the Altar of the Little Flower in St. Patrick's Cathedral. In each, characteristic Easter services will be held*





*The best American made furniture of the present day is copied from fine pieces of the past. This is a simple but distinguished dining-room*

## SIMPLICITY and DISTINCTION IN HOME FURNISHINGS

BY SIMPLICITY in home decoration we may mean the inexpensive little cottage or farmhouse furnished with low cost copies of Early American

chairs and tables and beds, the windows hung with dyed muslin or the quaint calicoes now popular and the floors covered with rugs of the home-made rag variety. Such a house is truly an example of simple furnishing. But there is another mode of home furnishing which employs furniture of slightly more sophisticated styles and this mode is found in a house of more formal character; yet this too may be classed as simple home decoration. It is simple but it is at the same time distinguished because of the subtle mingling of styles of furniture, a studied care in arrangement, an observation of the rules of harmony in the use of color and above all an expression of individual good taste throughout the rooms in every detail of their embellishment.

Such a house is the one pictured. For while throughout its pleasant rooms furniture of indisputable quality is used, yet the pieces are certainly in the category of simple furniture. And the arrangement as can be seen from the photographs is for practical use and yet dignified and such that restful charm pervades the rooms.

BY FLORENCE DARBROOK

Photos by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

One corner of the living-room is shown. Here the high wainscoting is seen and this like the woodwork, doors and mantel shelf is painted.

The walls and ceiling are rough plastered. The interesting mantel over the brick fire-place and brick hearth bears a clock, two family photographs and a few pieces of antique pewter and porcelain. The graceful Queen Anne wing chair and its accompanying little table are typical of the pieces used throughout this room where a deep, upholstered davenport, other chairs and small tables create a livable and beautiful interior. A large rug covers the center of the floor while small, scatter rugs are used at doorways and before the fireplace.

One of the chief charms of the living-room is the view across the hall to the sunny dining-room. Here against an unusual paneled wall stands a modern reproduction of an old open pine dresser. Like its ancestors the old cupboards in Colonial homes, this cupboard bears pewter mugs and tankards, pewter porringers and some interesting pieces of china. Under the banjo wall clock on another side of the room, stands a maple chest of drawers, which is also copied from lovely old English and American chests in use here since early in the eighteenth century. [Turn to page 66]



*The armchair shown is typical of the good taste in all of the living-room furniture*



# Voted the most fascinating *Young Sportswoman*

by

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

MISS LILIAS MORIARTY  
of Boston, Mass.  
chosen from Woodbury  
beauties in forty-eight  
States as the most fascin-  
ating young sportswoman

SHE is as full of contradictions as she is of bewitchment and charm.

She has close-cut curling bronze hair, a pure, fair skin,—no touch of rouge,—a laughing child's mouth. Her eyes are her most unusual feature—unusual both in setting and expression. They are rather long, set wide apart, of a curious shade of blue. Their calm, rather remote, far-seeing gaze gives the only clue to her pre-occupation with one of the most dangerous of sports.

No one looking at her, would think of her as an "athlete." She weighs only a hundred pounds. She has a little slim, fragile, exquisite figure. Yet she is a bold and fearless horseback rider, a keen shot,—“but I only shoot clay pigeons,”—a self-possessed, passionately devoted flyer.

She was born at Budapest, where her father was stationed in the diplomatic service. She speaks five languages. She has traveled about the world ever since she was a baby, and likes being on the move.

She “always wanted to fly.” She was never frightened but once—the first time she went up, when her pilot asked permission to do some “stunts.” She cannot explain the fascination of flying.



MISS MORIARTY, snapped riding horseback in Central Park. “Woodbury’s keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition,” she says.

“It’s being up above everything, and all alone . . .”

She uses Woodbury’s Facial Soap because it is the only soap that does not irritate her skin,—a skin of almost transparent clearness and fineness.

“Woodbury’s is a wonderful soap, for anyone who is out of doors as much as I am. My skin never gets rough or chapped, if I use it faithfully. There must be something unusually pure and mild about it, because it keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition.”

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns, throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury’s Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of your skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of “A Skin You Love to Touch!”

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1507 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.

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"Everyone I know gives her skin a complete treatment every day."

"I am delighted that Pond's have added to their famous Two Creams their enchanting Freshener to tone and firm the skin, and dainty Tissues to remove cold cream."

"Thanks to this beauty foursome I never miss my daily régime in town or country, at home or abroad."

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Chic women stress the importance of regular daily treatment of the skin. The daily "facial" is no longer a luxury. Now Pond's delicious Freshener and exquisite Tissues with the famous Two Creams complete Pond's Method of caring for the complexion.

THE Cleansing Tissues, for removing cold cream, are such an economy of towels and laundering! Marvelously absorbent, they wipe away in an instant all dirt and oil. And they are generously large and firm, yet silken-soft for sensitive skin.

The fragrant Freshener is a tonic and mild astringent for use after each cold cream cleansing. It is the most exhilarating thing that ever touched your cheeks! It closes the pores and banishes any lingering trace of oil. A faithful use is magic to clear and brighten faded, sallow skin.

Add these two exquisite new preparations to your daily régime as follows: *First*, the pore-deep cleansing with Cold Cream. *Second*, wipe away with the dainty Tissues. *Third*, close pores and tone with Skin Freshener. *Last*, for powder base, a breath of Vanishing Cream.

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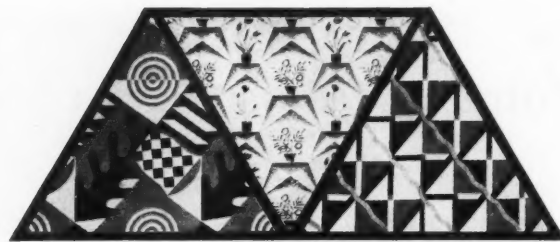
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Have you, too, added these two chic new products to your daily régime?



## Some Modern Fabrics

BY LUCY JEANNE PRICE

NOT so many years ago housekeepers were restricted to a very narrow choice of fabrics for household use. Calico, gingham, muslin, percale, Swiss, scrim, toweling and a few weaves of linen constituted the offerings. There was a correspondingly limited range in the woolens and silks for clothing. But along with the development in housekeeping appliances and the amazingly changed living conditions, and with the revolutionizing of clothing styles, textile manufacturers all over the world added to their patterns, increased their yardage and varied their offerings to wondrous extent of household textiles.

Nowhere is this so noticeable as in the products of American textile mills and in the American department stores and dry goods shops. Shelves and counters offer the shopping housekeeper a thousand choices. Among other interesting features of the yard goods displays, the influence of modernist styles on the fabrics for the home is evident. Even kitchen towel linen is now printed in colorful patterns, all colors from which to choose to match any kitchen color scheme. Of course these new style towelings will launder beautifully even if they are chosen to match one of the new red enamel saucepans or a bright green double boiler or a primrose yellow tea kettle.

### Kitchen Fabrics

For the kitchen curtains there are new calicoes, which have adapted the old time calico patterns and some of the quaint English print patterns. Nothing is more adaptable for kitchen curtains, shelvings, hot-handle holders and many other kitchen uses.

The bedroom or any part of the house which is furnished with early American style maple, pine and hickory also demands simple cottons such as these for curtains and cushions.

For draperies in other rooms, India prints are still growing in popularity while the shops show interesting new fabrics of rayon, part rayon and many rayon combinations in patterns, solid colors and stripes. There are mohair drapery fabrics which only need to be

examined by any housekeeper to have her convinced that she could use them to advantage in many rooms.

New window voiles are embroidered in modernist style patterns, such voiles at some of the better shops are of

French inspiration showing stars and flame patterns, while many others are of American manufacture and are figured, embroidered in self or contrasting colors. New nets are large or small mesh, in solid colors or with colored figures making a pattern. Between voiles and nets are a host of sheer, lovely fabrics coming newly to the drapery departments from American mills, and made especially for American homes; new color effects are evident in these nets and other fabrics and so many varieties of pattern and color that all tastes and all pocketbooks may be satisfied.

### Table Linens

Textiles play a much larger part in the refurbishing of pantry and clothes closet than ever before. Such prominence is given to the artistic clothes closet these days, that it has become more than a place to hang the coats and dresses—it is really a miniature dressing-room with compartments for all clothing and accessories. Hangers are covered and padded with practical, dust-shedding glazed chintzes and calicoes; to match the hangers are laundry bags, hat boxes, garment covers, shoe trees and shoe boxes and other covered containers in which to store all kinds of wearing apparel.

Table linen displays show more and more of the fine damasks in color. Some are solid colors with borders of white; others are two-tone effects made with one pale color and a second tint for contrast. Both flower and animal patterns are in evidence and many beautiful damask cloths are developed with borders of geometrical flowers, blocks, stripes and checks in colors and white. The latter are especially suitable for luncheon, informal suppers and breakfast. Napkins usually match the cloth in any style.

Still other cloths for breakfast, luncheon and supper are in embroidered linens, cross-stitch being a favorite method of embellishment.



- Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with quick caressing upward and outward strokes. The fine oils sink down to the very depths of your pores, softening and loosening dust and dirt.
- Pond's Cleansing Tissues are the new way to remove cold cream, gently, completely. And such an economy of towels and laundry! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—the second delightful step.
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- Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch, the happy ending of Pond's Method. Apply the daintiest bit before you powder. It protects your skin and gives it pearly lustre, and makes your powder cling.

Among many beautiful women who use Pond's four products are:

*The Countess Howe*  
(who was Viscountess Curzon)

*Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

*Lady Louis Mountbatten*

*La Marquise de Polignac*

*Mrs. Ogden H. Hammond*

*Lady Lavery*

## Pond's 4 delicious Aids

# to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts, yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps, once fixed in habit, are swift yet scientific in the precision of their effect.

Pond's four delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

Light and pure, Pond's Cold Cream cleanses your skin

immaculately, and Pond's new Tissues, soft, absorbent, remove the cream with welcome economy of laundry and towels.

Pond's Freshener is a delightful new discovery to keep your skin fresh and young looking, and a touch of Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream makes your powder cling for hours.

Chic and beautiful women everywhere use these famous four products in their daily régime for home treatment of the skin. They owe their lovely, clear, smooth, fresh, complexions to these four simple steps.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing

oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues. Try this swift, sure Method!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 exquisite preparations

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# The "Left-behinds"



© 1929, M. L. I. Co.

A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, showed unmistakable signs of failing health. His doctor suspected the cause at once. A searching examination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. Tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. It didn't seem possible that it could be true. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

When that doctor saw the photographs he said, "The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection. An appearance of ruddy health

does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis."

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear—loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.



This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the others"—the family and friends of the stricken person—even before the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who has tuber-

culosis. Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-M—"Tuberculosis". It will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, President.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



## A FRESH START

BY ANGELO PATRI

THE Creator in His wisdom divided our lives into brief days that we might have the inspiration of the new day, the happenings of the old one mercifully wiped away in the healing forgetfulness of peaceful night.

Children love new experiences. Undisciplined as yet by multiplicity of days they look forward to each with a thrill of adventure. On this high day they will do brave deeds. And then: "Mother, may I wear my blue smock? I got ink on the other one."

"Indeed you can not. If you'd done what I told you, but you never do, there would have been no ink spots. Some day I hope you'll mind."

Teachers too, forget the inspiration born of a new day, a fresh beginning. "No, no Peter. You don't march in line today. You stay where I can keep my eye on you. Don't argue. With my own eyes I saw you push Danny yesterday."

If you would have a child turn from his erring ways slip them into the forgetfulness of night. Give the child the advantage of the new opportunity of the new day. If he soiled his blouse give him a shining clean one. If he failed in his lesson just change his seat telling him he will find the new one better; if he spoiled his composition paper give him a fresh one and remove the other, hopefully.

To correct a child and set him back among the old associations is but to start in motion the automatic machinery of habit. Change the environment. Give him a fresh start.

### PLANNING A PARTY?

WHAT kind of a party are you giving this month—an April Fool Party or an Easter Party? Delightful plans for these as well as other parties are given in detail in *Parties For Grownups* (price twenty cents).

"An Easter Bunny Party"—This party and ten others are completely described in *Parties For Children*, (price twenty cents). Games, favors, table decorations and a menu.

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York.



# What You Eat for Breakfast

## Determines What You Do Before Lunch

Statistics recently compiled prove that your breakfast has a direct effect on what you accomplish in the 4 most important hours of the day.



Robert J. Hill easily meets the rigors of life as pilot of a sea-going ship by eating a hot oats breakfast every day.

### 70% of The World's Work is Done Before Noon

By the time the clock strikes 12, 70% of the world's work is done, a recent survey proves. Schools, big business houses, industrial plants offer statistics to show that the first four hours of the working day are the big four hours in result. That is why doctors, dieticians, university laboratories say: eat a hot breakfast that will "stand by" you during those vital hours. That is why they particularly advise hot oatmeal, rich in the vital properties that produce stamina and sustain energy.

**W**HETHER you are leading an active physical life out-of-doors or an active mental life indoors, you are spending your greatest amount of energy before noon.

If you are not "on your toes" in the morning, properly rested and nourished, what happens the rest of the day is of little consequence.

This demonstrates what dieticians have been urging for years: the need of a hot cereal breakfast regularly. Not merely a large breakfast—but a breakfast that scientifically combines, in balanced ration, the food elements that promote growth, replace waste tissue and create energy.

Such a food is Quaker Oats, the best balanced cereal grown. Oatmeal is the classic example of a perfectly-balanced whole grain cereal. It loses none of its original food value during milling. Quaker Oats is not only highly nutritious but it has a flavor and creamy richness that appeal to children and grown-ups alike.

#### Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. That which you have always known and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.



Florence B. Sturges, manager of Le Petit Gourmet Restaurant, Chicago, is an expert dietician. She knows well the value of hot Quaker Oats at breakfast to prepare for the day's work.

#### 16% is protein . . . plus . . .

You need protein in ample quantity. Quaker Oats is 16% protein—the element that replaces muscular wastage and builds up tissues. It excels wheat or rice or cornmeal in its protein content.

Your body needs minerals, vitamins and carbohydrate. Quaker Oats gives you minerals to build bone and promote growth. Vitamin B is ample. And 65% is carbohydrate to supply energy. It retains the roughage that keeps the system clean naturally.

Quaker Oats thus offers, deliciously served, the elements of food you need to ward off morning fatigue—properly balanced for perfect assimilation. Served hot and savory, it is one of the most delightful, as well as nourishing, breakfasts known.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



*A type of structural insulation nailed on while the house is in construction.*

## ADEQUATE INSULATION

*An asset to comfort, economy and property values*

By MARCIA MEAD

Member American Institute of Architects

UNTIL recently it was considered enough for the home owner to build a structure according to a prearranged plan. He did not inquire too closely into construction methods and materials. He wanted the plan followed and a finished house which looked like the architect's drawings. But after a few months in the house, certain defects were evident. For one example, the fuel bill loomed larger than expected. Today to avoid extremes of heat and cold in the finished house, builders are striving for a construction which will provide comfort and economy. This has led the manufacturers of building materials to vie with each other in offering new products to prevent the leakage of heat through our structures, to make them more comfortable both winter and summer and to keep down the consumption of fuel; and in summer to keep out excessive heat and help maintain a more comfortable evenness of temperature throughout the house. The products which they offer are called INSULATION. There are many types of such products in present use. Sometimes the claims of the insulation manufacturers, while they may be literally correct, have been misleading because all the conditions were not understood by the purchaser. If insulated walls would stop half the leakage of heat and cut the fuel bill in two, the matter would be very simple. But actually the greater amount of leakage is through doors and windows and cracks around them, under the eaves and like places where the construction does not always fit as tightly as it should. Weather-stripping and insulation does help prevent this leakage when properly used.

Recent engineering studies indicate that approximately the following percentages make up the total heat loss in the average two-story residence: heat loss through cracks, 26 per cent; through windows and doors, 30 per cent; through walls, 27 per cent; and through roofs, 17 per cent. These figures indicate that good construction

is of first importance. The loss of heat through cracks and like places can be overcome largely by filling the openings with some caulking material. This is inexpensive. Probably half the loss by leakage around windows and doors can be eliminated by properly installed weather-stripping and good construction.

Some leakage can be prevented by the use of double windows, if they are carefully felted and held tightly



*Insulating a wood frame house by pouring in a dry fill fireproofing substance*



*An insulating padding rolled into place, then nailed to the studding*

in place by turn-buttons; the usual method of using hook-and-eye fastenings is of little value. The cost of double windows is considered unwarranted by many builders however, because of the comparatively small protection which they give. They are however exceedingly popular in large city apartment buildings where one style of window is used for exterior appearance and another style inside for interior decorative effects. The use of this second window helps to shut out dust and smoke also.

After eliminating all possible leakage around openings, we still have, according to the above figures, 44 per cent of heat loss to overcome through some form of insulation. What constitutes an insulated house?

There are many different kinds of insulation roughly classified as "felt," this consists of insulating material pressed between layers of paper; and "quilt" which is similar but stitched in two directions.

Then there are the loose or dry powdery types and the poured or sprayed types which are made to fill in the spaces between the studs.

Finally there are the semi-rigid varieties which are often used as lumber substitutes. They are sometimes called "silent lumber" because of the quietness in handling as compared with real lumber. Among the rigid types are cork boards; in various thicknesses, mineral and rock wool boards and a number of fiber boards (mineral or vegetable fiber felted). Some of these types can take plaster, so the cost of installing later is eliminated. The flexible insulating materials consist of many types of vegetable fiber and such things as cattle hair and fibrous mineral substances loosely held in sheets by paper or cloth coverings or in felt form.

The poured or cast insulation is a mineral mixture which combines with water to expand and froth, then to set in a rigid mass, a sure protection from fire, vermin and decay. This is poured into the walls and between the joists in floors, etc. Loose insulating materials are various forms of powdered minerals, fibers and vegetable fibers in many commercial forms.

In the repairing of old houses, calking of cracks and weather-stripping are the first requisites toward comfort. It is also sometimes feasible to use insulating fill between the studs if those spaces are easily accessible.

Other kinds of insulation may be used to advantage on walls and ceiling of an unfinished attic or in other places where the cost of labor will not make it prohibitive. There have been innumerable insulating materials on the market with as many methods of application. These were as a rule accompanied by no comparable proof of what actual



*Insulating a wall with "lath" which is also a base on which to plaster*

[Turn to page 68]





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*Creamery fresh* —straight from spotless creameries it comes to the dealer who serves you . . . in Swift & Company's own immaculate refrigerator cars, by the quickest, most direct route possible. On tender hot tea biscuits learn the delicate, new-churned goodness of Brookfield Creamery Butter.



Look for the identifying label when buying Brookfield Milk-Fed Chickens.

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## Farm and Dairy Products



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B U T T E R • E G G S • C H E E S E • P O U L T R Y

# There are 7 delicious ways to serve your Easter "STAR" HAM

## Here are the 7 ways

For 8 or more persons

1. Baked in cider
2. Spiced and baked
3. Ham roast stuffed

For 4 to 6 persons

4. Ham butt baked with cloves
5. Half-ham braised

For "you two"

6. Savory baked ham slice
7. Ham slice baked with apples

JUST consider these Easter dinner suggestions. Select the one that fits your family. Then send for the recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," which tells you exactly how to cook it.

But to make the Armour recipe a complete success, be sure to use Star Ham. Then you will have ham that is juicy and tender—firm, fine-grained meat that carves easily and is unsurpassed in mild, savory flavor. Just the kind of ham that you and your family will like!

To the Armour Kitchen belongs the credit of discovering how American homes like their ham. Equipped with this information the Kitchen constantly demands this home standard of goodness from every Armour department of preparation.

Retail meat dealers everywhere will gladly fill your order for Star Ham. It is good economy to buy a whole ham and have it cut according to the recipe you plan to use. Even if you only cook a slice for Easter, the rest will keep perfectly until you are ready to use it. Send the coupon for your free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago  
Armour and Company, Limited  
London, England



HAM BUTT BAKED WITH CLOVES—See page 7 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."



BAKED HAM—See page 15 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."



BAKED SLICE OF HAM—See page 8 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

# Armour's Star Ham

STAR BACON



CLOVERBLOOM EGGS AND BUTTER



STAR LARD

Send the coupon for a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham," the famous recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.

Dept. MC-6, Div. Food Economics  
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.  
Please send me Free Recipe Book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_







5:45 P. M.—Collect the ingredients for a quick vegetable stew

**I** SUPPOSE washing, cleaning and cooking are the three divisions of housework which women have always found laborious. But the washing machine and the improved modern public laundry are making our washing problem easier; the vacuum cleaner is taking most of the hardship out of cleaning; and even cooking is becoming less of a tyrant as we discover sensible short-cuts to preparing meals.

A conveniently arranged kitchen is the first requisite for cooking a quick meal. No one can work rapidly whose equipment is scattered over a large area. Usually it is not practicable to make any change in the position of our stove, sink or refrigerator, but by moving a table, or installing a kitchen cabinet a woman can often save herself countless steps. There are still many time-killing kitchens in this progressive land of ours; let's be sure that yours and mine are not among them.

If you stop to analyze cookery processes you will find that a lot of time can slip away while one hunts for ingredients and utensils. The pots and pans I use most frequently I keep near my stove or work table, and I always put them back in the same place. Then I try to keep my supply of staples—spices, flavorings, sugar and flour—fully stocked and in convenient containers near at hand. This limits the daily marketing to a short, concise list of fresh vegetables, fruits, meat, fish and other perishables.

Every homemaker, whether she is a business girl living alone in her one-room-and-kitchenette apartment, or a young wife continuing her professional career, or "just a plain, ordinary mother with plain, ordinary children"—to quote a six-year-old friend of mine—once in a while finds it necessary to prepare dinner especially quickly. Here is a menu for such a meal.

### Menu For a Quick Dinner

(Time—35 minutes)

Tomato Soup  
Sliced Ham Hawaiian  
Noodles with Mushroom Sauce  
Hot Baker's Rolls Pineapple Salad  
Fruit Tapioca  
Coffee

The foods suggested are substantial and delicious and with good planning can easily be cooked in half an hour. Let me tell you how I go about it; then see if you can find some better short cuts of your own.

thick) with cold water; let come to boiling point.

Put on water to boil for noodles.

Open can of soup and pineapple.

Pour off water from ham, sprinkle with brown sugar and brown on both sides.

Peel mushrooms (or open canned ones).

When ham is brown, pour over juice from pineapple, cover and simmer slowly until tender (20 minutes).

Put noodles into boiling salted water. They will cook in 10 to 15 minutes.

Make mushroom sauce.

Arrange salads.

Heat soup.

Heat rolls.

Prepare butter and water for table.

Set table.

Put on coffee and serve dinner.

### Ham Hawaiian

Slice of ham, 1 inch thick

5 tablespoons brown sugar

1 cup pineapple juice

6 slices pineapple

6 marshmallows

Cover ham with cold water and let come to boiling point. Drain off water. If ham is very salty, repeat process. Sprinkle ham with brown sugar and cook until brown on both sides. Add pineapple juice, cover and allow to cook slowly about 20 minutes, when it will be tender. Uncover. Lay six small slices pineapple, which have been sautéed in hot fat, on ham, sprinkle with sugar and put a marshmallow in each hole. Place under broiler

# TEN- TWENTY- THIRTY-

*Minutes to prepare these delicious dinner dishes*

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

DIRECTOR, McCALL'S DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY  
AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

The tapioca you will make at breakfast time—it takes only 15 minutes to cook and can be put in the refrigerator, when cool. The can of pineapple also will go into the refrigerator and the lettuce, if you have already bought it. If not, when you bring it in at night, wash it and put it in a bowl of ice water to become crisp. The cooking schedule will work out as follows:

Cover ham (which the butcher has cut one inch

long enough to brown marshmallows slightly. Serve this dish immediately. (25 minutes.)

### Fruit Tapioca

4 cups water  
¼ teaspoon salt  
½ cup quick tapioca.  
½ cup sugar

1½ cups apricots, canned  
or stewed  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
Rind ½ orange

Bring water to boiling point and add salt. Gradually add tapioca and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from fire and add apricots, lemon juice and orange rind. Chill thoroughly. When ready to serve, fill sherbert glasses, and top with whipped cream.

### Noodles With Mushroom Sauce

Drop noodles into boiling salted water and cook until tender (about 10 minutes for fine noodles and 15 for broad noodles). Turn into colander, drain and rinse with cold water to wash off surplus starch. Keep hot over boiling water. Serve with Mushroom Sauce made as follows:

½ pound mushrooms  
2 tablespoons shortening  
3 tablespoons flour  
1 cup mushroom stock

1 cup milk  
Salt  
Pepper  
Paprika

Peel mushroom caps and remove stems. Add 1½ cups water to stems and peelings and [Turn to page 46]



Photos by Martin Bruehl

Sliced Ham Hawaiian, "before" and "after"

## cook with FOCUSED HEAT



## The QUICK STOVE for a MODERN WOMAN

WHETHER or not you approve of this age of speed, you would like to cut down your time spent in the kitchen. The *focused heat* of a Florence Oil Range offers you the sure way.

*Focused heat* is quick, intense heat, but even more important, it is effective heat. The Florence burner is short and wick-less, so the blue flame strikes directly against the bottom of the cooking vessel. It is *focused* there instead of scattering out into the room.

Meals are cooked in quicker time and with great economy of kerosene (coal oil). Also, your kitchen is a comfortable place even in hottest weather.

Staunchly built of finest materials and beautifully finished in gray enamel the Florence is a stove you will take lasting pride in.

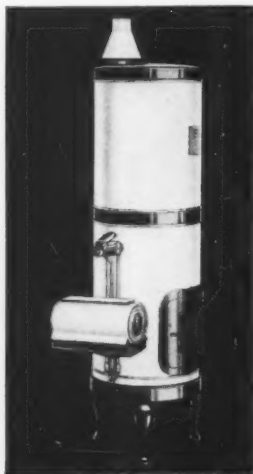
The oven is everywhere famous for its "baker's arch" and patented heat-distributor. Food does not get burned on the bottom but is browned evenly all over.

### Constant Hot Water

To get the greatest satisfaction out of a Florence kitchen, you should have a Florence Automatic Water Heater. This modern device requires no attention on your part because it works under thermostatic control, with a pilot light. The cost for kerosene is but a few cents a day.

"Shorter Kitchen Hours," is a new booklet, full of helpful information. Send for your copy. It will be mailed to you without charge.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY  
Dept. 21, Park Square Building, Boston, Mass.  
Branches in principal cities, dealers everywhere



Automatic Storage  
Water Heater

# FLORENCE

cook slowly 10 minutes. Strain off liquid (mushroom stock). Slice mushroom caps and cook in shortening 5 minutes. Sprinkle the flour over them, then add the hot stock and milk, gradually. Cook until it is thick, stirring constantly and season with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. (20 minutes).

### Vegetable Stew

- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 can corn
- 1 can string beans or lima beans
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- Bread crumbs
- 6 slices bacon
- Asparagus tips

Heat together in saucepan tomato soup, corn and string beans or lima beans; add Worcestershire sauce and extra seasoning if desired. Turn into shallow baking dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs, cover with strips of bacon and place under broiler to cook bacon until crisp. Remove this from the oven and garnish with asparagus tips. (15 minutes.)

### Cottage Hash

- 2 cups corned beef, canned or left-over
- 2 cups boiled potatoes, chopped
- 2 onions, chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons shortening

Chop corned beef and add to potatoes with onion, salt and pepper. Moisten with a small amount of water. Melt shortening in a frying pan, add meat mixture and spread evenly. Allow to cook slowly until there is a brown undercrust; then fold it over like an

omelet and turn out upon a hot platter. Garnish with parsley and serve with tomato sauce.

### Scalloped String Beans

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 cups string beans (small pieces)
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs

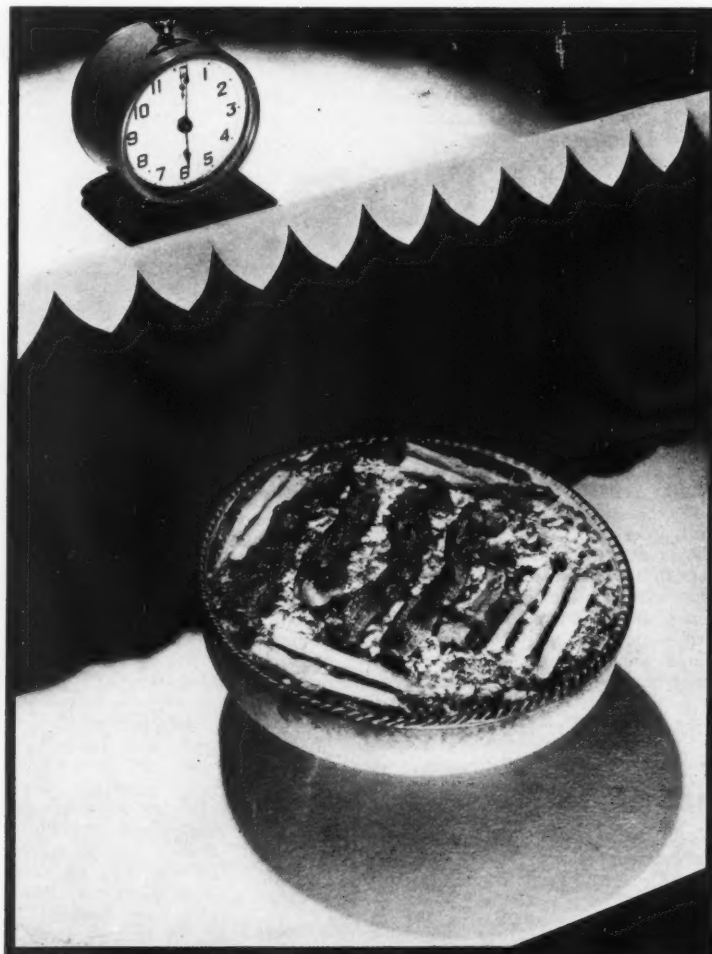
Melt shortening, add flour, salt and pepper and stir until smooth. Add milk gradually and bring to boiling point. Stir constantly to prevent lumping. Remove from fire. Put a layer of bread crumbs in bottom of a greased baking-dish, then a layer of string beans. Pour some of the white sauce over them and continue layers until all of the ingredients are used. Spread a layer of crumbs on top and then dot with butter. Bake in hot oven (375° F.) 10-15 minutes.

### Quick Cabbage

- 5 tablespoons shortening
- 6 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup milk or cream
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika

Melt shortening and fry cabbage in it slowly 10 to 15 minutes. Mix milk or cream, sugar, mustard and salt together and add to cabbage. Mix well and heat thoroughly. (15 minutes.)

*Note: On receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope we will be very glad to send you further suggestions for delicious dishes that may be prepared quickly.*



6:00 P. M.—Take the stew from the oven, piping hot and savory



Photo by  
Mitzel Salzman*Scene from a Greek play produced and acted by children of the drama school*

## A SCHOOL of DRAMA for CHILDREN

BY KATHERINE GLOVER

A FEW years ago two teachers in a private school in Cambridge, one a teacher of history, poetry and literature, and the other of drawing and painting, tried an experiment in teaching. They brought history and literature and art together through dramatization and found that they had succeeded not only in making the past vivid to the minds of the children but that they had developed something unexpectedly lovely and worth while.

They took a period of history—it happened to be the medieval—studied the paintings of the times, read and told stories of the period to the children, then selected one of the classic tales, the beautiful story of Aucassin and Nicolette and adapted it from the Andrew Lang translation into a play suitable for the interpretation of children. Under the direction of the two teachers the children learned to act, or more accurately, to live the play, to design and paint the scenery and costumes. When it was finished they had produced not an imita-

tive adult play nor yet one of the artificial performances of juveniles, but through the fresh and spontaneous medium of childish minds a play which seemed to have flowered out of the very period which it interpreted.

A few years ago these teachers, Miss Edith King and Miss Dorothy Coit, left the orthodox field of teaching and came to New York to start a pioneer venture—a Children's School of Acting and Design. It is a formal title for an enterprise to which no title can give an accurate clue, for the King-Coit performances bear no impress of the academic. Seeing one of these productions one feels one has peeped into the very heart of the magic of childhood. Nor would it be exact to say childhood at play, for the players have a finish and a technique that could not come without study and practice. But it is art so real that it has the flavor of play.

Curiosity leads one, when the delightful performances are over, to inquire how this contribution to youthful art comes about. The school of acting and design, as one might have surmised, has been the fruit of experimentation.

It started out with no formal theories nor clear-cut objectives. It is, of course, allied to the new trend in education and has developed, as all the newer education has, by impatience on the part of individuals with the static methods of the classroom. But the experiment retains much of the element of the unconscious, which is essential to all art.

FUNDAMENTALLY, the school has grown out of the conviction of the founders that there is a great value to children to be brought in their early years into contact with something beautiful, with the expressions of beauty made comprehensible to them and actually shared and experienced by them over a period of months until this beauty becomes a very part of their lives. The highest standards of the period which a play is to interpret—in literature and in art—are selected by the instructors and the children, little by little, become familiarized with examples that illustrate these standards.

The classes in acting and design meet twice a week. Imagine a troop of forty or fifty lively children scurrying in on a winter afternoon to an unpretentious building which houses the studios of a number of artists. On the top floor of the building is a big room with improvised tables all around it and pots of paint and innumerable brushes. Two flights below is a spacious,

high-ceiled studio of a well-known artist loaned for the rehearsals. While some of the children are drawing in the top-floor workshop others are downstairs rehearsing or listening to stories out of which later the play is to grow. Then the scene shifts and the artists troop down for acting and the actors change into artists. A dancing instructor comes in for a time, perhaps, and to the tune of flute and cymbals a group of children practice Greek or Persian dances and pantomime. The classes, art, drama and dancing, each having a common theme the children live throughout the afternoon in one world, be it ancient Greece, medieval France, mystical India, or Persia.

The work in the studios is never taxing nor lacking in spontaneity but it is always thorough and to this the finished performances owe their perfection. In this hurrying, smattering age one can imagine nothing more beneficial to children either educationally or spiritually than the continuous living with [Turn to page 70]



Photo by Mildred Ruth Wilson

*One of the pupils as a Persian character*

Photo by Mildred Ruth Wilson

*Details of the costumes are historically correct*

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR IS BROADCAST  
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, 9 TO 10 E.S.T. OVER  
AN N.E.C. NETWORK OF FORTY-TWO STATIONS

# Any woman



THE new G-E cleaner takes all the grief  
T'out of spring house cleaning. Get your  
dealer or central station to tell you how  
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# GENERAL

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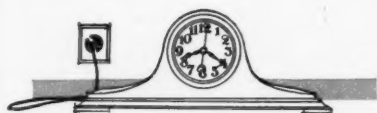
## *do all of her cleaning in half the time for a few cents a day*

HERE is a whole page of practical ways to put your electrical servants to work. Cleaning is only *one* of the tiresome household chores which are done easily, quickly and economically in the completely electrified Home.



Scrub electrically . . .  
Save your knees

Front porch, back porch, kitchen, bathroom—they are all forever needing a scrub. But spare your knees from now on—and your hands, too, from dirty water. Just attach the special brush to your floor polisher and stand up to your scrubbing. There's more elbow grease in 5 minutes of that motor-run brush than you put in a whole hour's cleaning. And all for only about 2½ cents an hour.



Observatory time from your electric outlet!

Did you know that the alternating beat of the current that lights your home, powers your radio, and cooks your food, will also tell time for you? True time—

observatory time! The Telechron springless electric clock is directly driven by a tiny motor. It requires no winding, no oiling, no regulating, and no cleaning. Many dealers are now featuring the Telechron. There are beautiful and appropriate models for every room in the house.



Exit the mop . . .  
enter the electric polisher

Once only mansion floors were waxed, because polishing was back breaking. Now water treatment for wood floors is obsolete. Even linoleums are waxed because with the new electric floor polisher it's the easiest way to keep them clean and shining. It runs as easily as a vacuum cleaner. If your budget doesn't permit you to own one yet, you can rent one for a nominal sum.



Every third wired home  
has a washing machine

To-day in some six million American homes "blue Monday" has been electrified, and the former dread and burden have been banished. The electric washing machine has been steadily improved: some models dry the clothes as well as wash them. Your electrical company or dealer will be glad to show you facts and figures which prove the economy and convenience of the electrified wash day.



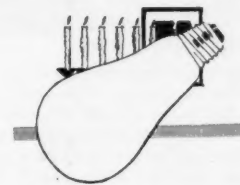
The Electric Dish Towel

Many housewives have eliminated one more tiresome kitchen chore by using the G-E electric fan as a dish-drier. It works, and works well. Place your fan so that it blows across the sink and on the piled dishes. In five minutes the job is done at a cost of about 1/8 of a cent for every dish washing.



Electricity where and  
when you want it

No house is satisfactorily electrified unless the electric outlets are numerous and located where they are most useful. New outlets in the average house cost surprisingly little. They mean convenience, comfort, leisure, and happiness. G-E Wiring System specifications are your guide to adequacy, quality and convenient control.



Only the rich can burn candles

A candle can give you only its one candle power of light—and it costs a cent an hour to burn it. A G-E MAZDA Lamp gives you a hundred candlepower for the same cost-per-hour. Electricity is not merely cheaper—it saves much strain and weariness and may add years to the life of your eyes.

*Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.*

# ELECTRIC

# SUN-RICH TROPIC COCONUT

*brings crisp freshness to*

## *Favorite Desserts*

COCONUT'S FRESH, sun-ripened shreds bring a rare exotic flavor to your favorite desserts.

Franklin Baker's Coconut comes straight from the tropics, its flavor and tenderness sealed cool and deep in its own tough brown husks.

At the Baker plant the moist milky meat is instantly scooped from the shells and cut into delicious threads. They come to you moist and fragrant as they came from the shell. In this respect Franklin Baker's Coconut is outstanding.

Nearly a hundred delicious coconut recipes have just been collected in a new book by Franklin Baker. Send for it at once.



### *Hawaiian Frosting*

You'll be doubly proud of your home-baked cake when it's covered with this luscious frosting. It's an easy recipe. Combine 2 cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Boil until small amount of syrup forms soft ball in cold water, or spins long thread (238°F). Pour syrup slowly over 2 stiffly beaten egg whites; beat constantly. Add 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup Baker's Coconut Southern-Style, chopped, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Continue beating until thick enough to spread on cake. Makes enough frosting for two 9-inch layers. All measurements are level.

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BAKER'S  
COCONUT**

**BAKER'S  
COCONUT**

Premium  
Shred

Baker's  
Premium  
Shred, in  
triple-sealed,  
stay-fresh  
packages,  
the familiar  
kind.

**BAKER'S  
COCONUT**

Baker's Southern-  
Style, the new  
moist-packed kind  
that comes in tins.

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FRANKLIN BAKER CO., Inc., Hoboken, N. J.

☐ Please send me recipe book (free) ☐ I enclose 10¢ for a half-size trial can of Southern-Style. (In Canada, address Franklin Baker, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario).

Print name and address—Mark x for choice.

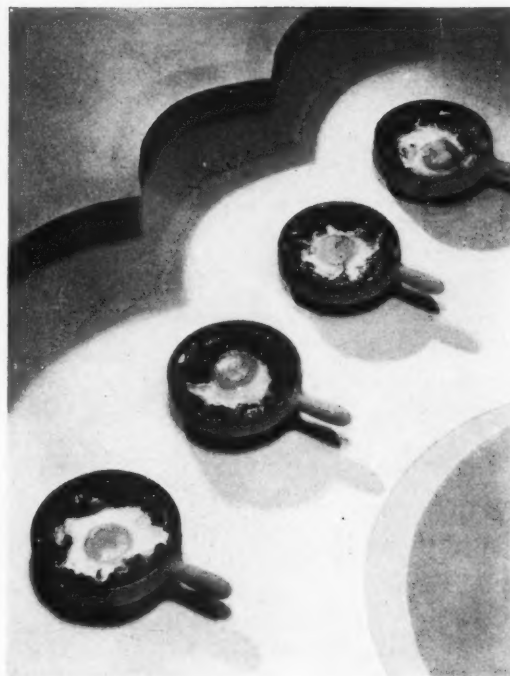
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# COOK



*Eggs and spinach, Honolulu, is a perfect luncheon dish*

**A**LTHOUGH eggs for some reason are usually relegated to the breakfast menu they deserve a broader sphere. Combined with other foods such as tomatoes, mushrooms, spinach, cheese and fish they make appetizing dishes for luncheon and supper. And because they are a valuable source of protein they may be substituted for meat without materially changing the dietary balance. Just now this should be good news to the homemaker who is wondering what she can plan for her Lenten menus.

But before I disclose the secrets of making a few of these newer egg dishes, let us consider for a moment some old friends. Probably the most familiar of these is "boiled" eggs. As a matter of fact we should never really boil an egg; the water in which eggs are cooked should be kept below the boiling point so that the egg white will not become tough. To have perfect soft boiled, or "soft-cooked" eggs as they should be called, put them into water that is boiling hot, remove the saucepan from the fire, cover it and allow it to stand 5 to 8 minutes according to the softness desired. For "hard-cooked" eggs, place them in boiling hot water, keep water below the boiling point, and let the eggs stand in it for 20 to 30 minutes. Hard-cooked eggs prepared in this way will never be leathery.

The same principle holds good for poached eggs. Do not let the water boil while the eggs are cooking. Drop them into the hot water carefully, remove pan from fire and baste frequently with the water in the pan. This method will take a little longer but the delicate, tender texture of the white is well worth the few extra minutes of your time.

The egg poacher shown in the photograph suggests another method for obtaining faultless poached eggs. The boiling water in the lower section steams the egg and the cup-like holder keeps it in perfect shape for serving. Eggs poached in these ways are easier to digest than those cooked in actively boiling water.

The recipes which follow reflect the influences of "foreign parts." But the ingredients are at hand in every grocery store.

### *Eggs in Cocottes*

Cocottes are the little earthenware dishes with handles, shown in photograph above. Butter cocottes and drop an egg into each. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and add one tablespoon cream. Place in shallow pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) until yolk is firm. Serve in the cocottes.

### *Eggs and Rice Singapore*

6 hard cooked eggs  
1 tablespoon butter, melted  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper  
2 cups white sauce  
1 teaspoon curry powder  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked rice

Cut eggs in halves crosswise. Scoop out yolks, mash with a fork and season with butter, salt and pepper. Blend curry powder with white sauce and add enough sauce to yolks to moisten. Stuff whites with this mixture and place them in greased baking dish. Cover eggs with a layer of cooked rice and pour curry sauce over all. Bake in hot oven until slightly browned. Serve hot with Oriental condiments—chopped green pepper, shredded coconut, crushed peanuts and chutney.

### *Eggs and Spinach Honolulu*

4 quarts spinach  
1 can moist shredded coconut  
1 cup boiling water  
6 eggs  
Butter  
Salt  
Pepper  
Paprika

Pick over spinach and wash thoroughly. Cook in saucepan using only enough water to keep from burning. When tender, drain, chop and season



# EGGS!

BY MARGUERITE MADDUX

with salt and pepper. Soak coconut in water one half hour. Place in cheese-cloth bag and squeeze dry, saving the coconut milk. Add coconut milk to seasoned spinach and mix well. Fill individual ramekins, or cocottes, with spinach mixture and drop a raw egg on top of each. Dot with butter and sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Bake in hot oven (375° F.) about 10 minutes or until egg is set.

The use of coconut milk with vegetables is an ancient Hawaiian custom.

## Amber and Jade Omelet Ceylon

1/2 package lemon-flavored gelatin  
1 cup boiling water  
4 eggs  
1/4 cup milk or water  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/8 teaspoon pepper  
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1/3 cup green pepper, chopped fine

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Cover the bottom of a small square pan with dissolved gelatine. When this has become firm, cover with a layer of chopped green pepper, add a little more gelatine and set in cold place to become firm. Repeat until all the gelatine and all except 1 teaspoon green pepper is used. Allow to harden.

Bear in mind, please, that this preparation should be made several hours before the omelet is to be served.

Beat eggs slightly; add milk, salt and pepper, lemon rind and 1 teaspoon green pepper. Turn into greased frying or omelet pan and cook slowly until egg thickens, stirring occasionally. Fold and turn out on a hot platter. Garnish with the green-pepper-gelatin cut in cubes. This makes an attractive variation of the more familiar plain jelly omelet.

## Egg and Fish Pie

Flaky pastry  
5 hard cooked eggs  
2 cups cooked fish (tuna, salmon or halibut)  
1 cup mushrooms, canned or fresh, sautéed.  
2 cups well-seasoned white sauce

Line a deep baking dish with flaky pastry rolled to about 1/4-inch thickness. Cover the bottom with a layer of sliced, hard-cooked eggs. Over this place a layer of flaked fish and a layer of mushrooms. Repeat these layers until all ingredients are used. Pour white sauce over all and cover with narrow strips of pastry, placed crosswise. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until pastry is a golden brown and pie has become thoroughly heated through.

## Eggs Laniakea

1 small can salmon or tuna fish  
2 cups fine soft bread crumbs  
1/4 cup cream  
1 egg  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon pepper  
Few grains cayenne  
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Flake fish, removing skin and bones. Add bread crumbs, cream and slightly beaten egg. Season with salt, pepper, cayenne and lemon juice. Blend ingredients together well. Line individual timbale molds with this mixture. Drop a raw egg in center of each mold and cover with more of the fish mixture. Place molds in shallow pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Turn out of molds; serve with well-seasoned white sauce. Garnish with parsley.

## Eggs Moscow

6 hard-cooked eggs  
1 teaspoon anchovy paste  
2 teaspoons melted butter  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/8 teaspoon pepper  
2 cups medium white sauce  
Bread crumbs  
Grated Parmesan cheese

Cut eggs in halves lengthwise. Remove yolks and rub through fine sieve. Mix with anchovy paste, butter, salt and pepper. Stuff egg whites with this mixture. Place in bottom of greased casserole. Cover with white sauce and sprinkle liberally with bread crumbs and Parmesan cheese. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until top is browned.



Photo by Martin Breuhl

For omelettes, shirred, poached and boiled eggs

# "Another three months.. would have driven me insane"



"HAVE you ever lain awake night after night, half awake and half asleep, listening to the clock tick away the age-long hours? Then, in the morning, have you dragged yourself from your bed and forced yourself, a big bundle of nerves, to move through another exhausting day?"

"That's what I did for five months and I don't exaggerate when I say another three months of it would have driven me insane. Fortunately, about this time, a friend suggested Postum with my meals, in place of caffeine."

"That was four weeks ago. Now I sleep from the moment I hit the pillow; I eat heartily; I haven't been cross for days; I'm 100% happier. Even my casual acquaintances have noticed the change!"

MISS IRENE ANDERS,  
2727 Hemphill Street, Fort Worth, Texas

YOU may have charged your sleepless hours to overwork, or worries. Don't be too sure! Caffeine, the seemingly harmless stimulant you take with your meals, has probably caused more hours of wakefulness than any other one thing in the world. This "innocent" habit may be your trouble.

You can find out easily—this way! Eliminate caffeine from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then see how soundly you sleep!

For Postum contains no caffeine—nothing to repel sleep, to attack nerves and heart, or affect digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and

bran. A distinctive drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor that millions prefer!

Postum costs much less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ Check which (prepared instantly in the cup)

POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ you prefer (prepared by boiling)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

## Surprise Flavors..



### .. in a variety of cooked dishes

**S**OMETHING different in food flavor—pleasing variety in what you serve at your table—some way to break the monotony of the daily fare. Is there a woman who is not constantly striving for these very things?

Let us tell you about some wonderfully tempting flavors—entirely *different* flavors—you can give to the quite usual foods by using Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in your cooking recipes. Therein lies perhaps its greatest use in the household. From it are secured many *blended* flavors—a combination of the usual flavor of the cooked dish or food with the rich, nutty flavor of Peanut Butter.

Be sure to send for our recipe folder of many truly delicious recipes and you'll be delighted with the surprise flavors that *can* be given to the foods you frequently serve, by simply using

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Photo by  
Ruth Alexander Nichols



Children, especially, need sunlight and outdoor play

## How Much Sunlight Do We Need?

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS  
*School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University*

**I**N THE history of the world no people were ever so fortunate physically as we of the United States.

Our houses are better built for maintaining the proper temperature; our clothing is more comfortable and health-promoting; our minds are better occupied with good books, good music and other wholesome entertainment; our food supply is so varied that we may have a diet of better quality than people in the past. No single generation was ever so blessed in all these matters as that now growing into adult life. Why, then, should we hear so much about the evils of modern living conditions?

Primitive peoples were generally uncomfortable from cold, hunger, wretched sleeping arrangements, and from fear of surprise attack. They alternated between starvation and over-indulgence in food. Only the strongest among them survived. Cold, hunger, insufficient shelter or clothing, physical discomfort and fear never did anybody any good.

Yet in two respects many of these primitive peoples were better off than we moderns. In the Tropics or temperate zones, two things were abundant in their lives which are scarce among us. These are sunlight and clean air. Our primitive ancestors spent much of their time out of doors, and whenever the temperature permitted they wore scanty clothing which exposed large areas of their skin to the rays of the sun. They also breathed air which was free from dust. Now, from the earliest writings on medical subjects down to the present time, physicians have noted that sunlight has the power of promoting health and of curing animal and human disease in certain cases.

Doctor McCollum is recognized by scientists as one of the great leaders in nutrition. In his famous university laboratory he is making discoveries about the human diet which will mean better health and longer life for thousands of people. Assisted by Doctor Simmonds, he writes exclusively for McCall's.

Our present knowledge of the relation of light to health was gained through experiments on animals. Young animals were fed on a diet deficient in Vitamin D, the vitamin which protects against rickets. Under ordinary circumstances they would have developed a severe form of the disease, but because they were exposed to the direct rays of the sun for a sufficient time, they were saved from it.

Rickets, which fortunately is decreasing rapidly in this country, was once very common among infants and children. In this disease the bones grow as fast as, or faster, than normally but do not harden like normal bones. For a long time cod liver oil, which is especially rich in Vitamin D, was the only known cure for rickets. We now know that the disease can be prevented

or cured by exposing the sick child to sunlight.

It has even been found that, when light from certain

sources is used to "irradiate" a food, that food acquires the property of Vitamin D and exerts a beneficial effect upon growing bones. A few irradiated foods are now on the market. Irradiation does not change their taste or appearance and cooking does not destroy the Vitamin D principle with which they have been artificially supplied. Butter and egg yolk are the only common foods which have been endowed by Nature with an appreciable amount of Vitamin D.

The same substance is present in the skin and is "activated" when the skin is exposed to the ultra-violet rays of the sun. It is then taken up by the blood stream and transported throughout the body.

Summer sunlight is richer in "active" rays than is winter light. The light in a city where the air is full of smoke particles is not as rich in ultra-violet light as is light in the open country where the air is clear. The city dweller is, therefore, at a disadvantage in respect to the light which shines upon him. Likewise the dweller in the temperate zones is less fortunate than those who live in the Tropics, where the inhabitants not only have light of better quality but are able to wear less clothing and so expose more skin surface to light.

The infant in an industrial city in the northern United States is deprived of the valuable ultra-violet light at a critical time, especially if it is born in the fall, since then it must pass the first six months of its life in heavy clothes, and mostly indoors. We know

[Continued on page 97]





### For the Formal Dinner

#### CALIFORNIA SPECIAL SALAD

- |                             |                                      |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 package Lemon Jell-O      | 1 cup white cherries,                |
| 1 cup boiling water         | seeded and finely cut                |
| Cherry juice and water      | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats, coarse- |
| to make 1 cup               | ly cut                               |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, diced      |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cherry juice, water, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add cherries, nuts, and celery. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

#### FRUIT WHIP

- |                            |                                      |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 package Raspberry Jell-O | 2 oranges, free from mem-            |
| 1 cup boiling water        | brane, cut in small                  |
| 1 cup fruit juices         | pieces, and drained                  |
| 1 cup canned grated pine-  | 2 bananas, thinly sliced             |
| apple, drained             | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats, coarse- |
|                            | ly cut                               |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add fruit juices. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in fruits and nuts. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 8.



### For the Children's Party

#### JELL-O SNOW

- |                              |                      |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 package Jell-O, any flavor | 1 pint boiling water |
| 1 egg white, stiffly beaten  |                      |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in egg white. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serve with Custard Sauce. Serves 6.

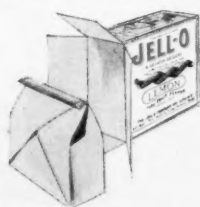
#### CUSTARD SAUCE

##### FOR JELL-O SNOW

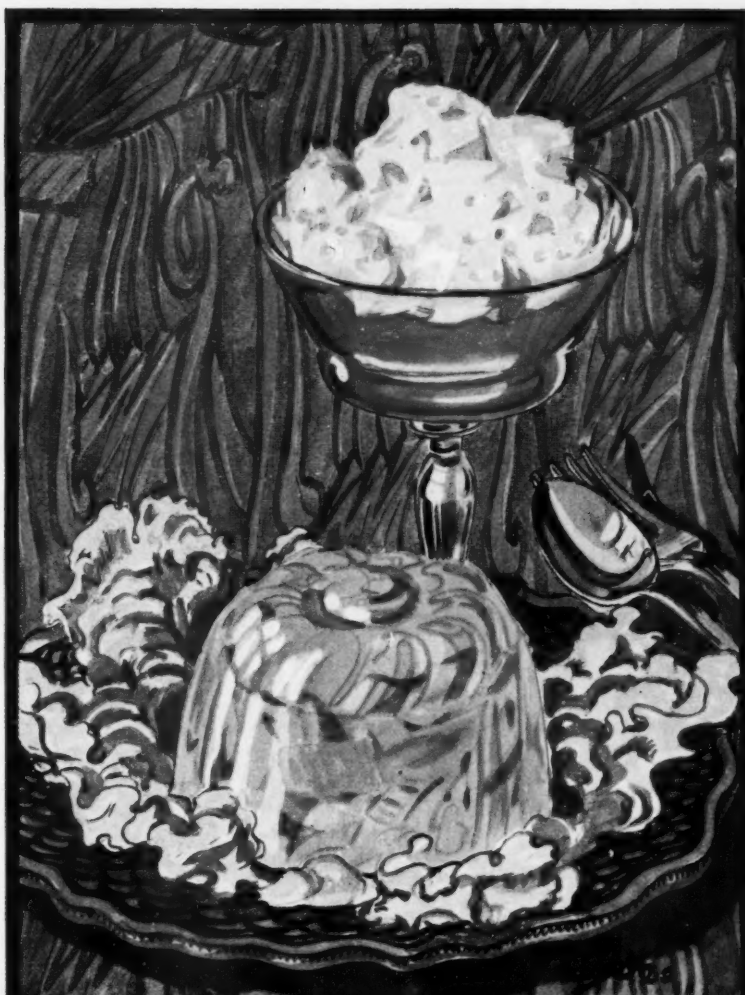
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| 2 tablespoons sugar | 1 egg yolk, well beaten           |
| 1 tablespoon flour  | $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, scalded |
| Dash of salt        | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla    |

Combine sugar, flour, salt, and egg yolk. Add small amount of milk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Add vanilla. Serve with Jell-O Snow. Serves 6.

(All measurements are level)



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Jell-O  
knows so many ways  
of being  
*different!*

TODAY, perhaps—it's a salad—an intriguing sort of salad. Tomorrow, it's a relish, to give the meat course zest. Day after, most likely, it's as an entrée to win a bridge club's chorus of approval. And before the week's out, it's playing its role of dessert in a new and different way!

Jell-O's *different*, in every recipe on this page. But these recipes are just a start at telling you all that Jell-O can do. For dozens of good things—new, tempting good things—are described and pictured in the new Jell-O booklet. Send for it. It's free—and it's brimful of Jell-O surprises that you'll want to try. They're easy to prepare. They're economical.

Jell-O comes in five pure fruit flavors—sealed so that none of the precious freshness and aroma is lost. Avoid substitutes—be sure to get *genuine* Jell-O. It's one of the easiest of all foods to digest.

Try one of these Jell-O recipes today! And send this very minute for the new Jell-O booklet.



### For the "Everyday" Dinner

#### APRIL SALAD

- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1 package Lemon Jell-O      | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olives, finely chopped |
| 1 pint boiling water        | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chives, finely    |
| 1 pimiento, cut in strips   | ly chopped, or                           |
| 2 hard-cooked eggs, coarse- | 1 teaspoon onion juice                   |
| ly cut                      | 1 tablespoon vinegar                     |
| 1 cup celery, finely chop-  | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt              |
| ped                         | Dash of Cayenne                          |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. Decorate mold with pimiento. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

#### PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

- |                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 package Lemon Jell-O      | 1 cup canned grated pine- |
| 1 cup boiling water         | apple                     |
| 1 cup canned pineapple      | 1 cup cream, whipped and  |
| juice                       | sweetened with 3          |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | tablespoons sugar         |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add pineapple juice and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in pineapple and whipped cream. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Garnish with cherries or nuts. Serves 8.



### For the Bridge Luncheon

#### SALMON MOLD

- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1 package Lemon Jell-O      | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup horseradish, drained |
| 3 tablespoons vinegar and   | 1 cup salmon, flaked                   |
| boiling water to make       | 1 cup peas, fresh-cooked or            |
| 1 pint                      | canned                                 |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 1 cup cooked carrots, diced            |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add salt. Pour small amount of Jell-O in bottom of loaf pan, 7 x 5 x 3 inches. Chill until firm. Arrange thin layer of horseradish on Jell-O, then layer of salmon, another layer of horseradish, and another layer of Jell-O. When slightly thickened, add peas. Chill until firm. Add carrots and another layer of Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold and cut in 2-inch squares. Serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

(All measurements are level)

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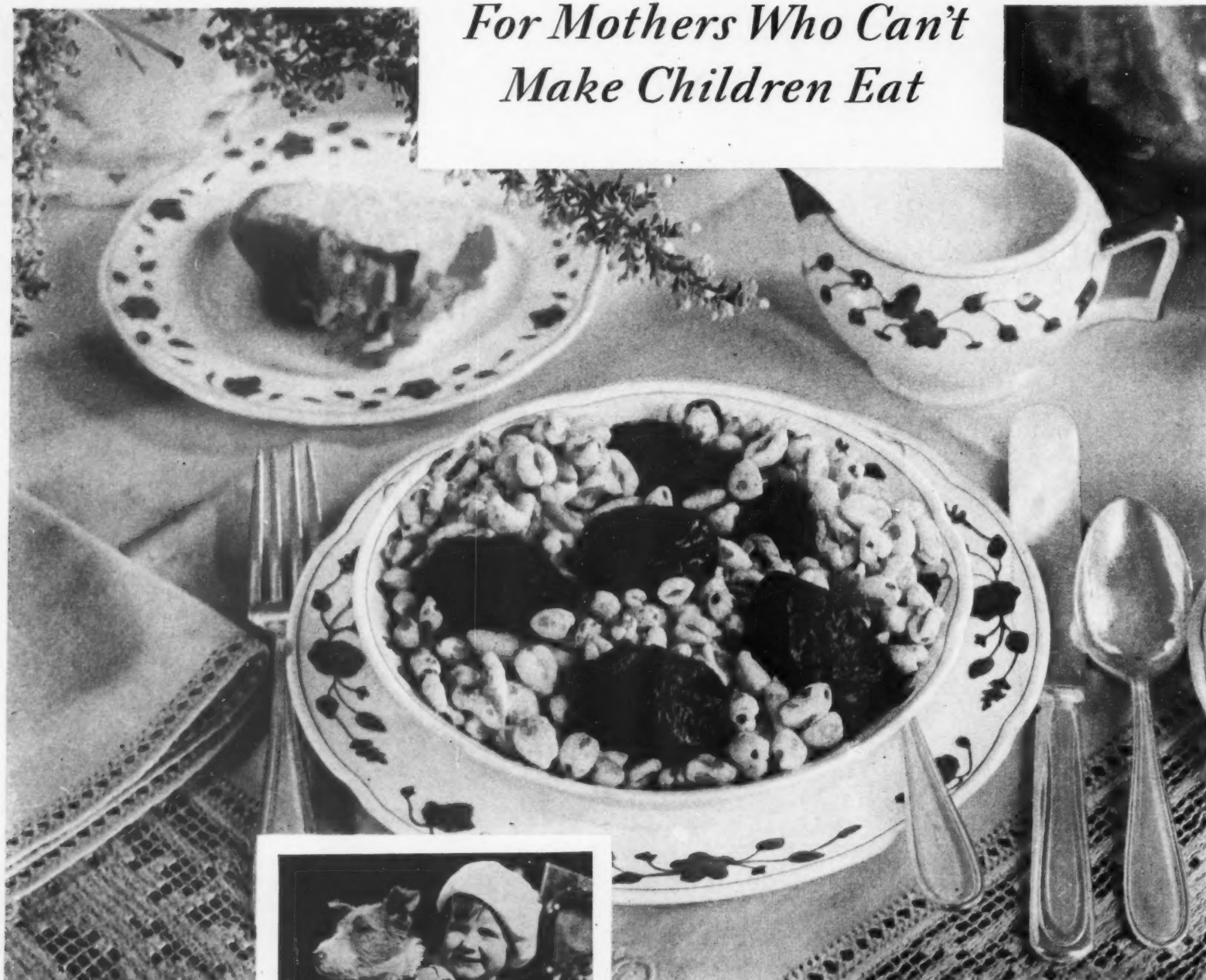
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812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

# A Breakfast Discovery

*For Mothers Who Can't  
Make Children Eat*



*Puffed Wheat makes prunes delicious and enticing*

These delicious Puffed Grains, as energy-giving as hot cereals, were first choice with children in a recent nation-wide survey

DIETICIANS have made an important discovery for the many mothers of children who "don't want any cereal today." They need that cereal, they need its energy content, its mineral, its bran! And here is a way to give them what they need in a form they like best.

A recent survey in 42 states shows that children, when allowed to choose, will ask for Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, so toothsome, so crunchy, so delicate in flavor. And, though many mothers don't know it, these delightful cereals conceal amazingly rich



"Doris eats her cereal every morning now," writes her mother, "because she loves Puffed Grains. She's growing healthy and strong on such good nourishment."

nourishment. With half-and-half they offer practically the same amount of actual nourishment as a serving of the favorite hot cereal.

#### *Needed food elements*

Made from whole wheat, essential food elements of this rich grain are provided in Puffed Wheat in a delightful way.

There are the precious body-building minerals, energy-making carbohydrates, and tissue-building proteins. Added to this is 20% of bran that supplies the necessary roughage.

Quaker Puffed Rice is a delicious dainty, full of the ready energy of fine white rice. It tempts millions of lagging appetites to better breakfasts. Puffing these

grains is a unique process that explodes the 125 million tiny food cells of each grain by turning their moisture into steam. This opens up the cells, releases the proteins, carbohydrates and minerals for easy assimilation. And making each grain eight times normal size gives a delicious nut-like texture that children love.

#### *Serve in many delightful ways*

Keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat handy on the pantry shelf. Grownups like them, too, served as a between-meal tidbit as well as for breakfast, luncheon or supper. With fruit or berries, with jams or jellies—with rich milk, half-and-half or cream, these cereals offer the charm of endless variety. At all grocers.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Photo by  
Dana B. Merrill

*A supper or dinner table dressed in yellow damask. Simple silver with matching candlesticks are used*

## FOUR SUNDAY NIGHT SALADS And Their Dressings

I CALL these my Sunday night salads for two reasons.

The first is that they were partly responsible for the growth of my tea room, which was a tiny little place serving not more than thirty people a day, to its present size, the whole floor of a big business building, where we serve several hundred people at luncheon every day.

The other reason that I call them Sunday night salads is because they are so ideal for the home Sunday night supper or dinner, a meal which may partly be prepared on Saturday and which at the last moment Sunday evening may be put together and served to hungry family and guests.

### A Fruit Salad

Nearly all of the salads contain fruit, for the combination of fruit with fresh greens, or even with fish (as pineapple with tuna) is delicious. But the first recipe is, strictly speaking, a fruit salad.

Use ripe peaches, bananas, fresh pears and fresh figs if possible. If the fresh fruit and figs are not available, then use canned fruit and canned or preserved figs. Have all ingredients very cold. Cut the peaches and pears (either fresh or canned) into sections (do not slice), cut the figs whether fresh or canned in quarters and the bananas in eighths. (Once lengthwise, once across, then split lengthwise again, unless the bananas are very long, then cut across once more, that is, into sixteenths).

Pour over the cut fruit a very little French dressing which has been made with lemon juice in place of vinegar. Arrange on a lettuce leaf, very crisp and cold. Then pour over it the special

almond dressing given in the following recipe. Black walnuts may be substituted for the almonds or any other favorite nut may be used.

Soak shelled, blanched (or skinned) almonds in cold water for two hours. Put through the meat grinder if you have no mortar in which to pound them, add a little salt, a slight sprinkling of Cayenne pepper and a little lemon juice. When all are ground fine and mixed with the seasonings, thin it with sherry sauce (any of the prohibition sherry wines on sale at your grocer's) until it is the consistency of a salad dressing. Then when ready to add to the salad, stir in cold, fresh cream, pour over the fruit, top with a half almond and serve at once. Serve sandwiches, a hot drink and cookies to complete the supper or have one hot dish, such as escalloped fish, ready.

### Curry of Shrimp Salad

Carefully clean fresh or canned shrimps of all traces of the little black vein, wash and put them in the refrigerator to chill over night. On Sunday evening prepare the dressing as follows: rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs smoothly together with eight tablespoons of salad oil, a teaspoon of curry powder and two or three tablespoons of vinegar.

Add a quarter as much of very thinly sliced canned pineapple as there are shrimps, then dress all with the curry dressing, pile into a cold lettuce cup (a leaf of head lettuce) put a spoonful of Indian chutney on the side of the salad plate and serve. Bread and butter sandwiches, saratoga chips, coffee and a hot dessert such as hot

gingerbread with a raisin sauce are accompaniments for this salad.

A cold meat plate, dressed with horseradish dressing is particularly delicious. Arrange each plate with three crisp lettuce leaves. In one leaf place cooked peas, in another short asparagus tips (canned), in a third cooked lima beans, each vegetable chilled and dressed with French dressing. Between the lettuce cups lay slices of cold tongue or beef, lamb, roast or boiled ham or cubes of canned fish, chicken, turkey or duck (the left-over meat of the Sunday dinner).

Top each of the mounds of vegetables with horseradish mayonnaise and also pass a bowl of this dressing to be used with the meats.

### Horseradish Dressing

To make horseradish mayonnaise add about three tablespoons of fresh grated, or bottled, horseradish to two cups of mayonnaise. Serve hot muffins, toasted rolls, or hot biscuits with this salad, a hot baked sweet potato, hot beverage and little apple tart with cream, for a very enjoyable Sunday night supper.

### Swiss Chicken Salad

Use meat of one cooked chicken, cut in good sized pieces, not minced as so many salad makers prefer. Add one good sized cucumber chopped, one cup of walnut meats, one can of tiny French peas and three cups of celery cut in cubes. Toss together and dress with mayonnaise. Serve chutney and cheese sandwiches, a hot beverage and cake to complete the supper.

All ingredients of course should be crisp and cold and the plates chilled.

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All you do is fill in the coupon below. You will receive from Miss Norton actual clippings of lovely Puritan Cretonnes, glass curtain fabrics, upholstery materials and wallpaper which carry out the best color plan for your room. These are accompanied by full details for their use.

### PURITAN DOULTON CRETONNES ARE GUARANTEED SUNFAST AND WASHABLE

They are sold in all leading department stores, you can identify them by the name and Sunfast and Washable Guarantee on the selvage.

Thousands of women have won the admiration of their friends by following Rosalie Norton's plans. They are FREE—get her ideas on your room, mail the coupon now.

## Puritan Cretonnes

F. A. FOSTER & CO., Inc., M 10  
330 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.  
Sirs:—Send Free plans for rooms checked.

Enclosed find 25c for "Cretonne Solves the Problem." ☐  
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Key to chart: Large-Lar; Small-Sm; Medium-Med; Sunny-Sun; North-Nor

Room						CEILING	
	Lar.	Sm.	Med.	Sun.	Nor.	Hi.	Low Med.
Living . . . .							
Dining . . . .							
Bedroom . . .							
Sunroom . . .							
Kitchen . . .							

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

If Rural, in what town do you shop? . . . . .



## FRESH Ocean Fish in your inland home

WE catch 40-FATHOM\* fish far out at sea from Boston.

We remove the heads, tails, backbones, scales and all waste.

We wrap the remaining white fish meat in parchment paper (see wrapper above) and express it in ice to your dealer.

40-FATHOM fish is the cream of the catch—the white tenderloin of the sea. Always fresh—never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage. Always fresh and smacking with the savor of the sea. As easy to cook as bacon.

Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-FATHOM fish by name. Get it in the above wrapper; for fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish!

SEND COUPON BELOW!

BAY STATE FISHING CO. McC-4  
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Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Recipes for Cooking 40-FATHOM fish" as they do at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, written by Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine, of that famous hotel.

Name.....

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\*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Decoration by S. H. Parkhouse



# FACTS for FIGURES

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

THEY were looking over the family album, two sisters home for the Easter vacation. Their mother listened to their shrieks of laughter and occasionally joined in. "But how in the world did Great-aunt Sarah ever breathe with that tiny waist! It makes me feel stifled just to look at it. Goodness, mother, you never wore anything like that, did you?"

I watched and listened with interest, and one idea stuck in my mind. The two girls with their straight figures and slender hips thought of these stately wasp-waisted ladies in the album as made of quite different clay. Yet I'm sure there were plenty of girls in the Nineties who protested at the unjust compression of harness-like corsets.

I'd like to imagine that the modern young woman demanded to be free to develop along natural lines, but again Fashion probably had a lot to do with it. It was a too slavish fashion that made the girls of this generation do some things to their figures that were quite as bad as what an older generation did. Feminine curves, said Fashion, are passed. So the lines of femininity, especially the bust, were compressed in bands till they hurt, often definitely injuring the muscles of support. Instead of making the figure more beautiful they actually made the bust flabby and sagging. After the growing period is over, there is very little that the girl in her twenties can do for this. Brassieres should be properly fitted and worn no tighter than the chest needs at its point of greatest natural expansion. If posture is improved and the right massage and exercise begun, the injured muscles will not grow any worse, though they can never quite regain their normal position.

ONCE imbued with the idea of an untrammelled figure, women of all ages refused to wear anything that resembled a corset or supporting garment.

But when they take the whole pattern of our life into consideration, physical training experts today admit that the

### What Makes a Perfect Figure?

OUR *Handbook of Beauty* will tell you. There are diet recommendations by experts, a weight chart and fundamental exercises to improve your figure. Have you problems of skin or hair? This little *Handbook* answers all of them. Send ten cents to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, and ask any questions you like.

feminine body needs support and the sooner it gets the right kind of support the lovelier our figures will be.

To keep the organs of the abdomen in the right alignment, to prevent sagging and to strengthen muscles weakened from disuse, this is the whole duty of the scientifically designed modified corset or supporting garment. Mild corrective exercises and support in the form of a well-designed foundation garment will gradually build the body anew.

There are perhaps four main danger periods in the figure development of the modern woman. The first comes in the early teens, when a girl's body is undergoing all sorts of physical changes. The second comes after school or college years, when there is a definite change in her daily life. Instead of the school regime she may marry and keep house. Or she may go into business with its totally different physiological requirements. Or she may simply continue to move in society, cutting down on her daily exercise and falling into lazy habits which show

eventually in her figure. After the supervised physical activity of school or college, it's important to continue regular habits of exercise, work and relaxation.

The next definite danger period for the young married woman comes with the first baby—and the physical support necessary at that time should be advised by her doctor. Garments designed for this critical period must be made by those who have had long experience in the type of special alterations required.

The next posture crisis comes as a woman reaches middle age. The figure takes on flesh rapidly and frocks soon begin to hang badly, to bulge in the wrong places. A controlling garment for this time of a woman's life is essential if she is to keep any semblance of smartness, or even daily comfort.

In all the stages of our changing silhouette the modern modified corset finds its place. Such garments are strong, but light and supple. They have a variety of adjustments. They are built for the greatest comfort and performing just the right kind of gentle discipline needed for the figure. Women find them easy to take care of, to keep clean and fresh. They should be fitted by experts, for they must work *with* the figure, not against it. They must not exert too much pressure or cause pain; they should allow for deep breathing and make it possible to expand chest and diaphragm.

YOUNG girls who have never worn a corset or older women who have left one off for years may find, on returning to it, that the body feels a sense of strain at first. This is perfectly natural, until the muscles are disciplined and the organs regain their normal position. You can be sure that modern women wouldn't wear corsets if they weren't necessary. It isn't only because clothes fit more beautifully when we wear them. The modern, well-designed supporting garment is admirably suited to the figure needs of the modern girl and woman.



# MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR.

*formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt*

Has these "exceedingly comfortable"  
beds in her Newport Home ~ ~



THIS CHARMING GUEST ROOM has the original panelled doors and mantel that date back to Revolutionary times when Lord Dudley occupied the house. Simmons spool beds in maple finish "harmonize perfectly" with the old maple pieces Mrs. Church herself collected. On chintz-hung walls are seen some of her famous collection of hunting, driving, and riding prints. Spool Bed No. 1850 comes in maple, walnut, green-and-ivory, and gray-blue finishes.

IN DUDLEY PLACE, her delightful Newport home which dates back to Revolutionary times, Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church Jr., has artistically preserved the beautiful historic atmosphere of the old house. And yet, with great ingenuity and taste, she has mingled brilliant modern colorings with her fine early American pieces.

For her guest room she chose these quaint, maple-finished spool beds from Simmons, which "harmonize perfectly" with this attractive background and yet as she says are "exceedingly comfortable."

Of course, Mrs. Church wanted the very finest appointments for her beds so she chose damask-covered Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs as

offering the utmost in comfort and beauty.

Mrs. Church, who is only one of their many proud owners, says, "I'm enthusiastic about the Simmons Mattresses and Springs. I was glad to find them covered in damask in such interesting patterns and colors to go with the color scheme of the room."

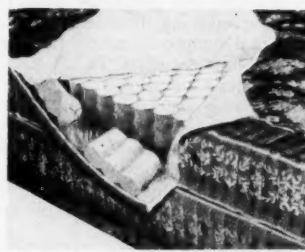
This marvelous bedroom equipment is the unique achievement of the world's largest makers of finest beds, springs, and mattresses. In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring \$42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring \$19.75. Simmons Beds \$10.00 to \$60.00, No. 1850, \$37.50. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR., formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, is a spirited leader of the younger set at Newport. At Dudley Place she has a stable of magnificent show horses which she manages herself. She gives many unusual and amusing parties during the season, and the charm and originality that make her so popular in her set are delightfully present in her home.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.



Detail of Inner Construction of the Beautyrest, unique for comfort and long wear. Hundreds of individually pocketed coils, wonderfully resilient, insure luxurious sleep. Uncrushable sides. Thick felt overlay; damask cover.



Another Type of Spring—Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, light weight, unboxed—sturdily constructed, low in price. The coils are close together to afford smooth, even action and marvelous resiliency. Banded border protects sheets. Slip covers at slight additional cost.

## SIMMONS BUILT FOR SLEEP

BEDS • SPRINGS • MATTRESSES



## Specially Prepared, Strained Ready-to-Serve Vegetables

NEWER knowledge of baby care created the daily problem of preparing baby's vegetable feedings. Quickly and conveniently—Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products now make this problem as simple as A-B-C. Just warm and season! Scientifically prepared—Gerber's Products provide the vital vegetable supplement to the milk diet in a uniform, wholesome way.

### Rich in Vitamins— Tested and Approved

Steam pressure cooked and sealed—steam sterilized—Gerber's Strained Vegetables retain vitamin values, and bone and tissue building mineral salts lost in open vessel cooking. All have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping's Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health; the Institutes of The Delinicator, Modern Priscilla, Child Life, Junior Home; and leading pediatric authorities. Packed for two full size feedings, the products afford a wholesome variety—rich in vitamins A-B-C. Your doctor can best advise the feeding schedule for your own individual baby.

### Examine Them Yourself

You must examine Gerber's Products yourself to appreciate how tempting and wholesome they are. If your grocer can't supply you, send the coupon and \$1.00 for our introductory package of 2—10¼ Ounce cans of soup (25¢ each) and 1—4½ Ounce can of Strained Spinach, Carrots, Prunes and Peas (15¢ each). Postage paid. One product only if you wish. In Canada—Complete Assortment Only—\$1.15.

## Gerber's STRAINED VEGETABLES

Free samples on request to physicians or hospitals



Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Co., Fremont, Mich.  
Dept. M-2—Enclosed you will find money or stamps for the Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

\$1.00	25c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Complete Assortment	Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
My grocer is \_\_\_\_\_

Photo by  
Ruth Nichols



A child with measles should be kept in bed during the quiescent period

# TO AVOID MEASLES

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of: Short Talks With Young Mothers, Etc.

MEASLES is the most readily transmitted of all the contagious diseases. A few seconds' contact is all that is necessary and because of the high susceptibility very few of the human race escape. It seems that actual direct contact of the unprotected with the person who has measles is necessary to contract the disease. Transmission through an intermediary such as a person, books, toys, clothing or any article is of most infrequent occurrence. I have never known a proved case.

The disease may be transmitted from the beginning of the earliest catarrhal symptoms which are present three or four days before the appearance of the rash. The most infectious period is early in the case—the first four or five days. No age is exempt. Even the youngest infant may contract measles. The period of incubation, the time elapsing between exposure and initial symptoms, ranges between seven and fourteen days. It is very rare for measles to develop after the tenth day following exposure to the disease.

I have known a few cases, however, to develop as late as the twelfth or fourteenth day. One attack usually protects against subsequent attacks, but this is not an invariable rule.

MEASLES ordinarily may be confused with German measles. As with all of the infectious group an attack may be very severe or exceedingly mild. The onset of the disease closely resembles that of a common cold. There is a watery nasal discharge with frequent sneezing. The eyelids become swollen and reddened at the margins and there is an intolerance to light. There is always a hard, dry cough which not infrequently is hoarse and croupy in character but not accompanied with expectoration. There is apt to be pain upon swallowing and always loss of appetite. The child may be unusually thirsty and craves water freely. Headache and muscle soreness is complained of by older children and in the quite young convulsions may occur as a result of an associated indigestion. The child is very restless and unhappy.

DR. KERLEY has helped thousands of McCall mothers to keep their children in good health through the articles written exclusively for them. Besides these monthly talks on many phases of child health, Dr. Kerley is the author of well-known books on the care of babies as well as older children. His work in famous New York hospitals has established him as one of the foremost child health specialists in the country—a position which brings to McCall Street homes the same fine consultation available in New York's great medical centers.

After the above symptoms have existed for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, what is known as the "Koplik spots" are found in the inner surface of the cheeks. The spots consist of small reddened areas with a minute bluish-white center on the normally colored mucous membrane. The Koplik spots are a valuable means of early diagnosis. The characteristic rash usually appears about the ears and over the face and spreads quickly to the upper portion of the chest, then to the entire body, the last portion involved being the hands and feet—in its disappearance the rash follows in the same order, disappearing first from the parts first involved. The appearance of the rash is characteristic, consisting of red papules and macules of irregular shape and variable size.

In some cases the areas of the eruption fuse together, so that the face, trunk and limbs—the entire skin surface may present a livid, deeply congested appearance. The face covered with the diffuse rash, swollen and puffy, with the swollen lids partially closed

and secreting and the watery nasal discharge is a picture seen in no other disease.

The rash in some epidemics is quite irregular after the onset of the initial symptoms. In the average case it requires about three days to complete its development.

The fever phenomena in measles is unlike any other disease for in many cases there is the prodromal rise perhaps 103°–104° F., it subsides quickly, the exposed child feels well and it is concluded there has been a false alarm. Within forty-eight or seventy-two hours the fever again appears with the appearance of the characteristic catarrhal signs and shortly the Koplik spots and rash are manifest. During the attack the temperature ranges from 102° to 105° F., reaches its highest point at the completion of the rash and then subsides. The rash begins to fade, in a few days the skin is clear and may be followed by a fine branny desquamation of the skin. The entire duration of the disease ranges from ten to fourteen days.

Measles is dangerous because of the tendency to complications, particularly of bronchitis which in the very young and delicate is followed by pneumonia and this associated with measles is always a dangerous illness. Uncomplicated measles is rarely fatal. A not unusual complication is middle ear disease and the occurrence of this is greatly enhanced by the presence of adenoids and diseased tonsils. Every case of ear abscess opens a way for further trouble in the possible and not infrequent development of mastoiditis and sinus involvement.

A CLEAN normal throat is the best insurance against complications in transmissible diseases. Diseased tonsils and adenoids should always be removed when the child is otherwise well. Often a physician is not called in a case of measles. This is an error and results in many unnecessary fatalities.

The utility of Sero-Therapy in the prevention of measles in exposed children is established. For the weakly infant and delicate child this means of protection is strongly advised.



# One Less Step in Dishwashing Now



New way cuts time in half.  
Beads of soap end dishwiping.  
Even glasses rinse beautifully  
clear. Drain dry to sparkling  
brilliance—without wiping.

**W**ASH. Rinse. Then you're through.  
Three times a day Super Suds saves  
you from dishwiping.

For at last here's a soap that dissolves  
100%! That rinses off *completely*. No tiny  
soap specks to stick and streak. No clinging  
soap film to spot dishes as they dry. With  
Super Suds, even glasses dry—sparkling clear  
—without wiping.

Because of this, one woman out of every  
three\* now uses Super Suds. In some cities,  
one woman out of every two. Although  
Super Suds has been on the market scarcely  
more than a year!

This is what we've just learned from a  
nationwide survey. From 212,960 answers  
from women who told us, "We're using  
Super Suds because it saves precious time  
in housework."

## Read what these women discovered

Said a busy young housewife in Minneapolis:  
"With Super Suds I never *wipe* dishes. They'll  
dry clear and unstreaked just with rinsing  
them."

From Topeka: "Super Suds give instant suds.  
No more heating water boiling hot in the  
teakettle to hurry up slow chips and flakes."

From Buffalo: "Super Suds dissolves so  
completely that it rinses out of clothes just  
beautifully. I can get whiter clothes in one  
less rinse now."



## Suds in a flash

These beads have walls four times thinner than the  
thinnest machine-made chips or flakes. This is why  
Super Suds gives instant suds. Why it never sticks to  
dishes. Why it washes faster, rinses cleaner.

Super Suds not only gives suds *above*, but com-  
pletely dissolved soap *below* where the real cleaning  
is done. It penetrates instantly *underneath* the sur-  
face. Spreads to every drop of water in the pan.

Cleaning . . . cleaning . . .  
everywhere at once . . .  
energetically . . . thor-  
oughly . . . swiftly!

Get Super Suds today.  
Use it for dishwashing.  
For laundry. For sinks,  
linoleum, woodwork.  
Wherever you want  
quicker washing, cleaner  
rinsing. Only ten cents for  
a big box. At any grocer's.

\*NOTE—These figures are the  
result of a recent investigation  
conducted in principal cities  
throughout the United States.  
They are based on 212,960  
answers given us by housewives,  
in conversations with them in  
their kitchens.



*How beads of soap  
are made.*

*Why they work faster*

Super Suds is not chips,  
nor flakes, nor powder,  
but tiny beads. It's made  
by spraying melted  
streams of soap from  
towers hundreds of feet  
high. As the soap cools  
in falling it divides into  
millions of fine beads.

## Rinse—don't wipe



## Dishes sparkle

## YOUR HANDS never touch the mop water



**Y**OU simply turn a handle grip—and watch the dirty water stream out. Your hands safe, at the other end of the mop!

That is how more than a million women wring their Betty Brights.

The Betty Bright has a square nose that won't splash baseboards as your old mop will. Its cloth is a special type—and being replaceable you can use a Betty Bright for dry floor polishing, too.

Only \$1, complete, at your dealer's. If you can't find it there, send \$1, with coupon below and receive a Betty Bright mop by mail, postpaid.

**BETTY BRIGHT**  
SELF-WRINGING  
**MOP** 

### ADDRESS NEAREST OFFICE

Parker-Regan Corporation, Dept. 49-E,  
524 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio;  
593 Market Street, San Francisco.

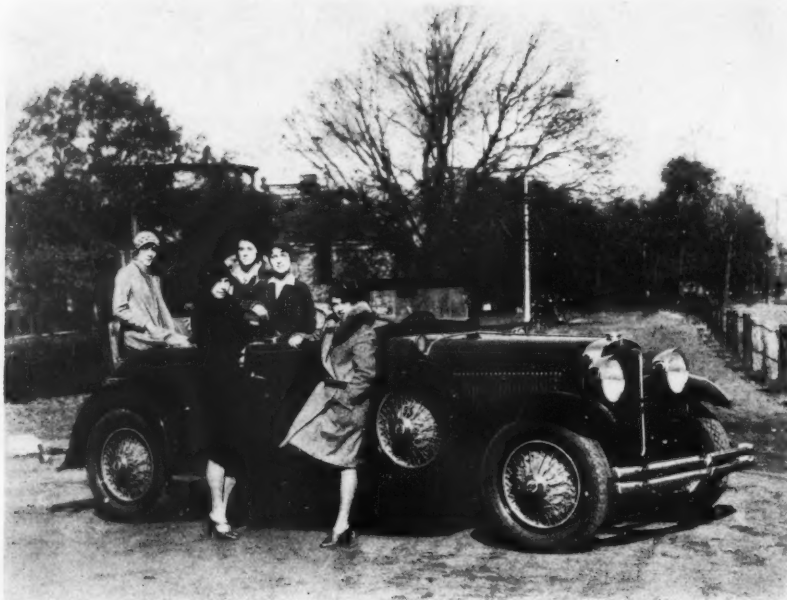
Please send me a Betty Bright Self-wringing  
Mop complete; I enclose \$1 (money order,  
currency, check.)

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

This store hadn't it (name and address) .....

NOTE: Betty Bright Reversible Dust Mop, \$1.50;  
Betty Bright polish for lacquer, enamel, varnish,  
30c, 60c. At dealer's or sent post paid on request.



*These girls prefer the smart 1929 open roadster with wire wheels and balloon tires*

## YOUR AUTOMOBILE TIRES

BY DOROTHY C. REID

**T**HE increasing sales of automobiles to women may be attributed to many things, but chief among them is the comfort and ease connected with motor traveling, much of which is due to the kind and condition of the tires. In the past three years the tires known as balloon tires have been developed to a point which puts them far in the lead of the old high-pressure type formerly used. When they first appeared on the market considerable doubt was evidenced as to the practicability of their use, yet today seventy-five per cent of all pleasure cars are so equipped. Balloons give greater mileage than high-pressure tires, besides increasing the life of a car. With their popularity has come a decrease in their cost.

Fifteen years ago tires cost more than twice what they do today and gave about a fifth the mileage in return. Manufacturers, however, do not stand on a basis of mileage, but on quality. A standard tire, properly cared for, reasonably can be expected to give fifteen thousand miles of service. This is a conservative estimate; many tires give more.

The average mileage on some is twenty-nine thousand; others show thirty-two thousand; some over forty thousand. This gives some idea of the return to be had from a tire investment, provided a good one has been purchased in the beginning and it has been given the right kind of care.

### Buy Good Tires

There is small reason for having any kind but good tires. There are numerous well-known, financially sound and otherwise reliable tire manufacturers whose product can be depended upon. Prices on like sizes are approximately the same, although it is best to buy a brand with which you are familiar and one that gives you service. Avoid bargain tires, however, and brands you have not investigated.

One cheap tire may give phenomenal service and the next one give very little. Cheap tires do not run uniformly, and the reason for it is simple

enough. The raw product frequently is not of the best, and the process of manufacture naturally is not as precise as in tires commanding a higher price. Any staple product which is consistently sold below the market price has to be manufactured of material and by a process which will warrant the price reduction. In other words, you get what you pay for.

Many of the cheap, so-called bargain tires are produced by concerns that do not obtain a uniform grade of rubber to begin with; nor have these companies adequate manufacturing and distributing facilities. Not all cheap tires, however, are made by such companies. Manufacturers of quality tires also make a second grade, slightly below the first; some even manufacture three or four grades. As long as there is a market for cheap tires they are ready to supply it, but under a name other than that used for their best quality product. No attempt is made by reliable companies to convince the public that these lesser grades are as good as the first.

Large companies market products through their own agents, making for wider and more complete distribution, and assuring customers of fresh stock. Rubber tires, whether they rest on shelves in a stock-room or remain clamped as a spare on an automobile, deteriorate through lack of use. No

automobile is properly equipped unless it has five tires, but the fifth one, or spare, should be interchanged with those already in use on the wheels.

The rubber in an unused tire becomes hard and loses the elasticity and resiliency essential to its long life. You are more apt to get fresh stock from a dealer handling only one make than from one handling many different ones. The former does not have to buy in quantity in order to get a price, nor is it necessary for him to maintain as large an assortment. You will also benefit by tire service, for tires are now serviced in much the same manner as automobiles. All tire dealers give service, but the one concentrating on a single brand is, by way of his own experience as well as his standing with the factory, better able to assist his customers in repairs and upkeep.

### Tire Construction

To fully understand the necessity for proper inflation one has to know a little of tire construction. All of them are built on much the same principle. Each manufacturer may have a different method of building up, treating a tire, but fundamentally the construction is the same. A carcass (the real strength of a tire) is made of several layers of closely interwoven cotton fabric, if it is a fabric tire, or cords, running lengthwise, if it is a cord tire. These layers are built up with the cording or warp running at slightly different angles. Each layer, or ply, is infused with a thin coating of rubber. This is called "frictioning" and keeps one ply from rubbing directly against the next one and overheating.

A cushion of soft rubber is fitted over the carcass and on top of it is the breaker strip, of material sufficiently tough to resist most sharp objects that penetrate a tread. Then comes the tread, which is in direct contact with the road and made of thick, rough, wear-resisting rubber. A tire is designed to give its best service when properly inflated, when it is

*(Continued on page 72)*



# Ozite Rug Cushion

Every rug worth laying is worth the added comfort and economy of an Ozite Rug Cushion! Ozite will double\* the life of the rug...and more than double your enjoyment of it. This remarkable cushion is so soft, so yielding, so springy that it makes every rug feel rich and deep-piled as an oriental. Ozite gives old rugs renewed life...makes inexpensive rugs seem worth twice their cost...and is used by connoisseurs to protect their finest rugs from wear. Indeed, Ozite enhances the comfort of your entire home, making it quieter, richer, more restful. Its cost (so soon repaid!) is so low that you can use Ozite under every rug and carpet in your home.

What is Ozite?... A soft cushion of sterilized, "ozonized" animal hair, like a thin hair mattress. It is sold and recommended by furniture, rug and department stores...and interior decorators...in every locality. *Over 20,000,000 square yards of Ozite are in use today...* millions of yards are sold each year! Ozite is made by patented processes... permanently mothproofed... lastingly resilient. It will never wear out. Requires no fastening... just roll your rug above it. Be sure you get the original Ozite. It is unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy!

\*Recent tests by Delineator Home Institute proved that Ozite Cushion *triples* the life of rugs and carpets. A copy of this report will be sent on request.



CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells St., Chicago  
New York (American Hair and Felt Co., Mfrs.) Los Angeles  
Factories: Newark, N. J.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Los Angeles, Cal.;  
St. Johns, Quebec, Canada; Nuremberg, Germany

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells St., Chicago  
Please send me a copy of your Free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets," and free sample of Ozite Cushion.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

M 49

EVERY RUG NEEDS AND DESERVES AN OZITE CUSHION



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, whose lovely skin gives her utter self-confidence in a close-up. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin petal-smooth," she says.

## 9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin this way . .

"EXQUISITE skin is woman's most compelling charm," says Malcolm St. Clair, director for Paramount. "Flawlessly beautiful skin is more appealing than any other charm."

Directors and screen stars know so well that lovely skin is the most magnetic of all charms. And in Hollywood, among the 451 important actresses, including all

stars, 442 (98%) use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Nine out of ten screen stars use this fragrant white soap. You, too, will like the way it cares for your skin. Abundant lather even in hard water!



FAY WRAY, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin such wonderful smoothness."



JACQUELINE LOGAN, Pathé—"The satiny smoothness of my skin after Lux Toilet Soap is delightful."

**Lux Toilet Soap** *Nine out of ten screen stars use it for smooth skin* **10¢**



## "It Was A Lovely Party!"

EVERY hostess is happy when she knows that her party was a success. A really successful party is one that starts off with a bang, continues along with jolly games and stunts and ends with a beautifully decorated table, smart favors and delicious refreshments. McCall's Home Service has prepared a new booklet of parties for all occasions, the important holidays of the year as well as festive occasions for the women's club and showers for the bride. Send for the booklet *Parties for Grownups* (twenty cents).

If you want to give the children a party, you will need the new booklet *Parties for Children*. This booklet tells you just how to plan jolly parties for the little ones. It tells you what games they may play, how to decorate the table delightfully and what to serve. Send twenty cents in stamps for this booklet.

### McCall's Home Service Booklets and Leaflets

"Antiques." A charming one-act play, excellent for church or club production. (Price, ten cents.)

*Parties for Young Girls*. Games and stunts for girls. (Price, two cents.)

*Bridal Showers*. Delightful ways to shower the bride. (Price, two cents.)

*Parties for the Bride*. Announcements, a housewarming and a luncheon for the bridesmaids. (Price, two cents.)

*Six Parties for the Women's Club*. Stunts, a fashion show, etc. (Price, two cents.)

*Club Parties*. A bridge party, a music party and several money-making ideas for clubs. (Price, two cents.)

*A Stork Shower*. A charming tea-party for the mother-to-be. (Price, four cents.)

*Money-making Affairs for Churches*. A church supper, fairs and a carnival. (Price, two cents.)

*Four Fairs That Make Money*. Excellent money-makers for your church. (Price, two cents.)

*The Etiquette of Afternoon Tea*. Several ways to give a charming tea-party. (Price, two cents.)

### Home Management

*Decorating Your Home*. Color schemes for rooms and other simple instructions in interior decoration. (Price, ten cents.)

*Four Lessons in Interior Decoration*. A short course for the beginner. (Price, twelve cents.)

*How to Use Your Bank*. Simple business rules for the home-maker. (Price, two cents.)

*Time-Saving Cookery*. Quick ways with hot breads, salads, desserts, etc. (Price, ten cents.)

*Master Recipes*. Foundation recipes for cakes, biscuits, muffins, salads and salad dressings, etc. (Price, ten cents.)

*Some Reasons Why in Cookery*. Explicit instruction in baking, candy making at home, making perfect mayonnaise, etc. (Price, ten cents.)

*The Friendly Baby*. Care of the infant and small child, also Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules. (Price, ten cents.)

*The Friendly Mother*. A little guide-book for the prenatal period, with complete layette instructions. (Price, ten cents.)

*Handbook of Beauty*. Care of the skin, hair, helpful exercises, etc. (Price, ten cents.)

### Books You Ought to Own

This is a list of books on subjects of interest to all women. It tells you what books to get to help you plan your church bazaar, pageants, costumes for plays. It also gives you the names of books on club procedure and program planning. You will also find a list of places where you may obtain, free of charge, material for Parent-Teacher Association meetings. Send eight cents in stamps for *Books You Ought to Own*.

If you are interested in helping your church, or if your problem is the mind training of children, or if you would like a list of books for the sick in mind or body, you will need our booklet *New Books on Church and Family Problems*. This list will give you the names of books on all these subjects as well as many others close to the hearts of all of us. Send eight cents.

*Better Books of Today*. Latest fiction, non-fiction and poetry. (Price, two cents.)

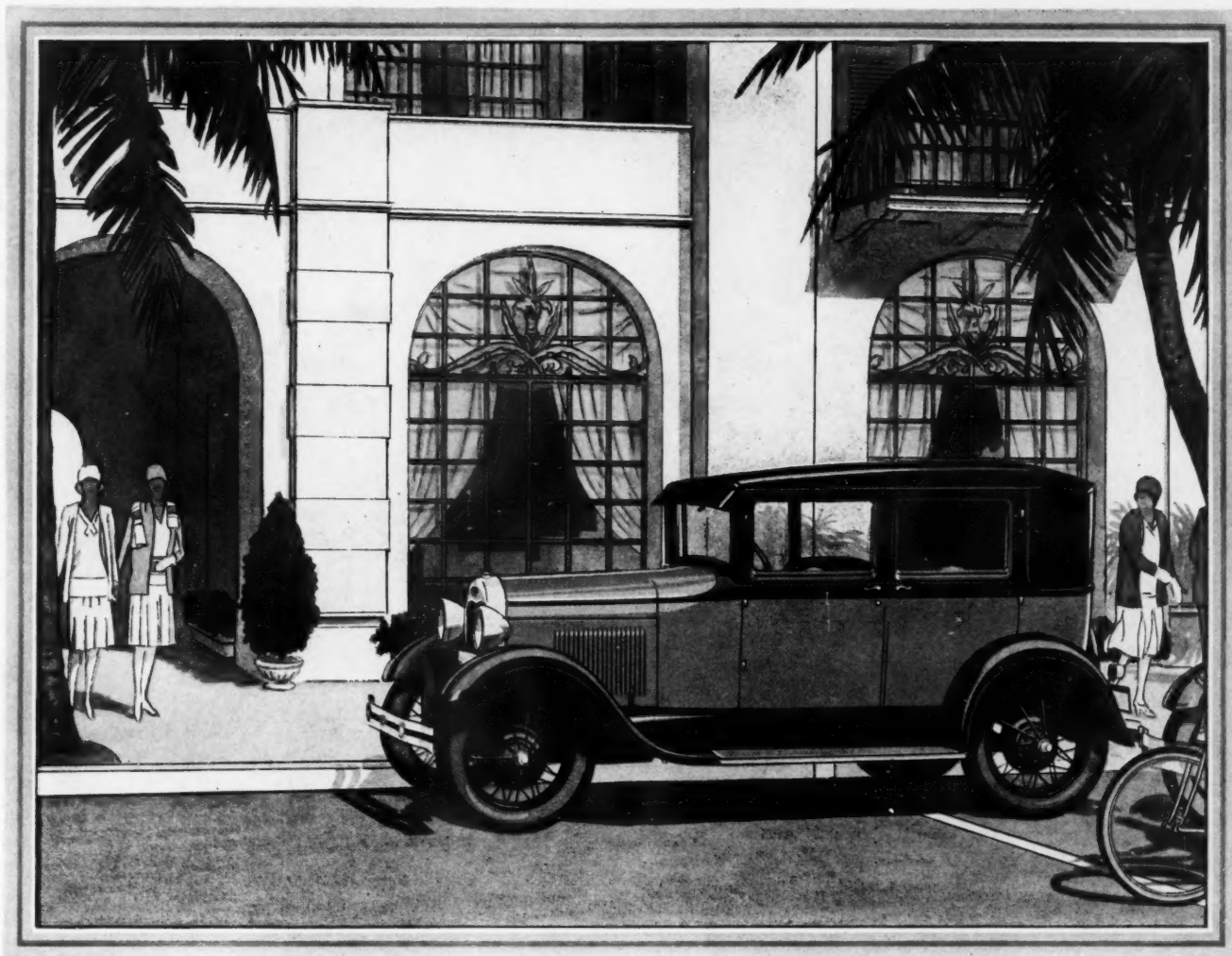
*New Books for Children*. A list of the newest and best books for children. (Price, two cents.)

### Your Money

Perhaps you wish to own your own home. Maybe you'd like to buy a new car. Or your dream may be a college education for your children. The one sure way to get these desirables is to budget your income. Plan it to take care of the necessary expenditures of every-day living and also enable you to lay aside a certain sum each month. This is easily accomplished if you keep a budget. Our booklet *The Family Budget* has enabled hundreds of families and single persons, too, to plan their incomes to take care of living expenses and still have enough to allow for luxuries. It is brought up to date and revised in a new edition. (Price, twenty cents.)

Send stamps for these booklets and leaflets to McCall's Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.





## Ease of control and mechanical reliability are especially important to the woman driver

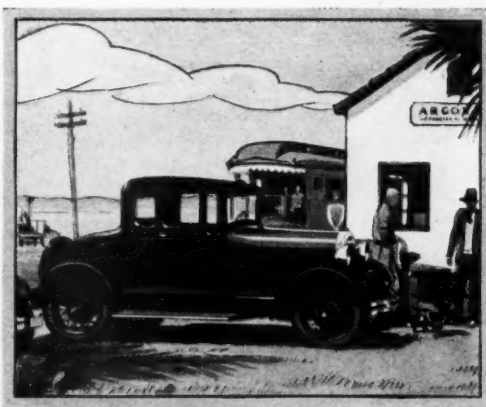
ONE of the fine things about driving the new Ford is the way it takes you over the miles without fuss or fatigue.

Mentally you are at ease because you are sure of the mechanical performance of the car. No matter how long the trip or rough or devious the roadway, you know it will bring you safely, quickly to the journey's end.

Through thickest traffic, up steepest hills, along the open road, you will drive with security and confidence because the new Ford is so alert and capable and so easy to operate and control.

The steering wheel answers to the touch of a finger. Gears shift smoothly, silently. Brakes take hold quickly and firmly even on rain-swept highways. Unusual acceleration and abundant speed and power are especially appreciated in emergencies. A space little longer than the car itself is all you need for parking.

These features simplify the mechanics of driving and, together with reliability, add a great deal to the joy of motoring. The comforting assurance that everything is just right is especially important to the woman driver.



Physically, too, you will feel fresh and relaxed in the new Ford because it is such a roomy, comfortable car.

The restfully tilted seats are made generously wide and are deeply cushioned, with coil springs of both the straight and hour-glass type. The backs are carefully designed to conform to the curves of the body.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the new Ford is its riding

*The new Ford is distinguished by the trim, graceful simplicity of its lines and the beauty of its colors. Without being extreme, it has struck a new note in automobile designing. Shown on the left is the Ford Coupe. Above is the Fordor Sedan.*

comfort. The rough spots are there, just as they have always been, but you do not feel them. There are no hard bumps or jolts, nor any exaggerated bouncing up and down. Somehow, you seem to just glide along, as if every road were a good road.

The Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and transverse springs take up or absorb the force of every unevenness in the road before it reaches the body, frame and chassis of the car.

As someone has said, it is almost as if a giant hand had smoothed the way, so evenly and easily do you ride along in the new Ford.

This means relaxation and comfort in both front and rear seats and also contributes to better, more reliable and economical performance and longer life for every mechanical part.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY  
Detroit, Michigan



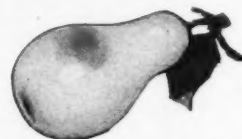
Everybody knows  
how good Del Monte  
peaches are ~  
but it's the quality of  
every single product under  
this label that makes this  
brand so famous ~



Just serve a few of these  
— to keep your menus  
bright and tasty!

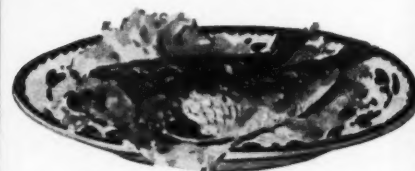
It's no secret—this chasing the "appetite blues"! It's variety that makes the family like your meals—and how DEL MONTE can help you, day after day.

What could be better, for instance, than ripe and luscious peaches such as these? The pick of California's crop! Both sliced and halved. You'll find them easy to serve—in scores of different, tempting ways.



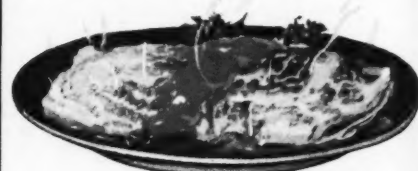
#### DEL MONTE PEARS

And that's just a start! DEL MONTE Pears, too, will enjoy the same sure welcome. Only the Bartlett variety is canned—and the exquisite flavor and freshness of this tempting fruit is brought right to your table, at any season, under the DEL MONTE label.



#### SARDINES

Quality sea foods, too! Big meaty California sardines in large, oval cans—a real meal in themselves, a most economical meat substitute. Also those small, tasty, French type sardines packed in pure olive oil.



#### TOMATO SAUCE

And when it comes to cooking, a real kitchen sauce! Makes left-overs new foods—gives hash a Park Avenue air—does all those other cooking tricks that help to make cooks into chefs. Packed in handy small tins—worth having a dozen right on your pantry shelf.



#### ROYAL ANNE CHERRIES

Another fruit at its finest—famous Royal Annes! Canned with their pits for that extra touch of flavor. A dessert that never fails to please—a touch of distinction in fruit cups and salads—and what a wonderful deep dish pie!

#### Send For These Cooking Helps

For other suggestions, and scores of ways to use them in everyday meals, send for DEL MONTE recipe collection. Almost two hundred fruit and vegetable recipes in all. And free. Address Dept. 629, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.



MORE THAN A HUNDRED  
DELICIOUS VARIETIES

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST  
Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**



## EASTER IN NEW YORK'S CHURCHES

[Continued from page 35]



Photo by Brown Brothers

The simple altar of the Church of All Nations in New York's famous East Side

over by Metropolitan Archbishop John. The famous Russian choir furnishes the Easter music this year. The courtesy of the Church is also extended to groups of Roumanians, Bulgarians and Servians, or Jugo-Slavs, who conduct their own services.

On the lower West Side of the city is the Orthodox Greek Church of St. Nicholas. It is named for the patron saint who blesses all those who go down to the sea in ships as toilers, as travelers and as fishermen. Father Simeon Emmanuel looks after the people, the attendance varying from one hundred to five hundred and more when ships are in port.

The Church of the Transfiguration is the temporary church home of stage people of all nationalities, ministering to them in all their needs. Many years ago Joseph Jefferson gave the church its now famous name. After failing to find a church to administer last services for a dead actor friend he was told of "a little church around the corner that did such things" and he said "God Bless The Little Church Around The Corner" and the name has always clung. Elaborate decorations and music are always provided for the Easter services in this Church.

A little band of Koreans worship at Easter according to the Methodist faith in the parlors of their club house on

the upper West Side. The Japanese and also the East Indians have much the same sort of arrangement for their own services.

The French Church welcomes Swiss, Belgians, Lorrainers and Creoles to their services. The Scandinavians include Icelanders, Finns, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes and Poles in their attendance, while Serbs and Slovenes attend the Croatian Churches. Austrians, Germans and Bavarians worship in the Lutheran Churches. The Salesian Fathers in their big Church in the heart of Chinatown have an Italian congregation.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral the installation of a new organ promises a treat of Easter music.

Dr. John Ivie has charge of the Protestant Chapel of the Tombs, Dr. Cashin beloved for his long ministry to the unfortunate has charge of the Catholic chapel. The Christian Scientists also have a chapel room there, while ministers of other denominations come on call. Flowers are sent by those who "remember" at Eastertide. The perfume of the lilies carry their message to each troubled heart. Maybe some will find comfort in their despair by dwelling on the promise made by the Master to those on neighboring crosses who had lost hope, "Today Shalt Thou Be With Me In Paradise."



Photo by Underwood &amp; Underwood

Interior of the Russian Cathedral of New York

## a sandwich for dinner

• CERTAINLY •

just try this  
hot · savory  
sandwich

How to make the family like left-overs, how to give a new taste to every-day foods, that's always such a problem unless you let "that flavor called French" help you out.

For instance; here's a recipe, simple and easy to prepare, but how appetizing.

## HOT SAVORY SANDWICH

To 1 cup of minced tongue or ham add the juice of 1 onion and 2 tablespoons 2-minute dressing.\* Spread on bread, making sandwich. Beat up 1 egg and add to 1 cup milk. Cut sandwiches diagonally, dip in milk batter — then fry in butter until golden brown. Serve hot. Garnish with halved stuffed olives.

\*2-minute dressing—2 tablespoons evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard—stir until smooth.

And it's just one of the hundreds of ways in which you can use French's Prepared Mustard as a daily aid to home cooking.

"Expect more from French's Mustard" the best of home cooks say. Use it in cooking meats or fish or in making use of left-overs; to make salads more tempting; to create new, brisk dressings—oh, there are dozens of ways in which "that flavor called French" will be helpful to you.

Your taste will tell you that French's is very different from ordinary mustard — there is no comparison — for "that flavor called French" is the result of blending the choicest of mustard seed with other savory ingredients—according to a formula that has been a jealously guarded secret for generations.

## FRENCH'S MUSTARD

A Set of French's Recipes FREE—Just mail the Coupon

Printed on cards, six to a set—12 or more recipes.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, Housewives' Service Dept., 2-20 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

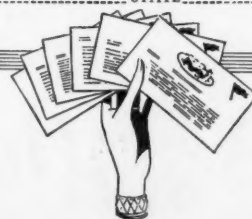
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

FREE

FREE



# THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD NOW WEAR NEW HOSIERY

which they have found  
enhances Shapeliness of ankle and leg  
to a marked degree

**Betty Compson's**  
First National Star  
favorite is this lovely chiffon by Allen-A, with  
a dainty Picot Top—and new Panel Heel  
\$1.95 the pair



SCREEN Stars have now found what they consider the perfect hosiery. It seems to make the ankle slenderer. The leg more graceful. The usual harsh line of the knee softer.

Virtually every star of note insists upon this new hosiery in her wardrobe. Very likely, it is the exact kind you have long wanted. Miss Betty Compson's favorite is a matchless clear, sheer chiffon creation by Allen-A, with a Picot Top and ultra-smart Panel Heel. Full-fashioned to mold to the leg without a ripple.

The new Panel Heel, much narrower and higher, lends a Parisian smartness to the beauty of the hose. It also

reinforces the heel. And the silken foot is invisibly strengthened by an extra-narrow sole, and special side and top toe guards. It is little short of amazing the way this hose wears and wears.

You will find this lovely, all-silk chiffon at your dealer's. In the newest shades. Ask for this Allen-A hose by style number—3712. Only \$1.95 the pair. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York Stores are available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced \$1.50 to \$3.00 the pair.

#### MISSES' HOSIERY, TOO

You will find Allen-A Hosiery for Misses of the same superb style and quality that has won smartly dressed women to Allen-A Hosiery. In silk, silk and rayon, and lisle—and in a wide range of modish shades and fancy patterns. Only 50c to \$1.00 the pair.

**Allen-A Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

## SIMPLICITY IN HOME FURNISHING

[Continued from page 36]

The purpose in the dining-room of such a piece is obvious; it holds linen and silver and in the main acts as a serving table or buffet. Only second in interest to the old dresser are the tables and chairs, copies of those Sheraton styles which the American craftsmen of a hundred years ago developed for our great-grandmothers. The table is so built that it may be closed or extended to accommodate few or many at its sides and ends.

The simple interlaced rug is, admirably suited to this room. The dining-room is unusual in another aspect; it reaches out to the hall through a small ell where a difficult furnishing problem is charmingly met and vanquished. To achieve balance in this odd-shaped corner, a pair of little hanging shelves is used. These bear pitchers and mugs in old American china patterns. The beautiful corner cupboard shelves are not hidden behind doors, but display their wares of antique plates and pots and pitchers to all who pass that way. A small hooked rug covers the floor and two chairs belonging to the dining set flank the spacious corner cupboard on either side.

An old-fashioned child's chair and a covered door-stop lend a homey air before one steps across the hall into the more formal living-rooms; a room designated as formal only in that the furniture is of mahogany and walnut rather than pine and maple; the rugs are orientals; the walls are wainscoted; and lamps, furniture, wall hangings, pictures and mirrors are of such quality that they might appear in a city apartment as easily as in this house.

### Good Reproductions

While much of the charm and distinction of this house results from the co-mingling of old family pieces of pewter, china and furniture with well-chosen new furniture yet the chief pieces of furniture are reproductions made by our modern furniture manufacturers and distributed (fortunately for the most of us who cannot shop in large cities) all over the country to furniture and department stores.

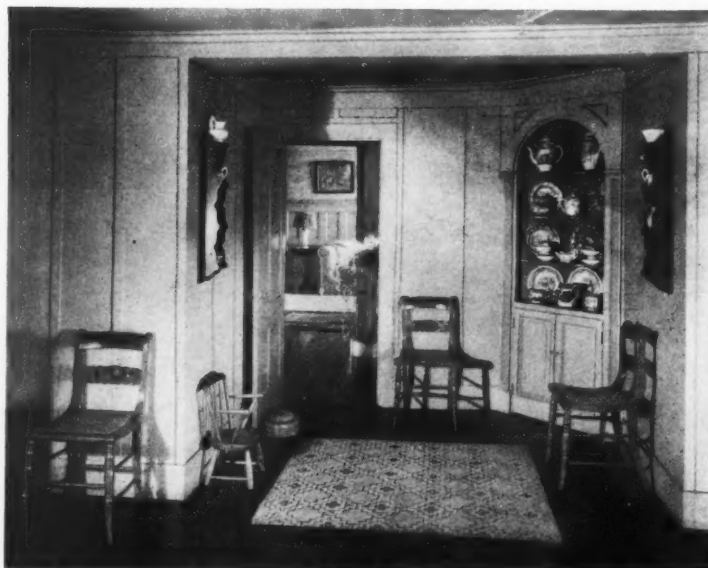
Such pieces are typical of the excellent copies available in all period styles, which are in demand today for the re-furbishing of our old houses or the new decorating of a home which

we are just building. An authentic copy, or a copy which slightly modifies but does not change the excellent lines of a fine old piece has distinction. When such pieces are placed in our rooms, we must plan to relate to them the background of our other furnishings such as window draperies, rugs and those small objects which depict the personality of the owner in any room. Then though our homes still be simple they are distinguished and they are satisfying examples of good taste in home furnishing.

### Careful Selection

Fortunately for the woman who wants to correlate all of the details of her furnishings, the smaller accessories of decoration like the present day furniture, are now made in simple and excellent patterns. Nowhere is this more evident than in the china, glassware and silverware now offered. Old English, American and French patterns of porcelain have been copied by modern chinaware designers and these copies in great abundance are in shops throughout this country. Glassware in colors, and crystal copies of old Waterford glass, as well as the more delicate Venetian pieces, modern reproductions of the Bohemian are also ready to grace our tables. Silver in sterling and plated ware copies the lovely patterns which once decked our grandmothers' tables. At the same time silver designers have created new patterns and issued designs which are in complete harmony with present day decoration and living.

Excellent copies of old oriental rugs are now made by machine in this country; modernistic patterns in rugs and carpets are available and as never before carpets, rugs and linoleums and other floor coverings in solid colors and patterns are to be found to match any color scheme and to carry out any plan of decoration. The wise housekeeper plans her buying to make the best use of the furniture and accessories already in her house. She may re-make or sell certain old pieces, she may furnish one room entirely anew, or she will select rugs, curtains, furniture, lamps and small things and she may re-paper or re-paint the wall all with the objective of using the old with the new to produce comfort, distinction and beauty.



The small ell of the dining-room where the hanging shelves and the corner cupboard are noteworthy



# Clever women Buyers for 132 great stores

## —experts in fabrics and styles—say...

"... the original beauty of lovely clothes can actually be re-newed again and again with Lux... we prove this constantly with our own fine things..."

92% of buyers interviewed in 132 leading department stores insist upon Lux...

THEY know more about styles and fabrics than any other women in the country—the clever buyers for great department stores!

They are paid huge salaries because of this expert knowledge.

Knowing so well the nature of all the beautiful new materials—fragile chiffons, lustrous silks and rayons, downy-soft woollens, colorful cottons—these clever women give their own precious things only the truly-proved safest care.

Interviewed in leading stores in 31 cities they overwhelmingly agreed on one method of cleansing!

92 out of every 100 interviewed insist on Lux for their own things.

Following the well-nigh unanimous rule of these clever women, you, too, can keep pretty clothes like new so much longer with Lux!



*American Buyers in Paris.*

*An intimate glimpse into the Paris salon of Poiret, famous couturier, showing American department store buyers (seated) as they select the smartest styles for their stores.*

### Greatest Groups of Fashion Experts ever consulted—

MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS

MUSICAL SHOWS

FAMOUS DRESSMAKERS

DEPARTMENT STORE BUYERS

all find "Lux actually doubles the life of fine fabrics"... Because Lux, made of the purest materials known, by a special very costly process, *Re-New*s with each gentle, safe cleansing!



*Famous Dressmakers*

find mannequins' sheer lingerie and stockings, worn with the costly gowns they model, stay "exquisitely new looking twice as long, if cleansed with Lux." (Above) A lovely mannequin in imported underthings and hosiery.



*All Musical Shows*

in New York find stockings give double wear, cleansed always in Lux! Charming Dorothy Stone (above), co-starred in "Three Cheers." She heartily agrees with the wardrobe mistresses—says, "Lux keeps stockings divinely new looking."



*The Movies*

use Lux—to double the life of fabrics. (Above) Beautiful Renée Adorée—just as enthusiastic about Lux as the studios are! "Lux is perfectly grand," she says—"I wouldn't think of trusting my nice things to anything else!"



## Help nature wisely with these beautifiers

WHEN it comes to the complexion you can't afford to let nature take care of it alone. You have to do *your* part every day to erase the harsh effects of age, strain and weather.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM provides the way. It is a simple *natural* aid to beauty. This cream does more than just cleanse. It soothes and softens the skin. Heals roughness and chapping. Ideal for massage. Used regularly it helps keep the facial muscles youthfully firm and flexible. Follow this treatment every night. Open the pores of your face and neck with warm water. Give yourself a few minutes gentle massage with Perfect Cold Cream. Remove the surplus but do not wash the face again until morning.

Perfect Cold Cream is for sale at all good drug and department stores in tubes at 10c, 25c and 60c. Jars at 35c to \$1.50.

PERFECT CLEANSING CREAM is unexcelled for *quick* cleansing. This new peach-colored cream does not have to be "worked" into the skin. It is so soft and light that it fairly melts into the pores of its own accord. Use it daily, and between engagements, whenever you want to give yourself a *quick* cleansing. Smooth. Light. Efficient. In jars, 75c.

VIVATONE, THE PERFECT SKIN TONIC, you will find both stimulating and refreshing. Use it after the cleansing and massage to remove any surplus cream still lingering in the pores. Watch your color come up as you apply it. Feel the circulation quicken as this cool topaz liquid touches the skin. Closes and refines the pores. Keeps the texture and tone of the skin normal. In bottles, 75c.

PERFECT VANISHING CREAM is an ideal foundation for powder and rouge. Fine, dry skins especially need it. Apply just a whisk of the fragrant, fluffy cream. It is quickly and entirely absorbed. Work it in gently and dust the face lightly with powder. Notice how much smoother your make-up is, how much more attractive. In tubes 10c, 25c. Jars at 35c and 60c.

Also makers of Ha-Kol (headache cologne), Perfect Shaving Cream and Perfect Cold Cream Soap



### Introductory Offer 50¢

Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 50c you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cream. Enough to give the new facial a real trial. Regular size Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream (not samples), special containers of the new Cleansing Cream and Vivatone. Mail coupon today.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL**  
Room 10, 214 WEST 14 ST., NEW YORK

Canadian readers send coupon to 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Enclosed find 50c (stamps, coin, money order) for which send me Perfect Clean-up Kit

Name ..... City .....

Street ..... State .....

## ADEQUATE INSULATION

[Continued from page 42]



Insulation board on which the plaster is applied

results certain conditions would produce. Each manufacturer has conducted his own tests in his own way and there has been no basis for comparison.

But finally nineteen companies which produce about 85 per cent of the insulating material used, have agreed to certain standards of practice on which to base their advertising and selling.\*

Standard tests are applied to various types of walls, both plain and insulated, and the exact heat loss is determined. This work has been carried to such a degree of perfection that the conductivity of walls can be computed closely, when built to a certain specification.

In the Heating and Ventilating Guide published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers can be found tables showing the conductivity of the majority of insulating products on the market, which have been tested by reliable authorities. In addition to the insulating value of these materials they sometimes possess other qualities which might influence one's judgment toward their use. The manufacturers will not fail to enumerate all of these and the architect will be able to advise in regard to their usefulness for other purposes, which may be structural, sound deadening or decorative to a certain extent.

Each type of material has advantages and disadvantages under certain conditions. The choice must be determined by local conditions. When semi-rigid or board types are used it should be borne in mind that a certain percentage of their insulating value may be lost because of their contact with other materials, or because their conductivity is not the same as that of the materials for which they are substituted.

Insulated walls will not only keep heat in during the cold season, but will keep heat out during the hot season. For this reason insulation is desirable in warm climates as well as in cold.

When conditions can be controlled in this manner, houses are more uniform in temperature and better for health and incidentally for household equipment. Because of its sound deadening qualities it contributes to personal privacy in the home and an atmosphere of quietness and peace. It is well to use enough insulation and be comfortable.

Comfort is worth something on its own account and in building a house the money can nowhere be better spent than in insulated construction.

\*Standards of Practice suggested by the National Better Business Bureau.

This is the first of a series of articles on house construction which will cover the important phases of building.



A corkboard insulation used here to line the roof and attic walls



200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds  
that's why

**LISTERINE**

full strength is effective against

**SORE THROAT**



Have you tried the new  
**LISTERINE SHAVING  
CREAM?**

Cools your skin while you shave  
and keeps it cool afterwards. An  
outstanding shaving cream in  
every respect.



**Prevent a cold this way?  
Certainly!**

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for



this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty seige with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

**L**ISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat and colds is based entirely on the germicidal action of a formula unchanged in 47 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine with its pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect used full strength is so amazingly powerful against germs. Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the United States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obnoxious M. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the same time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, you can readily understand why it checks colds and sore throat which are caused by germs.

At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it is safe to use this way in any body cavity. You will be delighted to find how quickly you get relief. In case you do not, consult your physician, as your trouble may be a symptom of a more deep-seated disease requiring expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## At Last! A True JET BLACK For Home Dyeing

*The First Yet Discovered for Home Use*



**ACCEPT  
15c Package  
Note the Coupon**

**Not "GREY BLACK" "GREEN BLACK" or  
FADED BLACK, but the True JET That Marks  
the Most Expensive Professional Work!**

**A**FTER years of research, the world's leading maker of home dyes now announces a true JET BLACK for home dyeing. The same TRUE BLACK heretofore found only in the most expensive materials—or in articles dyed by the most expensive dyers.

Will you accept a package to try? Try it on that faded but cherished dress you have been thinking of discarding. Transform it into a smart lustrous black dress—chic as any of the Parisian importations. Then contrast it with any other so-called black material you have. The difference will amaze you.

### The Hardest Dye for Women to Find

Every woman who has ever attempted to dye things black at home knows how impossible it has been to find a true jet black. We worked years to perfect one. Then without advertising, put it on the market. Said nothing to women about it; told them nothing. Just let them find out themselves. Soon we received scores of letters. Women told us that never before had they seen so wonderful a black. Without advertising its

use spread from one end of America to the other.

We call it BLACK RIT\*. And there is no other black like it. Compared with rival blacks, it shows TRUE BLACK against the discouraging "green blacks," "blue blacks" and faded-appearing blacks of old ways in dyeing. Please try it.

### Accept 15c Package

It is quick, simple and easy to use; no extra process, no bother.

Accept a 15c package for coupon below. Find out what it does. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

**RIT The JET BLACK  
For Home Dyeing**

\*Rit also comes in all the season's latest and smartest Parisian colors for home tinting and dyeing hosiery, lingerie, curtains, etc. At all drug and department stores.

### WHITE RIT

Removes dyes from colored fabrics and takes out stains and spots from white goods. HARMLESS as plain boiling water.

RIT PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. M4  
1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 4c to cover cost of packing and mailing.  
Send me your full size 15c package of Black Rit.

Name.....  
(Print name and address clearly)

Street.....

City..... State.....

**GOOD FOR  
15c  
PACKAGE**

## A SCHOOL OF DRAMA

[Continued from page 47]



Photo by Mildred Ruth Wilson

*A scene from a Persian play when costumes and scenery were made by the pupils*

one theme for a period of five months as they do in this school. The work they do to prepare for one of the plays is a thorough-going, genuine piece of research. In working towards the Persian play, for instance, the children first study reproductions of Persian water colors and miniatures, later visiting a museum or art collection to make sketches from originals on exhibit there.

During the same period they are listening to Persian stories allied to the play which has been chosen for study. They begin to act the stories, using as poses and gestures those they have observed as characteristic in the paintings. Models take typical poses and sketches are made from life, first just of positions, later with costumes. So the play begins to live and take on proportion. Parts are assigned, but each child must learn to perfect himself in at least two parts and the actors are interchangeable. In this way flexibility is obtained and the play is gradually built up—acting, scenery and costumes simultaneously.

In the beginning both acting and drawing are very free but gradually as the children gain facility and familiarity with the theme their interpretive

efforts are guided by the teachers to more perfect technique. The young students feel their way through the mazes of a civilization and an art of a different people and time but they are carefully directed to the choice and expression of the best. While the two directors of the school do not believe in standardization they do recognize the value of standards.

The children who are pupils are between the ages of seven and fourteen. A good many are the children of artists, writers and professional folk, and some, by inheritance, have a fair measure of talent, but the work that grows out of their training, both dramatic and in drawing and design, is indeed hopeful of the things that average children throughout the land can produce under the right inspiration and in a propitious atmosphere. It is fresh, imaginative, delightful.

The two women who have started this school take little credit for originality. They believe the same experiment can be carried out where there is sufficient enthusiasm to make a beginning and that it is a logical antidote for the ready-made drama of the movies and of today's standards in general to which children are too much subjected.

### IS IT CORRECT?

**D**O YOU know how to introduce a man to a woman? Are you self-conscious when you are dining out? What is the correct signature for a widow? How much should one tip a waiter or a maid? These questions and many others are answered in *McCall's Own Book of Etiquette*. This booklet also contains several chapters on weddings . . . the form of announcements; the decorations for the church or home; what the bride should wear; the processional; the duties of the attendants; the receiving line; the menu for the wedding reception and also a list of things the bride will need in her trousseau. Send twenty cents in stamps for *McCall's Own Book of Etiquette*.

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York.



# This New Protection Women Know

And how it ends the hazards of old-style hygienic measures that often marred composure, peace-of-mind



**T**HIS generation need never know the uncertainties—mental and physical—of old-style sanitary protection.

For science has solved, simply and effectively, this oldest of hygienic problems. Studying the shortcomings of the makeshift methods necessity dictated in the past, modern ingenuity and medical skill have overcome them, one by one. Resulting in a sanitary pad which today has been adopted by women of better classes all over the world.

This new way, Kotex, embodies the most absorbent material known—Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Fleecy soft, and pliable, it is scientifically shaped to fit like a garment.

#### *Utter comfort—Deodorizes, too*

The pad thus gives not only greatest actual protection, but a new comfort that results in unself-consciousness, in peace-of-mind and poise.

Now, by a unique process, each pad is scientifically treated\* by an exclusive method, so that it actively deodorizes. Thus removing worry from this source.

The material of Kotex is adjustable so that it may be adapted by the individual to suit one's own requirements—an added advantage.

#### *Ease of disposal*

Kotex, by its ease of disposal (see directions in each package), removes the last remaining source of embarrassment. It is easily purchased, anywhere, simply by asking for it by name. At new low prices, it is within the reach of all.

Thus, on every score, scientific hygienic protection, in the form of Kotex, is available to all. Every convenience has been considered. Every handicap overcome.

Buy a box of Kotex today . . . 45 cents for twelve. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell it; also in vending cabinets in rest-rooms through the West Disinfecting Company. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. Kotex Company of Canada, Ltd., 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

#### *Use Super-size Kotex*

*Formerly 90c—Now 65c*

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every three of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

## KOTEX

The new Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

\*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)



*"Oh! Virginia . . . I'm so terribly sorry . . ."*

*"Don't give it a thought, dear. The table has accident insurance . . . it's waxed"\**



*Either in paste or liquid form*

\* THE one furniture polish that protects is the same Johnson's Wax so famous for floors. Besides cleaning, besides polishing to a rich, satiny sheen (not glaringly shiny), it forms a film of protection. . . . TOUGH, scars and scratches are warded off. SMOOTH, dust glides away. GREASELESS, fingers leave no prints.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR A SAMPLE TO TRY ON ALL YOUR FURNITURE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. M-4, Racine, Wis.

Send me *The Vogue of Wax* and a sample (regular 25c size) of Johnson's Liquid Wax. I enclose 10c in stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

## YOUR AUTOMOBILE TIRES

[Continued from page 60]

full and round. The thickest portion of the tread is that part which contacts the road and it thins out gradually as it merges into the side walls. Consequently, unless correct air pressure is maintained, the road friction is felt on sections of the tire not designed to bear it.

The life of any pneumatic tire is dependent upon the air contained within it. It is the air cushion which supports the load; the tire itself merely acts as a container. The amount of air is determined by the weight of the car and load it is to carry. When there is insufficient air to support a load, the tires flex, causing carcass breaks, separation of the various plies and the possibility of pinching inner tubes. Should a tire be allowed to run considerably under-inflated there is danger of rim cutting, one thing that cannot be satisfactorily repaired. The carcass of any under-inflated tire that strikes rough spots in the road or is scraped against a curbstone, is bound to be weakened if not actually broken.

### Watch Tread Wear

The damage seldom shows on the tread itself and it may be days before the tire gives way. Correct air pressure will not absolutely prevent fabric breaks, but it greatly reduces the chances of such misfortunes. A drop of only three or four pounds in pressure will prove disastrous to a tire that is driven any distance. *Never guess at air pressure*; test your tires each week with an air gauge.

At the same time look at treadwear. If it is uneven see whether your wheels are wobbling or out of alignment and look at the brakes. Perhaps they work unevenly. Periodically tires should be staggered to even the treadwear, the front left put on the right rear and vice versa. Inspect them regularly for bits of stone, pieces of glass, nails or any sharp objects which may have imbedded themselves in the tread. These foreign pieces may be removed with a pair of pliers if they are too deeply imbedded to be reached with the fingers. Unless healed with tire dough, dirt and moisture soon enter these cuts and the rubber slowly disintegrates.

Tire mileage depends largely upon the care of the tire. It depends, also, upon the way a car is driven. No tire

can long withstand the friction occasioned by a sudden clanking of brakes. Brakes should be used with judgment. There is only one excuse for jamming a brake on hurriedly and that is to avoid an accident.

Turning corners at high speed, driving in car tracks or road ruts and brushing needlessly against a curbing, all put an unnecessary strain on your tires. And speeding taxes them to their utmost because of the friction and heat caused.

### Driving and Tires

Any increase in speed will cause a definite increase in tread wear.

Many tires are retired from use too early. Sometimes less than one-third the cost of brand new tires would pay for retreading the old ones. Provided there are no rim cuts or injured beads, treads may be renewed even when worn through the first ply. Smaller repairs such as air blisters, treadcuts and fabric breaks should be attended to as soon as they appear. Not only will the cost be less, but the chance of weakening other parts of the tire is minimized.

A manufacturer's dealer can give you the right kind of a repair job. A poor job is almost worse than none at all. Blow-out patches or boots are not honest repairs; they will protect a tube temporarily, but their continued use will enlarge the injury. Unless you are sure of the vulcanizer you will do well to caution him against putting on a patch or a boot when you want a permanent repair. There are plenty of them who will do that kind of a job and charge you the price of an honest piece of work. Blow-outs and carcass breaks should be expertly treated by a man who understands the business, for vulcanizing is a business.

Let your dealer suggest the kind of repair you should have; he will rarely suggest one that is more expensive than the condition of your tire would warrant. Tires do wear out in time, and often they are not worth the cheapest sort of mending. When this proves to be the case, there is a good reason, and a dealer can explain it to you.

A good tire that has had considerate treatment will work for you right down to the last mile and even then it will be worth a few dollars as scrap rubber.



*The spare tire is carried on the back of the sophisticated landaulet sedan*



# It's spring salad time again and French Dressing time . . and WESSON OIL time!

Fresh vegetables on the market! New, delightful kinds of salad—gay and colorful. (The simple salad today is quite the thing) . . . And naturally—French Dressing.

Certainly, there is no dressing more delicious or one which accents so piquantly the flavor of the salad itself. Or indeed that can be varied so delightfully to meet one's individual taste.

Wesson Oil, of course, for the base—you'll scarcely find a more choice salad oil. Then your vinegar or lemon juice.\* And then whatever your imagination suggests—chopped almonds, a little honey, for a touch of sweetness. Paprika, of course, for color . . .

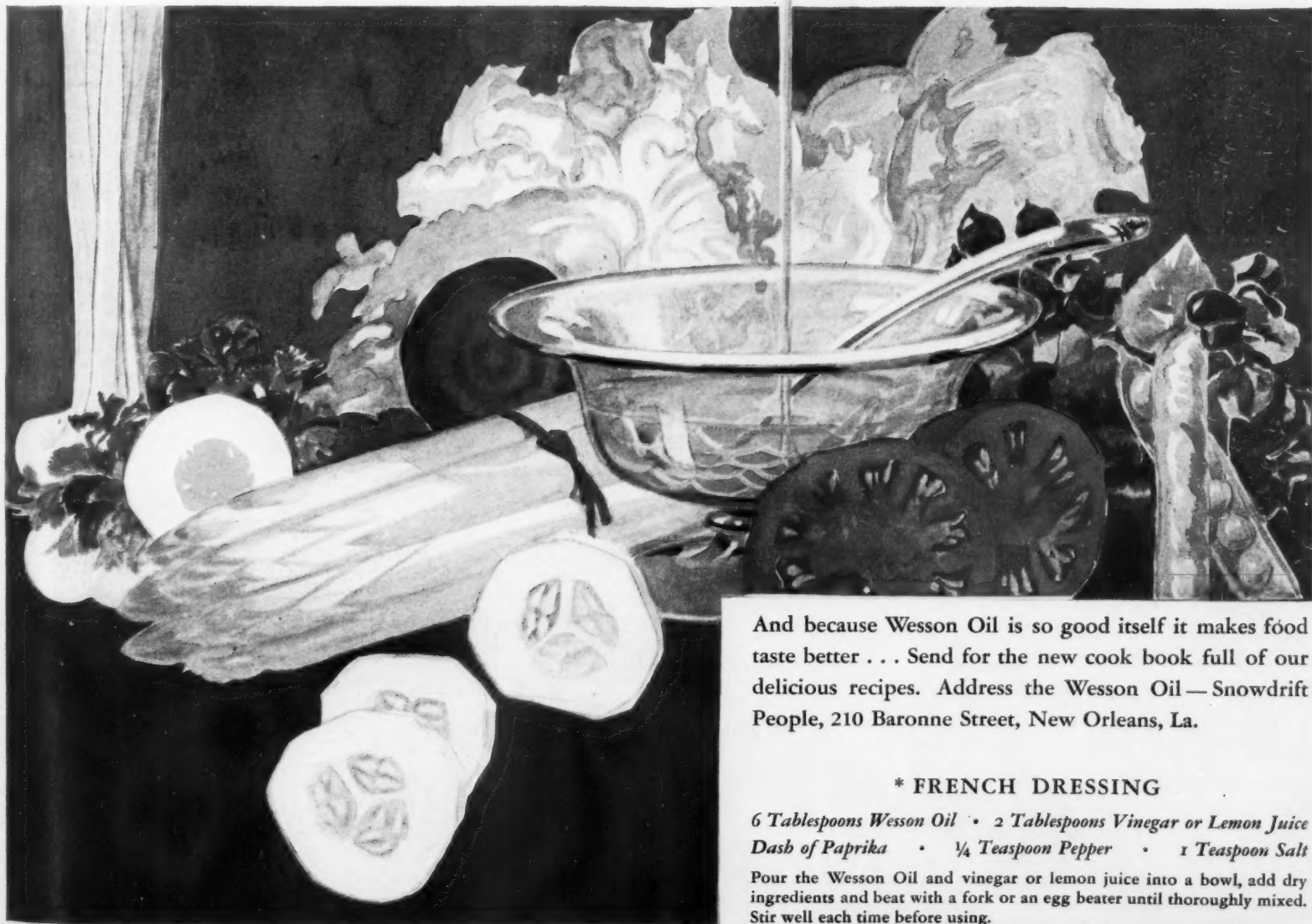
Mayonnaise also. Wesson Oil makes it rich and smooth and creamy. Indeed it distinctly adds to any salad dressing.

You'll like Wesson Oil—the clear pale straw color of it, the exqui-



sitely delicate flavor. It's as pure and wholesome a salad oil as one could wish. And *deliciously* good to eat.

In fact, in thousands of homes you'll find that Wesson Oil is also used for frying and making cakes, biscuit and pastry. This use of a fine salad oil is decidedly the modern way of cooking. It's easy and convenient because with Wesson Oil you simply *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—and your measurements are always exact.



And because Wesson Oil is so good itself it makes food taste better . . . Send for the new cook book full of our delicious recipes. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

## \* FRENCH DRESSING

6 Tablespoons Wesson Oil • 2 Tablespoons Vinegar or Lemon Juice  
Dash of Paprika • ¼ Teaspoon Pepper • 1 Teaspoon Salt  
Pour the Wesson Oil and vinegar or lemon juice into a bowl, add dry ingredients and beat with a fork or an egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Stir well each time before using.

# No wonder He was proud of

# Her

ROMANCE never left their home. Through the years her husband adored her. But such devotion was easy to explain. She had those possessions which women know are priceless. Sparkling eyes. A lovely skin. A radiant manner. Charms that health alone can give.

Isn't it a pity that countless women who strive for such health and beauty do not realize why they are so unsuccessful? Body toxins are often the reason—insidious poisons which are the result of constipation. Many have constipation and do not know it. They are only aware of what are often the effects. Sallow skin. Dull eyes. Fatigue.

But constipation can be safely relieved and prevented. Thousands of women—men, too—have freed themselves from body toxins. They have learned that their systems need roughage regularly. And they have found this necessary roughage in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

*Why all-bran is more effective than part-bran*

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN has that abundance of bulk that is necessary to relieve constipation. It absorbs moisture and carries it through the digestive system. The intestines are exercised just as nature intended. For ALL-BRAN gently distends them and sweeps out the poisons and wastes. No part-bran products can do this completely, for they seldom have enough bulk. That is why doctors recommend ALL-BRAN. It is 100% bran and its results are 100%.



*ALL-BRAN is far better than habit-forming drugs*

Unlike dangerous pills and cathartics, ALL-BRAN does not injure the system, and create undesirable habits. ALL-BRAN is a naturally healthful cereal, rich in food elements in addition to its laxative bulk. You'll like its appetizing nut-sweet flavor. So

**Kellogg's**  
ALL-BRAN



many ways to serve ALL-BRAN too. With milk or cream, fruits or honey added. The health of your entire family can be protected by serving ALL-BRAN daily.

*Cook with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN*

Because of its delightful flavor, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is preferred for all cooking purposes. Use it in recipes for delicious bran muffins, pancakes, waffles, bread, etc. (Recipes on every package.) Sprinkle it into soups. Mix with other cereals. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal.

Be sure you get genuine Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—the 100% bran. Sold by grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants. On dining-cars.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumblers, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Rice Krispies; also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.



**GUARANTEED!**

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.



## ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

(Continued from page 7)

I can't tell you. I've tried to read up about it, but even so I don't understand. But one thing I can tell you, and it would be well if you did your best never to forget it. When we speak of Three Persons in one God we can't mean Persons in the sense that you're a person and your mother's a person and I'm a person. It often happens that when great new truths have to be expressed words must be wrenched from their old significance and put to new uses. Something like that has occurred here. The Persons in the Godhead may mean aspects of the Godhead or Functions in the Godhead, or any of several possibilities. Do you get anything of what I mean?"

Bobby considered this question before answering. "I see," he said thoughtfully at last, "that it's better not to worry about what we can't understand when there's so much that we can."

"That's exactly it," Leroy replied, proud of his son's clear-headedness. "And if we can leave the more difficult themes to one side, then, I think, we're free to approach the most beautiful subject in the world."

"Would that be Jesus, too?"

"Yes, that would be Jesus, too. I call Him the most beautiful subject in the world because, as I've been reading about Him lately, I find Him so full of charm. That's the point of view from which I should like to talk of Him, because it's new to me. I think He gives us our highest ideal of a gentlemen."

HE IS everybody's equal. He never condescends to the humble; He is never ill at ease among the great. It is not so much that He meets people on their own level, or that He raises them to His. There is no question of a level of any kind; nothing but a broad, sympathetic, human basis on which everyone has the opportunity of being his very best. Even between those whom we divide into good people and bad people He seems to make no distinction. His manner is perfect to them all. While it would not be fair to say that He is more deferential to women than to men, yet in the brief glimpses we have of Him with women He is the embodiment of a simple, natural courtesy that has nothing to do with sex.

"He might be said to be the first example of what was afterward known as chivalry. With the woman of Samaria, whose reputation was an evil one, His bearing is exactly what it is to Mary and Martha, who were ladies of position in their small community."

"As an example of good breeding I don't think we've ever had anyone to equal him."

With eyes of burning interest Bobby waited for his father to go on.

It was the more remarkable because it was something new in human nature. There had been plenty of instances of men who were both kind and courteous, but never one before who was kind and courteous universally. Every other kind man made exceptions in his kindness; every other courteous man was courteous in a narrow circle only. He was not supposed to be courteous to the poor, or to servants, or to people of bad character. This Man brought with Him a code of manners in which the fact that you were a human being gave you a claim

to the best that He could offer you. As I come back to the study of His character after a good many years of thinking little about Him this lovable-ness that I call charm is the first thing that impresses me."

"And what's the next?"

LEROY took his time before replying. "His goodness. In some respects that goodness is the most amazing human thing that's ever been in the world."

"Perhaps a sidelight on it will give you a more vivid conception of it than anything else I could say. I noticed it in reading the New Testament a little

while ago. It was this: He was asking his disciples what the people said about Him. They told Him that some said He was John the Baptist come back to life; that to others He was Elijah or some other ancient prophet risen again.

"But whom do ye say that I am?" was the question He asked next.

"And Peter told Him, 'Thou art the Christ the Son of the Living God.'"

"Now when you come to think of it that was perhaps the most remarkable testimony to His goodness anyone had ever received. You must remember that these men had been living in the closest intimacy with Him for something like two years. They had heard everything He had said, seen everything He had done. They knew that He lived as they did, dressed as they did, spoke as they did, had the same human needs that they had themselves. And yet they could say that to Him—that He was the Christ, the son of the Living God. It's all very well for us to say it, at this distance of time, and with all we've heard about His death on the cross, His resurrection from the dead and His ascension into Heaven; but none of these things had happened at that time, and all they saw was a man outwardly like themselves, as we see when we look around us. And yet they could say that astounding thing to Him: that they believed Him to be the Son of the Living God. To them at least He had proved Himself to be the Son of God by making Himself as good as God."

"Did He make Himself as good as God? I thought He was born like that and couldn't help it?"

"I know that that's a common impression, but it seems to me to take away most of the honor due Him. Without pretending to know all about it, I can't help believing that at first, at any rate, it was as hard for Him to be what we call good as it is for anybody else. We know He could feel temptation. Not only are we expressly told that He faced every temptation we have to meet, but others that we are spared. There were what we call His three great temptations in the wilderness which could only have come to a soul much bigger than any ordinary man and must have been fierce in proportion."

Since Bobby had not heard of them Leroy summarized briefly the gospel account.

"But, father, could the devil have given Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them?"

"I don't see that that matters so long as we know He could have taken them. The kingdoms of this world and the glory of them have generally been at the disposal of those who were able

(Continued on page 76)



# Food a-plenty but a Body Starved!



*\*a diet change  
may be imperative*

ACIDOSIS is as prevalent among people who believe themselves "well-fed" as among the poor. Abundant but unwisely chosen foods actually starve the body, lower vitality, stop clear thinking and create an Acidosis condition to which is attributed common ailments, forerunners of dangerous diseases.

Medical authorities point out, as never before, the real menace of the faulty American diet. Science has proved that a properly balanced diet will not only protect against illness, but will correct many minor ailments and build better health.

It is vital to the health of almost every man, woman and child that less acid-forming foods be eaten (meat, eggs, fish, breads and cereals) and more of the alkaline-reaction foods, such as oranges and lemons and other fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and milk. *The diet must be thus balanced.* Acidosis results unless over-acidity is curbed.

Acidosis appears in many forms. Science has proved that the liberal use of fresh juice of California Oranges and Lemons is among the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis. While acid to the taste, the juice of Oranges and Lemons has a definite alkaline reaction in the

body and aids in establishing a normal condition, which means health.

If you are half well most of the time; sluggish, subject to types of headache, nausea, acid perspiration, nervousness, sour stomach, sleeplessness—you may need an entire change of diet. If your case is abnormal or of long standing, consult your physician at once.

Fresh Orange Juice, or Lemon (with water, sweetened or unsweetened) from one to three times each day is a definite health aid. Not only is its alkaline-reaction certain, but its content of vitamins and mineral salts is vital to good health. Orange salads and desserts are additionally beneficial. Any family can follow these simple anti-acidosis measures.

California Sunkist Oranges have richest juice and finest flavor. To be sure of uniform and dependable quality look for the trade mark "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of oranges and on the wrapper of lemons.

Normal and anti-acidosis diets are given by an eminent authority in a free book—"Telling Fortunes With Foods." Send for it immediately. This book discusses Acidosis in an understandable way and should be in every home. It also contains a chapter on Safe Reducing and gives a list of acid and alkaline-reaction foods for your good health guidance. Mail coupon for your copy.

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DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange, Div. 604, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods*.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# An Amazing New Washer

by the makers of world-famous Thors

## Madam

—it will change your whole idea of what a washer should do—and how a washer should look

THE makers of world-famous Thor Washers now announce their greatest achievement in washing machine design, efficiency and speed.

This machine, madam, will change your whole idea of what your washer should do and how it should look. It is unlike any other machine on the market, in the features that really count.

Outstanding among these features are:

1. *Beauty.* Never have you seen a washer so pleasing to look at—so easy to work with. It is utterly different in color—so skilfully done that for a moment you can hardly believe it is a washing machine. A famous color designer discovered its finish after dozens of colors had been tried and discarded.

2. *Life-time tub.* Oven-baked porcelain enamel—inside and out. And you know what that means. A finish that's harder than steel—and as easy to wipe clean as a china dish.

3. *Wide-top tub.* Note how the top of its generous-sized tub has been



made the full width of the tub itself. Easy to put clothes in—easy to lift them out.

4. *Rubber guarded, vibration-proof lid.* A round guard of wear-proof rubber encircles the top of the tub. The lid fits snugly into this guard, entirely eliminating lid vibration and rattles. Water cannot splash through.

5. *New speed—new kindness to clothes.* This amazing new Thor employs the proved principle of agitation used so successfully in its predecessor—the Thor 2 Agitator. Tests conducted impartially at a well-known university show it to be the only washer of its type that thoroughly cleanses shirt cuffs and collars in one machine without soaking.

6. *Simple, compact, easy to operate.* The pictures tell the story of the remarkable simplicity of this new machine. No belts or pulleys. No outside mechanism but the 1/4-horsepower dependable General Electric Motor. It has fewer parts than any washer on the market. Truly, a model of simplicity. Yet, in spite of its compactness, it has a generous full-sized tub—amply large for the average family.

Madam—had you ordered a washer built to your own ideas, it could not suit you better than this one will. Yet we have built it to sell at around one hundred dollars. Buy no washer until you have seen it. The coupon below will bring you fully illustrated booklets. Write us, please—and we will send them at once.

HURLEY MACHINE CO., Dept. 3-4  
22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago

Please send me illustrated literature describing the New Thor washing machine.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY  
22nd Street and 54th Avenue, Chicago

Manufactured in Canada by  
Thor Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto

## ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

[Continued from page 75]

to seize them. A number of men have done so—Alexander of Macedon, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, among others. This man was stronger than them all and we can depend upon it that if for His own purposes He needed the Kingdoms of the world and the glory of them He could have had them. I don't know how, of course. I speak only on the general principles of strength.

"He had worked out a system of power which in comparison would have made Caesar and Napoleon weaklings. I suppose no great renunciation could ever have been made than His refusal of what seemed like this tremendous aid to doing good and helping on the progress of mankind.

"The easing of the human lot was part of His mission that He had most at heart. But just where His means could have served most effectively He had to let them go."

"But why did He? Why shouldn't He have taken the Kingdoms of the World and the glory of them and done a lot of good with them?"

Probably, Leroy pointed out, because He foresaw that the Kingdoms of this world would not increase in spiritual power, while the Kingdom of God would lose it. Bobby must see by his experience in school how little there was of great value that could be picked up cheaply and quickly. Even a boy of twelve must understand that such attractions as the Kingdoms of the world and their glory might possess for man would in the end prove corrosive and destructive. Once this was realized the Savior of the world had no choice but to turn His back on all such dangerous aids.

"And in doing so He left Himself no choice but the way of suffering. Here again it was not suffering in itself that He shrank from. That is something we all have to face, many with an anguish equal to dying on the cross and even exceeding it. The peculiarity of His case was to be rejected, persecuted, hounded to death by those for whom His heart was brimming over in love and to whom His mission of salvation was to be tendered first of all."

"But," Bobby interposed, "if He was so good why didn't everybody like Him?"

THAT is one of the great mysteries of human nature. Instinctively we dislike the good. If we hear anyone spoken of as good we have a prejudice against him in advance. Where for any reason it puts us to shame we turn against it actively. When Jesus appeared among men His very presence was a challenge to the whole manner of life around Him. He came as a champion of the unhappy, the persecuted, the down-trodden, the poor, the sick, the masses who were considered to own no rights.

"Among a people whose religion consisted of dead formalities, ritual observances, conventional ceremonies—an elaborate outward round with no corresponding motive in the inner life—He came as the exponent of that true, simple, primal religion, whose test is in action and whose inspiration is the love of God. Its appeal was tremendous and almost instantaneous. Thousands followed Him from place to place. To their religion of forms He became a

menace. There were times when it looked at if He meant to destroy the Law and the Prophets. It was the most natural impulse in the world that the great conservative native rank and file should seek to do away with Him.

BUT the point I am trying to make," Leroy explained further to Bobby, "is that when He renounced the aid of all the secret powers He had learned how to command He did so knowing that this rejection lay before Him.

"The purer He kept Himself from sin, the more bitterly sin would work its vengeance upon Him. Very well, then, let it come. He would meet it, bow before it, submit to the wringing from Him of the last drop of suffering and then rise triumphant.

"I said He was the Son of God because He made Himself as good as God. For even God, had He put Himself into the hands of men for us to buffet as we chose, could have displayed no higher or more perfect heroism than this Man shows at every turn in his career. For this reason I want

you to remember this when you hear half-fledged debaters talking of a Virgin Birth, a Trinity, a divinity of Christ, which they don't understand and would keep you from understanding—I want you to remember that here is a single great fact which hardly anyone would dispute and which you can always fall back upon: He made Himself as good as God and therefore in some sense the equal of God. He did it in the face of great opposition, with a world

against Him; but He did it so thoroughly that when it comes to comparing Him with God it is difficult for you and me not to see them as One."

A few silent minutes went by before Leroy began again. "You will not suppose for an instant that I'm saying all there is to be said on this great subject. I'm telling you only how I myself approach it. Besides, this is only the beginning of many talks we shall have along these lines. It isn't all to end this evening, seeing that the subject itself is endless. Only there is this that I should like to ask of you. When you want to talk of it to anyone, talk to me first. Above all don't get drawn into arguments on religion with fellows of your own age. If you're in a room where such arguments are going on don't take part in them, or take as little as possible. Remember how little we understand. None of us really has a right to an opinion on the subject unless it's a very reverent and humble one. Will you try to remember that?"

"Yes, father, I will."

"Now, I think you'd better be off to your supper."

As he passed through the front drawing-room on his way out Bobby surprised his mother sitting in the shadow. "Hello, Mother! You there?" He kissed her and passed on.

Mabel went into the room where her husband was and sat down. "It's very interesting—but how much do you think he'll remember of it all?"

"Possibly very little. But what I think he will never forget is that he and I have had these talks together. That will remain as something sweet and pleasant in his memory when perhaps much that I've been saying will have gone."





# TO BE SAFE, bathroom tissue must be *soft, absorbent,* *chemically pure*

## Hospitals condemn harsh toilet papers as a menace to health

"**I**NFERIOR toilet papers irritate and may cause serious injury," is the statement made by 223 hospital superintendents, recently questioned. A warning echoed by physicians throughout the country.

It is a startling fact that most toilet paper sold to housewives today is just ordinary tissue paper in rolls.

It may be glazed and crinkly . . . as harsh to sensitive skin as wrapping paper. Or it may be chemically impure . . . made from reclaimed waste materials.

### *Two Tissues Made Specially for Their Purpose*

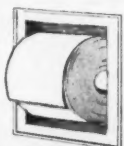
ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues made by a special Scott process on machines designed and built by Scott engineers.

In every particular they meet the requirements hospitals and doctors say toilet tissues must have to be safe.

They are extremely fine textured. Crumpled in the hand, they are actually cloth-like—soft as old linen. Treat a sheet of ordinary paper the same way—you can feel its sharp, brittle edges.

Only the finest materials, pure and fresh, go into ScotTissue and Waldorf. They are neither alkaline nor acid—always safe. The sheets tear evenly. Even a small child finds them easy to use.

From today on—when you buy toilet paper ask for these tissues that your own doctor would recommend. When you put Scott tissues in your bathroom you give your family's health and comfort utmost protection. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



Fit standard  
built-in fixtures



Easy to order. No embarrassment. Just ask for "Scot-Tissue" or "Waldorf"

2 for 25¢

These prices for United States only



\* For your children's sake, mother, always choose these softer, more absorbent bathroom tissues . . . ScotTissue or Waldorf

## 15 Painful Troubles caused or aggravated by inferior bathroom paper

The famous intestinal specialist, Dr. J. F. Montague of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, New York City, recently listed in an article 15 ano-rectal troubles either directly caused or aggravated by the use of harsh, chemically impure toilet paper.

Among them are: Hemorrhoids; Eczema Ani; Anal Furuncles (boils); Follicular Anal Abscesses; Prolapse (protruding intestine); Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region, etc.

Dr. Montague is author of the widely quoted book "Troubles We Don't Talk About" (Lippincott).

# The children's coolest summer. *plan it now!*

THE routine of school, as well as that of business and household affairs, is wearing. A child's need of change is even greater than an adult's. That's why school vacations are so long.

The more different that change is, the better for the child. Consider this fact now, and plan a new trip for next summer.

Probably nowhere in this country is there so great a change, so interesting and educational a journey, or so healthful and wholesome a vacation as will be found in a trip to Southern California.

It is the air, the mountains and valleys, the orange groves, the missions, the ocean, the desert . . . that give this land the charm of a trip abroad . . . yet it's in your own America.

Perfect motor roads, or a network of trolley lines, take you through a lovely country to myriad interesting points . . . all within 200 miles of a great modern city. All the sports are here *at their best*. And you count on rainless days throughout the summer . . . no weather interruptions for your children's glorious playtime.

Summer days are glorious. The air is free of humidity. In the evening, light wraps are worn and ten nights out of eleven you will sleep under blankets.

Should you stay over into Autumn, there are new and modern schools here for the children.

The sights they'll see, the observations they will make, the new impressions they will gain of *Nature* as it is in this unusual place will be invaluable to them.

They will see Los Angeles County with its subtropical agriculture and farm crops valued at \$95,000,000 annually. The oil fields of this county are valued at a billion dollars.

And the railroad journey to Southern California gives an idea of the great West that no geography can teach.



There's so much more to tell that this space isn't nearly adequate.

We will mail you without charge, "Southern California Through the Camera," a new book containing 73 large pictures in gravure which show the scenery, sports and events that await you here.

Plan now for a great "family trip" to Southern California next summer. Summer rates are lower. It will pay you . . . every one. The little folks never will forget it, nor will you.

## Southern California

A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 4-T  
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, California

Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside  
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura  
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## TURN ABOUT

[Continued from page 29]

There must be something seriously wrong in a relationship which had dimmed such joy as he now saw. She was the golden girl of courtship days. So when she tossed a roll of bills on the table in front of him, he took it laughing. "One-half my pay envelope for the house," she said.

"Which we regret, my daughter and I, that you do not reside in. But doubtless you find your club more satisfactory. Men do!" was Nick's gently edged rejoinder.

Dining together became a regular weekly affair; but the episode of the roll of bills was not repeated. Cutting her salary in two didn't leave Nan quite enough money to cover the expense of living at the club and keeping up with her unmarried friends. So she bought a little notebook and wrote down in it every Saturday night what she owed the house. She was thoroughly business-like about it.

GO TO IT," said Nick. "I'm certainly proud of the way you look. By the way, dear have you any idea how much longer the vacation is going to last? Not that I'm not awfully glad to give it to you, but...."

"Vacation? What are you talking about? You give me a vacation? Haven't you any idea how hard I'm working? I want you to know that this is a regular man's job—seventy-five dollars a week."

"Of course; I forgot. Naturally." "What do you mean, naturally?"

"Nothing sinister, darling." "Yes, you do. You're twitting me because I haven't given you any money."

Nick laughed. "Never thought of such a thing."

"That's an insult," flared Nan. "It's the same as saying you don't expect me to take my share of responsibility. Now listen. I've kept track of what I owe and if you really need it, I'll come across."

"Whatever you like," said Nick. "As a matter of justice, you at least should pay for your substitute, shouldn't you?"

As a matter of fact, Nick wasn't quite the man he had been. He'd taken on something of the fussiness of the clucking hen. He attacked his work in the office with a quick impatience that was like a twitter. Probably that was because he got at it later and later every day, and broke away earlier and earlier. It wasn't his fault; it was Mrs. Brady's. She had to cope with the emergencies of her own family life. Then came the inevitable day when

Mrs. Brady didn't appear at all. Nick called the office, hoping to hear that the calendar for the day was covered; but Marsden began barking at him like an excited puppy.

"That case in the surrogate's court has popped up at the top of the calendar. You'll have to answer it and probably argue it."

"Is Beales there? Let me speak to Beales."

"Mr. Beales isn't in yet; neither is Mr. Huntington. Everyone's out on cases except Briggs. Can't send him,

you know. He's just been sworn in and he's never argued a case."

"Well, thunder! We expect to win this one. He won't have to argue. If they insist, he can get a postponement. All he's got to do is to submit the briefs. I can't take it, Marsden. It's out of the question."

"Now, young lady," he addressed his daughter sternly as he hung up the receiver, "it's just a choice of asylums— orphan for you or lunatic for me. You say you'd compromise on a nurse maid? Well, I guess we know where they grow."

Later in the day the telephone rang again. This time it was Briggs.

"Say, you know, we lost that case."

"What's that! Why, we couldn't lose it. We had it cinched—"

"That's all right about that," Briggs cut in. "You can give me my lesson later. I'll take it. But I'm not a-going to take what Huntington's got saved up for somebody. If you've got so many brains, why don't you bring 'em down here? I'm sorry I muffed it, but after all it was your case and it's up to you to square it with the Old Man."

"There's nothing the matter with that argument, at any rate," said Nick. "Unfortunately I can't get to the office before noon tomorrow. I'll try to make it by then."

YOU'LL make it by nine-thirty, see? Huntington's coming in and he's all het up. He had Marsden on the carpet this morning and now he's laying for you and me. What do you mean—you can't come?"

"My hired help has left and I haven't anyone to leave the baby with."

"Where's your wife?"

"She's in Chicago."

"Well, you beat it down to the office. I'll stay with the kid."

It was ten o'clock when Nick entered the Old Man's office. Huntington had calmed down somewhat, but he was distant. He reviewed the debacle of

[Continued on page 80]





The material in some of the prettiest J. C. Penney Co. frocks may also be purchased by the yard

## Quality is so high, prices so low . . . because we buy for the women of 1088 cities

**T**HERE is nothing a store enjoys so much as selling fine merchandise. Ask any merchant. If he could do it, he would deal in only the best. Quality has a strong attraction for everyone—customer and store-keeper alike. In April we are bringing to your attention especially the quality and value in our *dress silks and wash goods*.

When you go shopping, you try to find the nicest material you can buy. And the average store tries very hard to please you, to sell you the utmost quality for the price which you can afford to pay.

Why, then, you ask, can my local J. C. Penney store offer so much greater values and higher quality than others can give?

Women who trade with us have discovered the reason. Most stores have only a few thousand customers at best . . . do only a few thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business in dress goods. A manufacturer cannot give them his lowest prices because they cannot order the largest quantities.

But when you trade at your local J. C. Penney store you are shopping at the *largest department store in the world—housed under 1000 roofs!* Last year, women bought more than \$8,000,000

worth of our dress silks and wash goods alone.

The finer quality in the piece goods you buy here is the result of buying, not for hundreds or thousands, but for *millions* of women. You, and the women in 1087 other towns where there are J. C. Penney stores, have clubbed together in buying. You can buy all year round at values such as women even in the biggest cities cannot, we firmly believe, duplicate.

For you have put into our hands a purchasing power that enables us to go out and buy for you the finest the market yields. We never need ask a manufacturer to skimp on quality so we can offer you bargain prices.

Instead, the tremendous quantities we order obtain the very lowest prices. This means that we can and do sell for less. Yet you always get the quality that

everybody wants, in everything you buy through us.

Visit your local J. C. Penney store during April and see the display of dress silks and wash goods. Notice their variety and high quality. You will see that the prices bear very little relation to the excellence of the materials. You will not be urged to buy. You will only be helped to choose. The manager and his associates are cheerful, cordial people, sincerely interested in doing you a faithful service. They mean to win your confidence, not your cash.

If you do not know where there is a J. C. Penney store near you, write us and we will tell you. You will also receive a free copy of our quarterly "Store News" in rotogravure. Address J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.



**TODAY** our Buyer in New York does business with the finest mills. His orders run into millions of dollars. Only 25 years ago we had one small store in a little western town. By applying the Golden Rule to business, we have attracted millions of customers all over the United States. Now, in 1088 progressive stores, we can give greater values than ever. In your local J. C. Penney store quality is not cut down to fit price.

# J.C. PENNEY CO. INC. DEPT. STORES

# Why do faces grow old and shoulders stay young DO YOU KNOW?

SHE happened to take her hand mirror to a bright window... the horrid truth burst on her. Her shoulders and back were as satiny youthful as they'd ever been. But *her face!* It was actually getting old! It had already lost a little of its apple-blossom smoothness, its youthful texture. In that candid light it looked positively coarse.

What a panicky moment when a woman who has considered herself young realizes that her face is beginning to show wear and tear!

What makes the face and hands grow old so much faster than the shoulders? Weathering! It's weathering that makes everything grow old; it ages the paint on your house, it corrodes metals—and these are things built to withstand exposure. What, then, of the delicate skin of a woman when it meets these same harsh conditions! Exposure to raw Spring winds. To dust. To smoke and grime. To heat and cold. Naturally, this day-by-day weathering dries the moisture and suppleness from the skin. No wonder it gets old!

## See for yourself

Just compare the silky-textured skin of the *protected* part of your body with the texture of your face and hands. You started life with the same lovely skin all over. Exposure—weathering—has made the difference.

Is it still possible to repair the damage already done, to prevent further ravage? Yes—and quite simply, too. If your skin is to look young—and stay young—you must keep it naturally soft and supple—free from chapping and windburn. Hinds Honey & Almond Cream will do it for you. This wonderful liquid cream seeps gently into the skin, freshening it as it sinks in. Use it today, to offset today's weathering. Use it tomorrow, the day after and every day. Then weathering won't affect your skin. If it is chapped and rough from the wind, Hinds Cream will soothe and relieve. Because it puts back the moisture exposure has dried out.

## Use it this way

In the morning after you have washed your face, smooth in Hinds Cream. Then apply your powder and rouge. And during the day, whenever you have a minute, smooth in Hinds



Cream. Use it again on your face and hands at night before going to bed.

And your hands—don't forget them. Smooth Hinds Cream on your hands, too. It will keep them white and soft and young.

Try this friendly Hinds Cream. It will give your skin the chance to be as nice as it was ten years ago. And if your skin is exquisite now, it will keep it so.

## Would you like a sample bottle?

We'll be glad to send you a generous sample bottle. When you see how gratefully Hinds Cream is absorbed by the skin, how sweetly soft your skin feels, how fresh and young it looks, we know you'll feel repaid.

Even as short a time as a week will show some improvement—although, of course, it's the day-in, day-out use of Hinds Cream that brings real results. To get this sample bottle just send us your name and address on the coupon below. We'll do the rest.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p.m., Eastern time; 7 p.m., Central time.

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## HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors,  
Dept. 359, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of  
HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—  
the protecting cream for the skin.  
(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after April, 1930

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue  
Toronto, 8



## TURN ABOUT

[Continued from page 78]

the day before, reminded Nick that the firm counted on the staff to take care of the calendar, opened up the day-book which Marsden kept with fiendish care and pointed out each unfortunate morning that Nick had arrived too late to be of any use.

"You don't put yourself behind our work," he was saying. "Your mind isn't on it. A young lawyer like you working on a salary can't afford to be nursing something of his own on the side—not in this office, at any rate. We're paying for undivided attention to the business of the firm. Don't know how extensive your private practice is, but we won't compete. We drop out now."

IT WAS a smooth dismissal. Nick knew the Old Man well enough to lay his domestic dilemma before him as an extenuating circumstance. But he hesitated. Was it an extenuating circumstance? Was it any more fair to the firm than a private practice would have been?

"You're right," he said. "It's a fact. I am nursing something of my own on the side. Not a law practice. Get that straight, please. But I've got to keep at it, though it doesn't pay me a cent. Sorry I slipped up on you. You're right to come down on me hard. But it's nothing to the crash there'd be if I slipped up on my other boss." He went out, leaving the Old Man to make what he could of it. Huntington, of course, thought he was crazy. So did Briggs. Nick found him smoking a pipe in the living-room while little Ann explored the handbag of a good-natured Swede. Two other women of uncertain nationality stared haughtily at Nick as he burst in. "You can all go," he told them. "Place is filled."

"What's the word?" said Briggs.

"Fired."

"No!"

"Fact. He's perfectly right. I've got too much to tend to outside."

"What are you going to do?"

"See it through," said Nick. "It's my own fault. A fatal fallacy tripped me up. My wife was always discontented because she didn't have a job. One day I said to her I didn't see any reason why she shouldn't get a job. My mother, I said, raised a family of six and ran two jobs—raised chickens and made butter and took 'em to market. No reason why my wife couldn't run one kid and one job if she really wanted to. So she let me try it. Fair enough." He lifted little Ann to his lap and began undressing her for her nap. "If a year of it didn't kill my wife, I guess it won't kill me."

While the baby slept, he wrote a letter to Nan which he ended thus:

"So you see, I was wrong. You can run a baby as a side line until something slips—but something always slips! And there may be jobs that will take second place and let you ease up on them whenever you need to, but mine wasn't that kind of a job. So I've lost the job—but not, thank God, the baby."

"Today is the fifteenth. From now on, dear Madam, you are the bread-winner. I've settled into your shoes. Hope you'll like the feel of mine! Remember the rent is due promptly on the first. They raised it to a hundred when we renewed the lease last month. I didn't tell you for fear you'd worry. Keep this in mind, too, that my insurance premium is due four weeks from today. It is one hundred and

fifty dollars. Also, I hate to mention it, but my winter coat is green with age and since I'm rather a conspicuous figure in the park—holding the nonstop record for males—it seems as if in justice to the family name and little Ann's social prospects, I ought to have a new one. I could get a pretty good one for fifty or sixty dollars."

When Nan read that letter she began to sputter like a lighted fuse. He'd lost his job on purpose, of course. She wasn't going to be driven back into domesticity by a little trick like that. She wired that she'd be back in four days and sent him a check for a hundred dollars. It left her with just enough cash to get home.

The welcome she received when at last she got there, left nothing to be desired. The dinner that night was of unusual excellence. Nick served coffee in the living-room and after a few minutes of chatter, left Nan turning the pages of a new magazine while he cleaned up the kitchen. Presently Nan heard him pulling out his typewriting table and whistling between his teeth

as he collected the implements of his new trade. There was nothing unusual about it, except that tonight, for some reason or other, it brought tears to her eyes. Thus Nick found her.

"Sorry you're all in," he said, "because I have a couple of blows for you which can't be postponed any longer. Here, first read this, and then

drink this, and then..."

Nan groaned. The first was a notice that the gas would be turned off if the bill were not paid by tomorrow. Well, she had enough to pay it. She could pay the grocer, too, and the milkman. But she'd have to ask the landlord if he would wait a week or two.

"Here, dear," Nick offered the milk gently. "Things won't look so black in the morning."

Nan sipped the warm drink gratefully and relaxed against the pillows.

"Now there's one thing more I must tell you, dear. Too bad it's happened just now when you're out of work—but that's the way it is as often as not—I suppose you know that. Well, it's this: I'm going to present you with another daughter—saw her in the park today."

NAN began to laugh. She couldn't stop. She hadn't laughed like that for two months and the let down made her hysterical.

"I'm serious," said Nick. "Made all the arrangements with her family this afternoon. She's fourteen and she'll bring her layette with her."

"Stop! Stop!" gasped Nan.

"I know it's hard on you, dear, an addition to the family right now." Nick was still solemn. "But it's nature's favorite joke on the breadwinner. And she'll help me a lot with the baby, you know. Think of it—all those hours in the park..."

"Fine. Good! Splendid!" said Nan. "And you can go to work and support all four of us. Get that? Oh, Nick! I'm a fool to think I could create a little private millennium."

"We're nothing but slaves now, both of us," she continued. "Only you wear your shackles with an air. If I've got anything to show the world I guess it's just that I can be as good a slave as you are. I only mean—that from now on I'm going to try to be one hundred per cent human."





# Let your tooth paste buy you a breakfast set

If you use 12 tubes of tooth paste a year (and you do) Listerine at 25¢ saves you \$3 over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A worth while saving, increasing when the family is large.

Spend the money as you please—a breakfast set is only a suggestion.



Will you try  
this dentifrice?  
—the most successful  
in history

**D**OUBTLESS you are using a good dentifrice for which you pay approximately 50¢.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. Compare it with any you have ever used. Judge it for its cleansing power. For its mouth-exhilarating after effects. For its flavor. For its economy. We predict that you will never return to your first choice.

Listerine Tooth Paste came into being less than five years ago. We had labored and studied 10 years to perfect it. We aimed to produce an ideal dentifrice at a common sense price—one worthy to receive the Listerine name.

Now it is an outstanding leader. Never in all history has a dentifrice succeeded so mightily—on merit alone. It has stood the only kind of test that counts—the test in the hands of the people. Millions have rejected costlier dentifrices in favor of it. Like you, they were at first skeptical.

Get a large tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today and let it prove its merit to you. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Listerine  
Tooth  
Paste



# Complete Dinners that cook in 20 Minutes



Full baking equipment to  
do it costs only \$5.15



Shown above—Corned beef au gratin—buttered rice cakes—a vegetable en casserole—and a delicious tea cake—all baked in 20 minutes! A Pyrex Tile shown under the Casserole.

It takes only 20 minutes from the moment this whole dinner goes into the oven to the moment it comes out again—each dish perfectly cooked.

There are thirty such incredibly quick luncheons and dinners in a wonderful menu bulletin just published.

The complete cooking time of many of these meals is only 20 minutes—others cook in 30 minutes—the longest takes only 45 minutes.

Think what a saving of time and trouble this new idea in baking—the same cooking time for the whole meal—means to housewives.

Yet the full equipment that makes these new quick menus possible costs only \$5.15 complete.

\*Pyrex dishes—with their greater evenness of baking—make possible this same quick cooking time for meats, vegetables, desserts!

Scientists say that these Pyrex dishes store up more heat than any metal can hold and give it out more evenly to the food within. That is why foods bake better in Pyrex ovenware than in metals.

These sparkling glass dishes save dishwashing; they never discolor food, or affect

the taste; they never wear out, crack or craze. They last forever!

Your dealer has, for only \$5.15, the equipment for all your ordinary baking.

Hardware stores and the houseware or china sections of department stores have these Pyrex dishes.

**Guarantee:** Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years against breakage from oven heat.

**Introductory Offer:** For limited time. Ask your dealer when he will offer our regular one-quart, round Pyrex casserole at the reduced price. We are enabling him to do so.



Pyrex Nursing Bottles. At all drug stores. Wide neck or narrow mouth, 8-ounce size.

→ Take this \$5.15 list to your dealer

Covered Casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size.	\$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231 medium size.	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size.	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size.	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size.	.90
This Economical Pyrex Baking Set.	\$5.15
(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)	

## FREE All-cooked-at-the-same-time menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

Send today

This coupon with 4¢ in stamps entitles you to a sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware—only 1 cup to a family. Coupon is good only in U. S. and Canada. Please print name.

\*Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat Off.

Corning Glass Works, Dept. Q-261, Corning, N. Y.

- Check off you wish.
- ☐ Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.
  - ☐ I enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover partial cost of packing and mailing me sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware. Only 1 cup to a family

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

This coupon not good after July 31, 1929

4¢  
in stamps  
for this sample  
Pyrex Custard Cup

## GOING TO PIECES

[Continued from page 31]

tradition. I have called attention to the generations of fine players who stand, like fond, watching ghosts in the wings, when a Barrymore walks across the stage. I have told how Duse, the greatest of them all, was born in the third class compartment of an Italian railway train chugging over the hills between two towns, because at the moment of her first entrance, the family troupe happened to be on tour, and, since the engagement in the first town had been profitable, were riding instead of walking to the next. I have told again and again the story of the old showman of the years just after the Civil War, who drifted back stage in the theater at Columbus and sat himself down on a costume hamper to share a dish of talk with Lizzie Maddern, only to be spied there by the manager who pitched him off and lifted the lid of the basket to peer inside in obvious concern as to the well-being of its contents. "What do you want to do?" he asked severely. "Smother America's future tragedienne?" For there, cradled in the silken stuff of whatever frock the local Lady Macbeth used to wear around Dunsinane when company was coming, lay a sleeping red-haired baby who, after a necessary interval and in the order named, got out of the basket, married Mr. Fiske and became the foremost actress of the American stage.

THEREFORE it is more than a little exasperating for me to learn that the leader of our younger players had nothing of the theater in his blood at all, and, far from having been cradled in a costume hamper, grew up on the edge of a Wisconsin village. When he found himself graduated from Carroll College in Waukesha and, after due consideration to such careers as engineering, farming, umbrella-mending and the like, he decided in favor of the drama, he merely took a train to Boston and, desiring to go on the stage, went.

Now, fifteen years later, he has the most enviable and—among his fellow players—the most envied position on the American stage. Since the brothers Barrymore relapsed into the movies, he is, I suppose, our first actor. He and his wife, Lynn Fontanne, head the Acting Company of the Theater Guild, having long since thrown in their lot with that valiant organization which offers them the opportunity to act many rôles in a season and often in such plays as would never have a chance of production at all in what is sometimes flatteringly described as the commercial theater.

Well, the First Actor of the Guild's Company, whom you may have seen act in such plays as *Pygmalion*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Arms and the Man*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Juarez* and *Maximilian*, *Goat Song*, *The Guardsman*, *The Second Man*, *Caprice*, *Ned McCobb's Daughter* or *Marco Millions*, comes from Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, where something of a legend about him still lingers in the countryside. They will tell you that his vegetable garden was famous for miles around, that he made and managed a marionette theater of his own when he was six years old, that he was the life of the undergraduate dramatics at Carroll College and was—to the great pride of Carroll—humbly borrowed by Beloit, when that rival academy needed a comic monologist for its Glee Club tour of the Far West.

As an undergraduate at Waukesha he was famous for his imitation of Harry Lauder, kilts, dialect and all—

a feat of mimicry unfettered by his never having laid eyes or ears upon Sir Harry himself.

The station agent at Genesee Depot could show you as fine a collection of clippings about Alfred Lunt as exists anywhere in the world. But I doubt if he would tell you of the time when the stock company at Cleveland wired to ask Mr. Lunt's terms for playing a two week's engagement one summer. The station agent telephoned the inquiry on to the Lunt house and received the reply for Cleveland.

The terms were accepted and the engagement was played, but at the end of the first week the disturbed comedian found his pay envelope \$100 short. His loud cry of pain at this discovery was followed by the explanation that he had been paid according to his own terms and this explanation was backed up by the telegram in the file. After it was all over, Mr. Lunt rebuked the station agent for his carelessness. "That wasn't carelessness," replied the station agent, "I thought you were asking just a little bit too much, so I lowered the terms myself."

This sketch of the Lunt background is elliptical, but I trust it will bemuse no aspirant into the assumption that he casually stepped from the Commencement platform at Waukesha on to the stage of the Theater Guild. There was, of course, the usual painful interval, including an engagement as General Utility at the Castle Square Stock Company in Boston and then a tour of the vaudeville houses as leading juvenile for that already fading beauty of Edwardian London, the Jersey Lily, plus a good deal of ground-and-lofty acting in one of Margaret Anglin's reversionary to Green tragedy out in Berkeley, California.

At the Castle Square his first salary was, I think, \$5 a week. He lived, I know, in a mean street in a skylight room for which—such is the extortionate power of the propertied class—he was mulcted each week to the tune of a cool \$1.25.

AND lest it be too hastily assumed that this brief biography is offered as any guide to success in treading what are probably still called the boards, let me add that Alfred Lunt's story has had much of luck in it. Indeed, there was one bit of good fortune so marked that in it, if you listen intently, you can almost hear the whisper of a page turning in the history of his life. It was the season of the Armistice and he had gratefully accepted a secondary rôle in the road company of a comedy which had had a great success on Broadway the year before. He was playing in Boston one night, far from the sight of those who traditionally direct the destinies of the American theater, but it so happened that in the audience that night was one of the authors of the play, who had dropped in to look at it on his way down from Kennebunkport. After the performance this playwright wandered back to Mr. Lunt's dressing room, shook him by the hand, and, after some hemming and hawing told him that, as he watched the performance that night, there had been born in his mind the notion of writing a comedy for Alfred Lunt. Shortly thereafter, unlike most playwrights, he actually wrote the comedy. It was a great success in New York and gave the newcomer the visibility from which all the rest has followed. The comedy was called *Clarence* and the casual from Kennebunkport was, of course, one Booth Tarkington.



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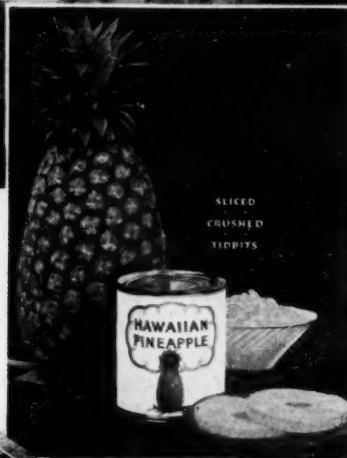
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## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 17]

"Ah, but I do know her. Better than I know anyone alive, I assure you. You see, I spent all my summers with Aunt Chloe when I was little, and Damaris was my playmate. There was a fat little trunk studded with brass nails in the attic that spilled over when you opened it, it was so gorged with letters and diaries and account books and commonplace books in that pretty, feathery hand of hers. I knew all about the little spaniel called Joy that died in her arms on the boat from England. I knew that at Whitsuntide Damaris had a new 'taffety' gown that changed from blue to green, and at Epiphany a holly-red pelisse lined with sables just off the French packet, with a tiny muff to match to hide her hands in and boots furlined to warm her feet when she rode abroad in the bottle-green coach. She had the most heavenly, heavenly clothes! But after Sidney died at his desk she wore black to the day of her death."

"So Sidney died at his desk, did he?" murmured Gavin Dart encouragingly. But Lindy did not hear him—she was back in the apple-scented attic at Richmond, with Damaris Pallisser's papers fast in small, reverent hands.

"I know the first word that her little Humphrey said. It was 'star.' I don't know the first word that your Jeffrey said, Hanna. I know that she could never remember how to spell lily—I've forgotten how you spell it, Chatty. It was Damaris who taught me what to do for bee stings and vapors and heaviness in the head—she taught me how to make sugar-wafers and syllabub and flip; she taught me how to cool a fever and tune a lute. You taught me half my lessons and all my manners, Jill, but you never taught me how to tune a lute."

JILL smiled at her joyously. "Lindy, I never taught you anything at all! That was nothing but sheer nonsense manufactured by you and Sunny." Her voice faltered and fell abruptly to silence, tripped by the beloved and forbidden name.

"You taught us more than any teacher we ever had," said Lindy, her own voice schooled to soft and deliberate gayety. "D'you remember the spring that we were sixteen and you were eighteen? The school was closed for ten whole weeks because of that typhoid epidemic, and many's the night you kept the two of us there propping up our eyelashes with our fingers, trying to remember the Carlovian dynasties and the boundaries of Ecuador."

"Oh, Lindy, you are the most abandoned fibber!"

"You knew everything," said Lindy, grave and sweet. "The distance from the earth to the moon and the distance from Lisbon to Rio—how many pennies made a florin and how many men made a legion—who was Pope when Dante was a little boy, and who was King when Whittington's cat came to London. There wasn't anything in the world that you couldn't tell us without once looking in the back of the book and we worshipped the ground you walked on. You needn't shake your head—you know that we did, Jill. Put another log on the fire, Kit, and let's have another song."



"But, hostess, hostess, you've forgotten something." Dart's eyes laughed at her through the shadows.

"Hanna, is he always so abominably persistent? Look, that coffee's ready, isn't it? I didn't forget for a moment, but music's pleasanter than murder, isn't it, Rachel?"

"If you're asking me," said Ray forlornly, "anything in God's world is better than murder. But don't let me spoil anyone's fun. I'm apparently the alb-tross around this party's neck."

"But there's hardly any more to tell, truly. The last person that saw him alive was the housekeeper who came in at about eleven to see if he needed more tapers or wood for the fire. The fire was burning clear and bright and Sidney was in a deep chair close to it, with a flask of port and some biscuits at his elbow and a book on his

knee. They found him there in the morning seated before his desk, with his head fallen forward on his arms. The fire was out, the candles had burnt low, but there was light enough to see the dark stain that spread down the dove-gray coat from silver brodered collar to silver brodered skirts. He was dead as the little spaniel that Damaris brought from England."

LINDY sat silent for a moment, her eyes on the dying fire. Then turning swiftly, she broke the agreeably horrified silence: "And that was the end of my beautiful Sidney. Now please, please, let's get on with supper, children; it's getting frightfully late!"

"Lindy, you abominable little cheat, you know perfectly well that you've left out every last thing that matters!" Joel's voice was loud and fierce in his righteous indignation. "How about Mistress Nell Denry? You finish this story and finish it right!"

"Oh, Joel, you're such a baby!" He grinned back unrepentant at the soft, indulgent mockery. "All right—all right, then—Three weeks after Sidney's death, Mistress Nell Denry, the pretty wife of Roderick Denry, three miles to the west of Lady Court, kissed her husband goodnight, went quietly to her bed, opened the veins in both her wrists, and died smiling, without a sound. Under her frilled pillow they found a packet of letters in Sidney Pallisser's hand, swearing eternal love, and hinting at flight to France—

"No one ever told Damaris how or why Nell Denry died. Those about her already feared for her reason—she would neither sleep, nor eat, nor weep, nor pray—she hung herself in black from brow to heel, and dressed Humphrey, who was five, and Pam, who was four, in weeds as dark as hers. It was more than a year before Humphrey and Pam sang in the sun again, free of the dark nightmare, and peace came back to Lady Court, though Damaris went in black until the day she died, twelve years later. She left all of her jewels and laces and half her great estate to little Pam for her dowry; and the other half and a little ivory box inlaid with coral to her son, Humphrey, to be opened on his wedding eve. Humphrey married when he was twenty, and on the night before his wedding he opened the little box in Damaris' old room. It held a packet of three letters, with Nell Denry's

[Continued on page 86]



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## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 85]

name at the foot of each, and beneath the packet two sheets of paper, and at their foot no name at all. As a matter of fact something must have interrupted the writer. In the midst of a sentence giving the sailing dates of the boats bound for France, it broke off with a long, shaken scrawl and spatter of ink—The letter was in Sidney Pallisser's fine tall hand, and it began, 'Heart's Delight'."

**A**FTER a moment of silence, Ray Hardy demanded in a small voice of stupor: "Well, but—well, but—was that the letter Sidney was writing?"

"Of course it was the letter, you little nut." Joel eyed his spouse's blank countenance with undisguised diversion.

"So that's the solution," said Gavin Dart thoughtfully. "And your lovely Damaris wore black till the day she died, did she? What a really remarkable young woman! I suppose that any jury in these stirring days would hand her back to her golden-headed infants with tears and a blessing."

"Jury?" repeated Ray in dazed tones. "Why should a jury—why, Lindy Marsden, surely you aren't sitting there telling us that your great, great, great-grandmother murdered her own husband?"

"Oh, Ray, who in the whole wide world told you that? Not I, not ever. There's always been a feud in the Pallisser family as to who did kill our most romantic ancestor—maybe poor Damaris has been dreadfully maligned."

Hanna, with a shiver that rippled to the tips of her fingers, moved closer to the fire and Gavin Dart stretched out a solicitous hand.

"Still cold, Hanna?"

Oh, cold as ice! Shall I get your scarf?" Lindy rose, swiftly to her feet, saying, "It's too cold for any of us in these absurd clothes—and besides, we'll simply ruin them bobbing for apples."

"Let's all run up and put on the old smocks. I found them in a drawer at home and brought a whole suitcase full. They look better than ever. And I brought sweaters for the men, too. Is every one finished?"

But Trudi was already seizing energetically on the nearest tray.

"Chatty and I'll get after this while the rest of you pink," she announced with decision. "We're the girls that know how to dress on occasions of state. You can bring us down the smocks for dish-washing, but if you try and work that bright pink one off on me again, you'll do your own dishes."

Chatty, all dimples, called after the retreating figures, "The light blue's mine, Lindy darling. Shall we fold up these tables, Trudi?"

"Dunno—let's gather up the dishes first. This whole performance is simply a rich and sumptuous dodge on my part to pass a few words with you, my duck. Not having laid eyes on you for years, I feel the need of catching up. I trust it's mutual?"

"Oh, Trudi darling, I've been simply longing to get at you ever since we arrived."

Trudi, gathering up the dishes with as much speed and precision as though she were the king of bus boys, paused

to remark over her shoulder: "That was the doggonedest performance of Kit's! I thought for about three delicious seconds that I was going to see a perfectly good fight for once in my life without paying fifty dollars for a ringside seat."

Chatty inquired in awe-stricken tones, "Trudi, you don't think they were really angry, do you? Why, Kit was laughing all the time. I could see him and he was, honestly—and he never lifted his voice."

"Laughing, was he?" inquired Trudi darkly. "Not—so—good. Kit must have been a whole lot wilder than I thought—and I thought he was pretty good and wild."

"Well, I do think it was stupid of Doug to start that tune," said Chatty forlornly. "Of course I did the same thing, too, but I realized it almost the minute I'd done it, and Doug went straight ahead trampling over everyone to get at poor Lindy—and Jill looking as though she were going to die and Joel glaring like a wild cat. I think it was simply awful! I don't blame Kit for stopping it. I'd have stopped it myself if I'd been near enough."

"Great grief, child, I'm not blaming him!"

"And I don't blame him for being a little angry with Doug either for not remembering," continued the gentle Chatty feverishly. "When you think how Sunny—"

"But, my good child, he did remember. Even the words—didn't you hear him?"

"No, I mean about how it was Sunny's own tune—how she—"

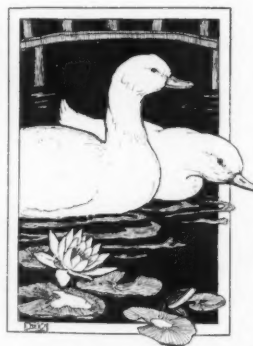
"Oh, Chatty, how does anyone as guileless as you survive in this world of sin? Doug remembered perfectly. He even

remembered what happened the last time he played it. He didn't turn the wretched thing on because he didn't remember—he turned it on because he didn't care."

**C**HATTY set down her burdened tray with a small crash, her eyes round with horror. "Oh, Trudi, how could he not care? He loved Sunny, too! He was crazy about her! Don't you remember what a tremendous rush he gave her that last fall? Don't you remember that paper chase when they both got lost for hours and we were sure that it was on purpose? And that moonlight picnic that we went on to Great Falls, when we waited till nearly one o'clock for them and Sunny had lost her hat when they came back? It was such a darling hat—a little scoop green one with buttercups and white clover. And Sunny just laughed and Doug said that he'd get her another if she'd promise to lose it again with him. I do think that he was crazy about her, Trudi."

"Well, who wasn't?" inquired Trudi, unimpressed. "You know as well as I do that Joel and Kit and Tom were all perfectly cuckoo about her. As for Neill Sheridan, he was simply demented on the subject. He told me before he asked me to marry him that he thought it was only fair to me to let me know that he couldn't ever care for me the way he had for Sunny; and he actually had the insolence to

[Continued on page 88]





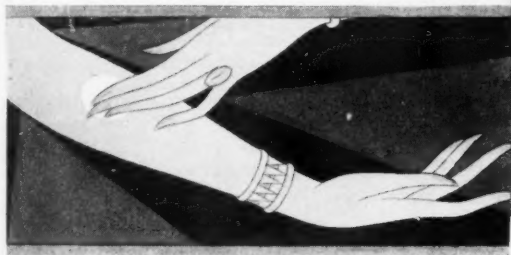
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*Angela Downey*

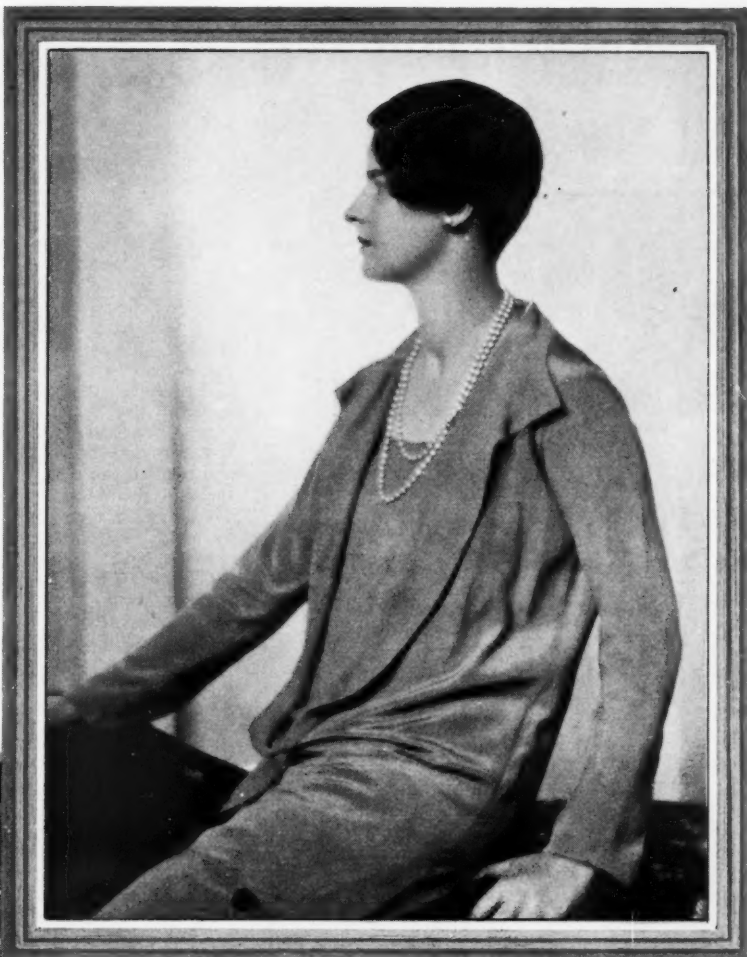
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**Mops**

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O-Cedar Polish "cleans as it polishes." 4-oz. bottle 30c; 12-oz. bottle 60c; quart \$1.25.

## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 86]

keep me up for three hours one night reading me about four cubic feet of letters that he'd written to her and never sent, because he felt that he wasn't good enough for her. They were sweet, too—you'd have married him yourself, if you'd heard them. Was Tom as bad as that?"

"I don't know," said Chatty humbly. "I never thought about how much he loved me. I just thought he was the most wonderful person that ever lived or breathed. Ever since the first time my brother brought him home for the Easter holidays from Harvard, I knew

that every other man that I ever met would seem like a poor copy of Tom. I was a fat little fourteen-year-old imbecile who never got over seventy at school and had light eyelashes and one tooth out and a dreadful stutter. He used to take me for long walks, and help me over all the logs, and read all the easiest things to me out of the *Golden Treasury*—and he had a Phi Beta Kappa key and was the star man on the debating team. Oh, Trudi, I'd have blacked his boots!"

"Tom always was rather nice," said Trudi.

"Trudi, I'd black them now. You don't know—nobody in the world knows—how—how beautiful Tom is. He's so kind." The candid gray eyes flooded suddenly with tears, and Chatty added with an apologetic smile, "It's silly of me, but I can't learn to be sensible about him. Trudi, do you know that never once since we've been married has Tom said one unkind word to me? No, nor even an impolite one. I don't believe that a great many married people could say that, do you?"

"Just off-hand, I should say nary one, Chatty."

"I'm not even touching these dishes," murmured Chatty, with a conscience-stricken glance at the still laden tables. "They've left glasses simply everywhere." She picked one up gingerly from the stand by the phonograph, eying the black disk with an expression of sick distaste. "I simply hate that tune! D'you know, Trudi, each time that it's played I've had the strangest, most frightening feeling, as though we'd called her back and she were somewhere in the room, watching us—watching us and wondering how we could bear to be so happy when she can't play with us any more—That's nonsense, isn't it. Trudi?"

TRUDI said, "I wonder—It must be lonely, being dead." She pushed the hair back from her forehead and remarked with a grim smile to the pallid Chatty, "Cheer up, darling. If Sunny is anywhere around, she may not be envying us this party. In my far from humble opinion, Mrs. Ross, there's something just the least bit rum about this party."

"Oh, Trudi, it's wonderful. All of us together again after all these years. I can't believe it—it's too beautiful to be true. I've missed you all so! You most, Trudi, because we used to have such simply splendid times together. D'you remember how I used to beg mummy to let me go home with you after parties and we'd lie awake talking under our breaths till we were so excited that we'd forget, and your father would bang on the wall for us to stop?"

"I remember," said Trudi. "What did we talk about, Chatty?"

"We talked about us," said Chatty. "About what we'd do when we were married—and what flowers our bridesmaids should carry—and whether we'd go to Europe for our honeymoons—and what we'd call our children . . . We weren't even engaged—no one in the world had ever asked me to marry them. It's funny how sure I was—"

"I was sure, too," said Trudi, the gay mouth suddenly bitter. "I was going to call mine Margot, after my great-aunt. And the little boy was going to be Peter—Why does everyone always call little boys Peter? It's an obsession."

"You needn't look at me so accusingly," laughed Chatty, once more joyous. "I haven't a single child called Peter. The baby's Hope. Don't you like Hope? You don't think they'll tease her about it the way they did me about Charity?"

"Did we tease you, Chatty?" asked Trudi, the brusque voice oddly gentle. "I wish we hadn't teased you. And I wish that I knew Hope and the rest of 'em. They must be rather nice, if they take after their parents."

"Oh, Trudi, I do wish you did! You seem farther away in New York than in all those other places. Sometimes I feel as though Hartsdale were twenty thousand miles from Park Avenue instead of twenty."

CHATTY—Chatty, is it I who have made you feel that?"

"You, darling?" Her eyes widened in candid surprise. "Oh, never. How in the world could you? It's just that I've wanted so awfully to have you see the house—and every time I get everything all fixed up so that it's simply ravishing, Dick comes down with German measles, or Bohemia gets temperamental and wants to get married again, or Tom has to stay in to work over Sunday—and once I honestly was trying to get you on the telephone when little Tom fell over the banisters right spang under my nose and broke his collar bone. I was perfectly wild—I'd just put up the new glazed chintz curtains and painted the porch furniture jade-green and I wanted you so awfully—" She halted, her eyes round with distressed consternation. "Trudi—Trudi darling, what is it?" She pushed the dishes recklessly aside, catching at Trudi's arm. "Trudi, did I say something dreadful? I never saw you cry—darling, are you crying?"

"Chatty, I never saw myself. Let's investigate—perhaps we're both mistaken." She produced two inches of cobweb and lace, applied it experimentally to either eye and inspected it critically. "No—we were entirely correct. I haven't cried since a black kitten called Bony died when I was nine and three-quarters—"

"No, no, you needn't laugh, Trudi, it was something I said."

"Something you said, my innocent? It was every last mortal word you said—though I rather think it was the bit about the jade-green furniture that completely demoralized me. Did you paint it yourself?"

"Tom and I did. Over Decoration Day, you know. We always have perfectly divine times on holidays, getting everything cleared up that we've been

[Continued on page 90]





# "My hands too must dance" .....

## says charming ANNA PAVLOWA



PHOTO BY HUGH CECIL

The great Pavlova is most insistent that every detail of her every rôle and costume be as perfect as is humanly possible. She not only cherishes her love of beauty . . . she practices it! Her hands are superbly cared for!

Like Pavlova . . . discerning women everywhere know the effect of suave perfection is in great part due to beautifully cared for hands. They say that Cutex is indispensable. For it intelligently simplifies the problem of keeping the most recalcitrant fingernails shapely and shining.

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*First*—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle.

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Pavlova's exquisite hands in gentle repose are as powerfully significant of her justly famous interpretative power as when they flutter and sway in the dance.



### What Pavlova herself says of the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish

Here in her own words is the great Pavlova's own account of the care she takes to keep her nails exquisitely lovely. Of the new Cutex Liquid Polish she says:

"It helps to give my hands sparkle and vivacity. I always use it to 'make up' my hands, to keep each fingernail shining, looking truly *soigné*. Indeed it is used a great deal in Paris—the French women know how it flatters and improves the finger tips. All the Cutex Preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smoothly rounded and the under nail-tips immaculately clean."

THE AUDIENCE has collected — hushed and expectant. Around the stage hangs a great, dark curtain. Then, the music begins and suddenly a tiny, exquisite figure appears. It is Anna Pavlova, the great artist.

First, she moves to measured, stately rhythms . . . a silent swaying flower. Now she is Pierrette, whirling and gay, happy or immensely sad. Now she is the snow-white swan, sailing, dipping, preening, drooping. Always her hands express the poignant beauty of her art — Pavlova — whose hands are known as the most beautiful in the world.

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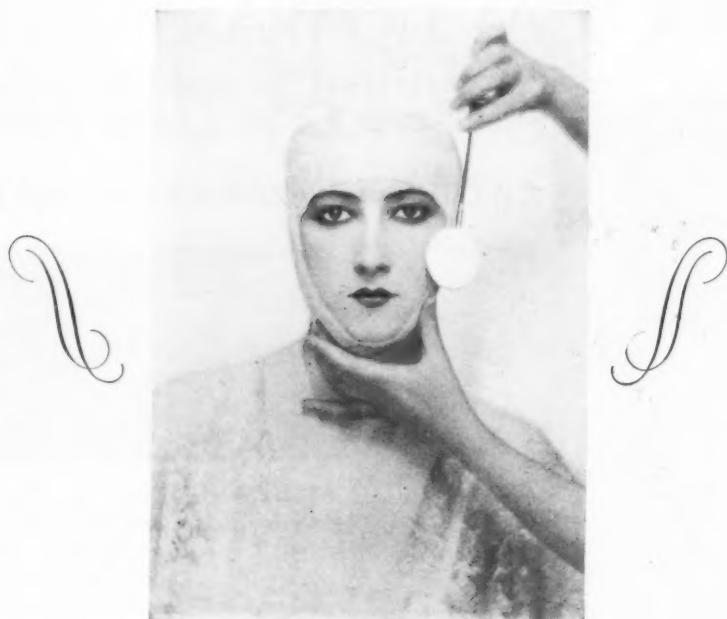
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by Elizabeth Arden



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So, hand-in-hand with modern science, Miss Arden has developed her Treatments and her Venetian Toilet Preparations. In the friendly quiet of the Treatment rooms at her Salon, skilled assistants, trained by Miss Arden herself, apply the creams that cleanse and the creams that nourish, invigorating astringents and muscle-toning oil, with deft hands that give to each woman exactly what she individually needs.

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In exercise, as in the care of the skin, Miss

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## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 88]

talking about for weeks and weeks. Last election day—"

"You and your measles and your chintzes and your perfectly divine times," said Trudi thickly. "Chatty, come here. I've never told you—I've never told you how sorry I was when Tom and Sherry broke up. I was horribly sorry, Chatty."

"I know." The clear eyes met Trudi's troubled ones bravely. "I was sorry, too, darling."

"I started three letters to you—and I tore them all up. I didn't know what to say, or how to say it. It simply came like a thunderbolt to me. I thought they were getting on so beautifully. You see, Sherry never told me what happened."

"Didn't he, Trudi?"

"Not a word, except that there had been a misunderstanding about policy that made it advisable for them to separate. Did Tom tell you?"

"No." The small, sober voice hesitated for a moment, and then said quickly. "Not even that there was a misunderstanding. Not anything. Just that he was going to try to get another job."

"I wouldn't have minded so much," said Trudi, staring down at their clasped hands, "if we hadn't run into such infernally good luck after that and you into such infernally bad. I was in Cairo when Tom had pneumonia—"

IT WASN'T luck that made him have a hard time," said Chatty. Her eyes never wavered, but her lips trembled suddenly and she caught her teeth in them. "It was me—and the children. It was just when the

second baby was coming, you see, and we didn't have much saved up, and I was sick all the time—and it was summer and all the offices were cutting down—and then he got pneumonia. And so we had rather a dreadful time for a while, and instead of being able to help, I was just a burden. Oh, Trudi, I'd meant to help him so!"

"Chatty, I don't believe that any woman in this world ever helped a man more."

"No, no, I've ruined him. Everyone knows what his mind is. He had the best mind in law school—Sherry said so himself. But, Trudi, he doesn't dare strike out for himself, because of us. He doesn't even dare ask for raises because he can't forget those three months when he hadn't any job and those old ghouls down there know it." She cried suddenly in a voice shaken and transformed by passion, "I'd like to kill them! Giving him more work and more work—and he's not even a junior partner—after eight years." And more passionately still. "He ought to be President of the Bar Association. He ought to be President of the United States!"

Trudi yielded to helpless mirth at the outraged pride of the small, flaming face. "Oh, Chatty, he's luckier than Presidents—he has you."

"Oh, me—I'm no good at all—I'm worse than no good. And he can't bear not having us have everything. Why, last winter he went without a winter overcoat because I just said casually that I thought that new tea-wagon that the Elstons had was awfully tricky and convenient. I—" She cast a horrified eye over her shoulder in the direction of the voices in the hall and made

a frantic pounce for her tray. "Oh, Trudi, good heavens, they're back and we haven't half finished!"

Trudi, tucking the cobweb away thoughtfully in her cuff, gave her one of her rare and radiant smiles, as she picked up her tray. "I love you, Chatty. You're the most absurd creature that ever lived. That's the reason that I've always loved you better than anyone else, I suppose. Lindy, where do we put this stuff—in the butler's pantry?"

"Yes. It won't take us a minute to wash them up—we'll all help. Trudi, here's your smock—yours, too, darling."

RAY said, "I never saw so many doors in my born days. Where do they all go?"

"These two on either side of the fireplace are just closets—the one next to the wood closet goes to the service quarters—the one next to the closet with all the old things in it goes to the chapel. That's all there are except the huge double ones into the front hall—we never keep them closed."

"I suppose it's that long row of French windows opening out on the terrace," murmured Ray vaguely. "And I forgot that those other two were closets." She circled the great couch warily, tucking her slim ankles under her in the corner of the loveseat closest to the fire.

"Still seeing Sidney in the offing, you little nit-wit?" inquired Joel. "What happened to the desk, Lindy?"

"I don't know, truly. I suppose that even Sidney's most adoring descendants decided that that was a little sinister as a souvenir. Did you leave the things, darling?"

Trudi emerged from the dark doorway, with Chatty beaming at her heels, and ensconced herself virtuously in the other loveseat.

"Are you sluggards doing the murder all over again?" she demanded severely. "Don't you ever get tired of it? I'll bet Gavin started it. Pour me another, Sherry. I'm certainly thankful to God that people

don't go around sticking knives into anyone that they're annoyed with nowadays. It would take just about three or four fine, self-indulgent mornings up and down Park Avenue to make the New York death rate catch up with India's famine district in two leaps and a bound. What I'd do to that Lawrence woman who's forever cribbing my best hors d'oeuvres! And that dumb parlor maid of mine and that drunk little Olney boy and—"

"Do you really believe that murder went out with periwigs?" asked Dart, his amused gray eyes fixed on her appraisingly.

"Or is it your contention that they are conveniently invented by the press to supply headlines?"

"Oh, gunmen!" Trudi dismissed them airily. "And nice, warm-blooded Latins, and psychopathic dope-fiends, and the more excitable high-jackers—no, what I meant was that you could count on being reasonably safe with your friends and relations these days. So unlike the home life of the dear Borgias."

"My dear girl, I'd be willing to wager that no matter how exclusive you may be, you number at least three murderers in your circle of acquaintances."

[Continued on page 92]





# Why this penetrating foam

## CLEANS WHERE TOOTHBRUSH CANNOT REACH



In a dramatic way science now proves what millions of people know—that Colgate's cleans teeth better.

A scientist recently made an important experiment with toothpastes.

He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices.

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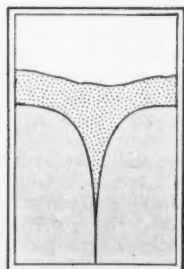
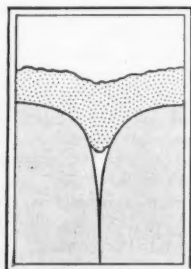
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*THIS is not a boastful claim, but a fact which over a million women have already proved for themselves!*

La France is a marvelous cleansing agent which you use with soap. It is saving half the wash-day work of over a million women. Let us give you a test package (enough for a large washing) free.

La France dissolves grease and dirt, and preserves the clothes. No rubbing. *It blues your clothes at the same time.* All you have to do is rinse out the dirt which La France has loosened.

Your washing is *done*—in half the usual time. You have saved many times the cost of La France by sparing your clothes the wear of rubbing.

Dissolve in a saucepan of boiling water 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of La France and a cup of soap—chipped bar soap, flakes, powder. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing

machine, run it *half the usual time.*) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done. La France has soaked out the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.

La France will not harm the frail-est fabric or the daintiest color. It is so safe that it is used for the laundering of priceless Museum fabrics! And of course La France won't harm your hands—on the contrary, it tends to soften and whiten the skin!

Mail the coupon for the test package of La France (enough for a large washing) which we will send you free. Wash your clothes with La France in the way described. You will save half your wash-day work. This test costs you nothing. It will free you from countless hours of drudgery in the days to come. Don't delay! Send the coupon for free test package now!

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Fill in completely—Print name and address

## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 90]

"Gavin, you really are the most priceless flatterer. I swear I've never met one single murderer in my whole wasted life. Is it like that in Pittsburgh? Sherry, let's live in Pittsburgh."

"I don't mean avowed or even accused murderers," said Dart amiably. "I mean the undiscovered ones. The devoted daughter-in-law who has left two windows skilfully open on the old lady who is just recovering nicely from double pneumonia and is leaving them two million in her will; the wife who goads her husband into the one honorable way out—the river; the husband who detests the notoriety of divorce and solicitously administers that second headache powder—"

"Gavin, I think that's dreadful." Hanna, her low voice shaken, her color fled, leaned forward, gravely imperious. "I don't think that it's amusing at all—it's frightful to talk that way. And you're frightening poor Ray, too."

"Let's ignore her, Dart." The recalcitrant Joel pressed forward undaunted. "Look here, there's one thing about that tall tale of Lindy's that rather defeats me. There's not even a hint about that well-known essential, the weapon. Shouldn't you say that it would take something rather special in the line of knives to go through a collar and stock and sever the cord all at one fell swoop?"

WELL you'd need a good sharp knife and it would certainly require an extremely steady hand. There's little margin for error in that operation, let me tell you. It would be infinitely simpler and surer to strike from the side and get the jugular—granted that you had no objection to blood.

"But could you do that without being seen?"

"Oh, surely—come up behind the person like this—"

"Gavin! Gavin, if you don't drop this hideous nonsense this minute I'm going to leave the room. You're making me ill, and Ray and Lindy, too. I mean it. I am simply not going to stand—"

"Sorry, my dear. Evidently we're the lowest of ruffians, Hardy. We'll continue our entirely scientific research work with a more sympathetic audience. Hanna, if you'll stop looking at me like that, I'll atone by preparing this apple tub with my own unregenerate hands and you shall have the very first bob. Just how does one go about filling a tub of these Gargantuan proportions?"

"Everyone gets a bucket from the kitchen—that's the fairest way, isn't it?"

Trudi said sternly from the door by the fireplace, "I don't want to throw a jarring note into this merry gathering, but just as a matter of cold fact there are three or four hundred dishes out there waiting to get their faces washed before we pass lightly on to the pastimes of the evening, such as bucket filling, high jumping and the like. I'll thank you all to pass slowly but snappily through this door, single file so that I can count your noses and make sure there aren't any low slackers around here. You first, Mr. Hardy. Right after him, Mrs. Hardy—don't let go his coat tails or the goblins'll get you. Next, Sheridan—"

"Ah, Trudi, have a heart. Those plates won't walk off in the night—"

"Not another word out of you, my good man. Rules of the 'ouse and well you knows it. I'm surprised at you, I am. No good, dawdling, boys . . . Lindy, don't hostesses wash dishes?"

Lindy met the friendly, mocking eyes fixed on her unwaveringly.

"I'm going to fix up the prizes while they're out, Trudi dear. It won't take more than a minute. I just have to label them and tie them up."

"Is—that—so?" drawled Trudi, softly. "I'll say one thing for you—you're as resourceful a minx as ever I came across and I've come across some. Tying up prizes, is it? Well, you don't want to catch cold doing it and this

fire's nearly out. I'll let someone off long enough to bring back an armful of wood. Who is the fireman 'round here anyway—Kit Baird?"

Lindy, never moving from the deep chair, bestowed on her the most circumspect and fleeting of smiles.

"Yes—it's Kit. Thanks a lot, Trudi darling—you think of everything."

Trudi said darkly, "I think a whole lot more than you'd be-

lieve, you unholy little fraud. You'd better get at those packages of yours before I expose you."

She vanished abruptly into the darkness of the passage and Lindy sat staring at the empty doorway thoughtfully. After a long moment she stirred, stretched with all the luxurious grace of a Persian kitten and rose lightly to her feet. There was a large green box in the corner of the room. She broke the cord about it, the smile hovering again at sight of the exquisite array of packages that it contained, trim and fragile as butterflies, with their great bows and tiny labels. She lifted them out carefully and stood on tiptoe to place them in a row along the mantel shelf—the dull silver one with the huge gold bow, the bright silver one with coral, the sapphire blue one banded with jade-green and the powder-blue one strewn with little stars, the flaming one with silver tassels and the frosty one knotted with flame.

SHE hovered a moment touching their bows to even airier perfection and still on tiptoe, turned to the dim mirror, moving a candle to get a better view—one finger on her lip, as though she were adjuring even the shadows to silence. After a critical moment, with tilted head, she frowned slightly and loosened the violet smock at wrist and throat. Still frowning, she slipped it from her with an impatient shrug of her shoulders, tossing it onto the chair behind her without a backward glance, her eyes still on the mirror. The girl in it smiled dimly back at her, the long pearls gleaming at her ears, the tulle scarf falling lightly away from slim arms and white throat, a face all witchery and grace, with a beggar's eyes and a fairy's mouth.

A voice suggested amiably from the shadows beyond her shoulders: "The next line is, 'Oh, how you startled me!' isn't it?"

She shook her head, not turning. "No. The next line is, 'I thought you were never coming.'"

[Continued on page 95]







# Let them play as they learn — says famous psychologist to mothers!



Lillian M. Gilbreth, B. Litt., M. Litt., Ph. D. Famous psychologist, lecturer. Author of "The Home Maker and Her Job," and "Living with our Children"



"The easiest way for a mother to teach her children effective habits is to make a game of the whole thing," says Lillian M. Gilbreth, noted authority on child guidance, and the proud and resourceful mother of eleven youngsters. "Let them play as they learn."

What a responsibility it is for mothers—to see that their happy-go-lucky young things establish sound habits!

Yet it's surprising how many little events of the child's day lend themselves to game making. Breakfast, for instance—that meal which authorities say largely determines the kind of day that follows it. School tests have shown that the child best fitted

for studies, most keen for play, has started out with one certain thing—a hot, cooked cereal breakfast. That is why, in over 70,000 schools, this rule hangs on the wall:

*"Every boy and girl needs  
a hot cereal breakfast"*

Mothers want to do this. Having given so much to their children all along the way, they are equally serious about this small, yet so important thing. "Eat your bowl of nice hot cereal," they say. "It's good for little boys and girls."

Stumbling block at once! That direful phrase "It's good for you" leaves havoc in its wake. Youngsters have been known to make a face, give a push to their hot cereal—Cream of

Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever it is, and say "No-o-oh! I don't want it."

Today, coaxing is no longer necessary. This problem can be so easily solved. The new psychology recog-

nizes children's love of play. By making a game of hot, cooked cereal mothers are leading their children to eat just the right sort of breakfast.

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# Westclox





# HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 92]

Kit, with that Indian tread of his, passed her silently, depositing his load of wood on the hearth and kneeling beside it.

"I thought I made fairly good time, but obviously I'm a laggard. Trudi had some tale of how you were alternately tying bundles and freezing to death. Her diagnosis seems incorrect in every detail; even a smock is too heavy."

The fire flamed suddenly under his hands and on his hair. Lindy turned from the mirror, still smiling at what she saw.

"Not too heavy—too ugly! And I'm not cold at all without it—see!" She laid two hands, feather light, on his, and he swung to his feet as though they had touched some hidden spring.

"I'll be off, then. Shall I tell Trudi you're coming?"

SHE stood quiet as some small, lost animal, scenting danger on a distant wind. "Trudi? No. What is it, Kit? I wanted to talk to you. Don't you want to talk to me?"

He said, staring down at her with something alien and dangerous in his eyes, "No. I'm not feeling particularly—conversational. Nor, on a wager, are you. And I'm not precisely hell-bent on permitting myself to be made a fool of so soon again either. Still, chivalry is not entirely dead." He put a casual finger under her chin, tilted the small face to his and bent his head. "That what you want, little Lindy?"

She said, unmoving, in a voice so low that he could hardly hear, "No. Don't touch me, please. I'll not permit you to cheapen yourself by cheapening me."

He dropped his hand with a careless shrug.

"Sorry—I'm apparently unusually dense tonight."

Lindy whispered, "What is it? Why do you want to hurt me? You shouldn't want to hurt me, it's too easy."

Kit, flicking a glance at her more casual than his finger, disclaimed lightly, "My dear child, I wouldn't hurt you for the world. Am I dismissed? I'll send King back to console you for my obvious deficiencies."

"Doug?" The lashes lifted over blankly incredulous eyes. "Why should you send Doug?"

"Ah, my dear, I'm walking delicately before the Lord tonight, let me tell you. If I irritate Doug again by trespassing on his own private property, he may do something to spoil this delightful party, as you suggest."

She said, "I am your property. Not Douglas nor any man that breathes means as much to me as your shadow on the wall—" She laid her hand against it and asked in a still voice of wonder, "Are you jealous of Doug, Kit?"

There was a swift gleam of teeth, but his eyes, fast on the shadow, did not soften.

"Lord, I don't know!" He lit a cigarette with one dexterous move, drew a deep breath and smiled at her again through the blue haze. "I'm not a connoisseur on jealousy. How does it strike you?"

She answered in that same still voice, "It strikes me as—rather wonderful. Let's—let's pretend that you're jealous of Doug, Kit."

He said through the smoke in that careless drawl that missed insolence

only because of its complete indifference: "I can think of better ways of spending a week-end."

Lindy, stretching up to rest an ineffably gentle finger against the cheek of the haughty shadow, murmured with a sidelong sweep of lashes, "Oh, and so can I!"

And suddenly the man and the shadow relaxed, and his careless laughter filled the room.

"God help us, you're beyond redemption. D'you know that you fooled me completely this evening, you small minx? And I'd have sworn that Eve herself couldn't do it, let alone her youngest daughter."

"Fooled you? You mean you thought that I was flirting with Doug? Oh, Kit, I really was frightfully worried that you might do something idiotic, and he's been drinking far too much all evening—"

"Doug, *Sapphira mia*? It wasn't your rather tame performance with Doug that got the wind up, though since we're going to put all our hands on the table from now on, I'll own that the fine proprietary way that he's been swashbuckling around you all evening and your meek acquiescence has come closer to making me lose my temper than anything that's happened to me in the last twenty-four years, when I took a licking that I didn't deserve. My apologies—and congratulations. Are your intentions honorable, Lindy?"

She said nothing, leaning against the shadow, her eyes fixed on his in a strange look of wonder and despair.

Kit inquired with dangerous smoothness, "I'm asking if you intend to marry Doug King?"

She shook her head, voiceless.

"Surely, even he would hardly assume such authority without reason—"

able encouragement! Are you assuring me that he has lacked even that?"

She said, "Kit, I've known Doug for years. He is one of my oldest friends, as he is one of yours."

Kit, lighting another cigarette, remarked evenly, "You flatter me. Douglas is no old friend of mine."

"Since when? Since tonight? Oh, Kit, you can see that he hardly knows what he's doing."

"And even that fails to endear him to me, callous dolt that I am. No, that old friendship of ours flickered, and waned a good two minutes after we met. How long has this little romance of yours been going on? Is it pre-war, or do we date from that enchanted four weeks on the 'Starling'?"

LINDY took her hand from the shadow and came slowly toward him. When she was a handbreadth off she halted and said in a small, sickened voice, "There has been no romance between us. Doug hardly looked at me on the 'Starling'—why should he when he had Hanna to look at? He was mad about her. Doug has flirted with me, naturally, as he has with every fairly pretty woman that he meets. He knows every rule of the game perfectly and if I took any of his declarations seriously, he would consider that it was I who had broken them."

"I wonder now! So he makes declarations, does he? And you never flirt with Douglas, naturally?"

[Continued on page 96]



Note how much neater and smarter these beds look with the springs covered with Rome De Luxe Slip-covers

At the right you see the Talon "Hookless Fastener" that makes this slip-cover handle easier and fit better than ordinary kinds. One zip and it's fastened

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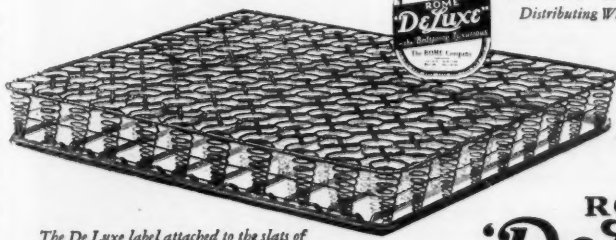
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## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 95]

She cried, "Oh, of course, of course I have flirted with Douglas. I have flirted with half a hundred men. What have you and I to do with flirting?"

"Ah, what indeed? That's precisely what I was about to ask you on my way out. Why not save these uncontested beguilements for some worthier lad?"

"You thought that I was flirting with you, Kit?"

"My dear, you know as well as I that one of the cardinal rules of that pretty game at which you're so adept is that one never, never for one moment admits that it's flirting till it's all over. I'll own I'm rusty at it. I haven't indulged in the drawing-room version for lo, these many moons, and candidly, I'm not going to now. So with your permission, I'll just drift out of the picture."

She said, "Oh, God!" in a small, quiet voice of despair that was more a rebuke to that distant deity than a prayer, and locked her hands behind her lest they betray her.

After a moment she whispered, finding no longer even a voice with which to hold him, "You don't believe that, not for one moment, not for one second. You're saying it because you don't want me, and you think that the easiest way to get rid of me is to make me hate you. You can't make me hate you—you can only make me despise myself. I do—I do despise myself."

He asked, suddenly paler than the little ghost before him, "Lindy, haven't you any pride at all?"

THE little ghost said, "No, no, I haven't time—I haven't time for pride. Even if you stay they'll be back any minute and in two days you'll be gone—out of my life again, out of my life forever. I won't let you leave me nothing but ugliness for a memory."

He asked, the hard, the bitter, the insolent blue eyes suddenly and amazingly dark with tears, "What is it that you want me to leave you, Lindy?"

"Don't leave me. Don't, don't leave me." She was weeping suddenly, desperately, the small face still turned to his flooded with the unheeding tears, the treacherous hands still locked fast behind her.

"Lindy, how can I not leave you? I've nothing in God's world to give you, not even love—only its ugly brother, jealousy. Let me go, darling."

"Kit, I can't make you love me, but you mustn't say that I don't love you—you mustn't. Kit, you do believe that I love you?"

"Lindy, don't let me believe it."

"You must, you must. I'll make you. I won't have you say again that that was flirting. I won't have you leave me without knowing what you're leaving. Kit, listen—I have every scrap of paper that you ever wrote to me, every flower that you ever sent to me, every glove that you ever touched. Are you listening?"

He said, "Oh, Lindy, when did I write to you? I never wrote to you."

"You did, you did. The first week after I met you—at that garden party at the von Thals', don't you remember? No, no—don't say you don't remember. There were little pear trees in flower all around the garden walls, and lanterns like gold bubbles in the trees, and some gypsies playing a Viennese waltz. My

fan had silver spangles on it and you broke it and took it away with you to mend—You said that you'd keep it as a hostage and bring it back that Sunday in exchange for a cup of tea. And on Saturday you met Sunny and the fan came back all beautifully mended with three lines saying that you were so sorry that you couldn't come with it. I have the fan, too. How can you say you never wrote me?"

"Even the fan I broke, my little Lindy?"

"Even the fan you mended. And that wasn't all—oh, you wrote me quite often. The time that Sunny couldn't go to the party the Argentines gave, don't you remember? We had supper in the patio, at little tables in green alcoves, with parrots swinging high up

in the leaves and lights like fireflies going and coming. You wrote to me again.

There were menu cards with wreaths of little monkeys and macaws and orchids, and you wrote our names on the back of one and we canceled them, just as though we were nine years old. Don't you remember? Christopher Baird and Linda Pal-

lisser—friendship, love, indifference, hate—kiss, court, marry. It came out 'court' for me and 'friendship' for you and I was frightfully proud, because yours came out friendship instead of indifference or hate. I'm frightfully proud still. Don't make it indifference or hate."

He cried, "Lindy, don't! Darling, don't!" and caught her in his arms. "You're so small—you're such a little, little thing, Lindy, teach me how to be gentle to you. I've forgotten what gentleness is." He could feel her trembling, as though she would never stop, but her voice did not tremble.

"Kit, are you going to take me to Poland?"

"Lindy, I can't swing Poland. I'm an outlaw—no more, no less. I can't run the risk of getting Larry into trouble. If anything slipped up, I'd blow my brains out. He and Joel trust me. I can't fail them by letting them find out what a rotter I am. I'll simply clear out again. I was off my head to even think of anything else."

THEN take me to Las Cayas." She let Poland go without a sigh.

"Las Cayas? You?" His arms tightened about her and she smiled, heedless of the bitterness of his tone. "There's not a white man on the island, unless you count old Tom, and he's streaked with the tar brush from his head to his heels. We'll be shifting to another base in a month or so—it's hardly more than a port of call. You in Las Cayas!" His eyes swept that fragile grace, all tulle and pearls and fragrance, with eyes both despairing and tender.

"I'll stay on the boat. I'd love to stay on the boat."

"Oh, darling, before I leave you, I've thought of a present for you. A little strait-jacket—a nice one for your very own, all trimmed with lace and frills, with pretty blue ribbons to tie under your chin. You're mad enough to make any March Hare I ever heard of frantic with envy. On the boat, no less! A cross between Maid Marian and the pirate's pet?" He held her as lightly as though he were rocking a tired child to sleep, and murmuring to the small,

[Continued on page 98]



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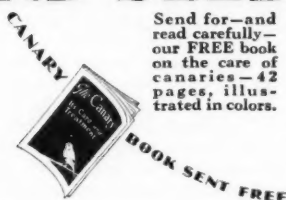
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## HOW MUCH SUNLIGHT DO WE NEED?

[Continued from page 52]

of but one way to protect the growing bones of such a child, viz., by giving it suitable amounts of cod liver oil as a routine measure. Cod liver oil contains ready-made the substance which is formed in the skin, or in foods, when irradiated with ultra-violet light. It is a chemical substitute for sunlight.

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Incidentally it should be mentioned that these very important facts could never have been discovered had it not been for animal experimentation. The triumph was the outcome of nutrition experiments with domestic rats. When the principle was established it was a simple matter to apply the new findings to human beings, and to discover facts about infants and children, which had for many years been puzzling. Immediately new corrective and preventive treatments were devised for both adults and children.

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*lurks behind*  
*white teeth*

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and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims*

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# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 96]

chanted face, still wet with tears, "What would you do without your doll, Lindy? Who would you find to tell you fairy tales and make you daisy chains and sing you lullabies? Pirates lead such busy lives, they haven't any time for little girls. When they aren't at plank walking, they're playing with black flags and dividing doubloons and shaking dice for the Circassian slaves. They haven't time for a good game of tag from one year's end to another."

She whispered, "You're laughing at me. You think I'm just a scatter-brained little fool. Wait, wait and see. I love it when you laugh at me."

"Laughing, my Lindy? Look again."

**S**HE breathed, "Hush!" and slipped from his arms as lightly and easily as a shadow, only her eyes, enchanted and caressing, lingering to betray her. Doug King's voice called gayly from the shadows beyond the door:

"Honey lamb, where you hiding? Need some help in here?" The voice checked abruptly. After a moment it continued smoothly enough, but with something altered and menacing under its surface suavity. "Oh, sorry! I gathered you were busy with packages, Lindy, and thought I'd offer a hand. I seem to be as superfluous as usual."

"Oh, Doug, don't be so absurd. The prizes are all done—look! Kit was just fixing up the fire and we were wondering what in the world had happened to all of you. Aren't the others coming?"

"So that's what you were wondering?" The bold, insistent glance swept the softly ruffled tulle, the clear pallor of the small face, fresh as though Lindy had knelt to bathe it in dew, the dark eyes, questing and bewitched. "The fireman has a desirable job around here, apparently. Since when has it counted a charming companion as one of its assets?"

Kit, his red head bent to catch a light, said amiably over his shoulder, "Since I took it."

"Exactly. Modesty's one of your strong points, isn't it, Baird? Well, the lucky have the luck! Is it luck or good management, Lindy?"

"Why not ask me?" inquired Kit gently. "I doubt very much whether Lindy feels the necessity of offering you any explanations whatever, while I should regard it both a pleasure and a privilege to retire to some secluded spot and draw you up a chart, diagram and blueprint as to the shortest way out of your obvious difficulties—such as how to withdraw gracefully and inconspicuously when you find that you've unconsciously intruded."

"I'll settle with you in some secluded spot all right," said Doug in a voice oddly thick, "and in the meantime I'll thank you to keep your hands off of—"

"Hey, you in there!" Trudi's gay call lifted its challenge from the other side of the closed door. "Open up, for the love of Pete!"

Kit, his eyes and teeth gleaming in the shadows, remarked over his shoulder as he moved toward the door, "Don't lose heart, Doug, the night's still young. We'll have that chat yet. What ho, without!"

He flung the door open, and stood aside to let the burdened and indignant crew troop by toward the two immense tubs.

"Just what are you doing in here, Doug King?" inquired Trudi, with some asperity. "Did I tell you to report at the sink with a bucket after you finished chopping that ice, or did I not? Ow—curses on you, Sherry, you're splashing us to the bone. Lend

a hand here, Kit!"

Kit, still smiling reminiscently as he deftly shifted and emptied pails, inquired of the voiceless Lindy, "What's the order of events? Do we start with apples?"

"Oh, Kit, we never start with the apples!" cried Chatty, scandalized. "We start with the mirror and candle, and then the apples, and then flour and the ring and then—what comes next, Lindy?"

"I'm not sure," Lindy's voice and eyes were still far off. "The apple on the string? Or fortunes in the bowl? It's Hide in the Dark at midnight, anyway. We draw lots for the mirror and candle, don't we?" Kit, get some straws from the hearth broom."

"What in the world's the mirror and the candle?" demanded Ray, suspiciously.

"Well, we lock all the doors into this room," explained Chatty gleefully, "and put out all the lights except one candle and then we all go out except the girl that gets the long straw. She stays behind in the dark, and she stands there holding the candle in one hand and this mirror in the other and says three times over quite loudly, so that we can all hear in the hall:

"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright, Show me the man I'll wed tonight." And the third time she says it, she sees his face in the mirror."

"You mean to say she stays alone in the dark here with nothing but one candle?" Ray motioned the straw-filled hand away from her with as vehement a gesture as though it were a poisoned serpent. "Joel Hardy, if you think I'd put one foot in this room by myself, even if every light in the place was blazing like fireworks, you're perfectly insane. Take those things away!"

**H**ANNA said gently, "But there are only two of us who are eligible anyway, aren't there? All of us know our fates but Jill and Lindy. Let Lindy pull, Joel!"

Lindy pulled and stood poised to check the golden straw between her fingers with the one that Jill held out.

"Mine, isn't it? Oh, Jill, that's too bad. Doug, will you light the candle? Larry, make sure that the doors are locked, will you, and Tom can start putting the lights out."

"I've got the door to the service quarters locked, but there's no key to this one into the chapel and the other key won't work," announced Larry over his shoulder.

"Isn't there? No, I remember, I dropped it down the grating in the sink, trying to poke out some soap that got wedged in it. Now what—"

"Well, the only way through the chapel is that door from the service quarters that Doug fell through," said Tom reasonably. "If you lock that it cuts this room off just as well as though you locked this one. Here, Larry, you take the candle and fix the one out there. You go with him, Joel, to see that he plays fair."

"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright," hummed Lindy, pirouetting experimentally. "Children, there's too much light from the fire. Can't you break it up, Kit, and put the screen in front of it?"

"All snug and fast out there," proclaimed Larry, handing back the candle. "Now, girls and boys, out into the night. All right, Lindy?"

"Oh, better than all right," came the answer.

"On our way, then. We lock these hall doors from the outside, don't we?"

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## HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 98]

Sing out if your ghostly cavalier makes a snatch at you, my child."

"I'll sing—"

The bright square that was the door receded slowly into the dark square that was the hall and the great room was abruptly a cave of darkness filled with strangeness and silence, save for the distant crying of the storm.

Lindy, the candle high, called clearly, "Can you hear!"

"Aye, aye!"

The gay assent pierced the walls, barely muffled.

"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright," chanted Lindy, her eyes fast on the little shield, shining and mysterious as still water—

"Show me the man I'll wed tonight!"

The untroubled pool mirrored back only the questing eyes, the smiling lips of the singer, and she held it farther off so that it could hold nothing but darkness.

"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright, Show me the man I—"

There was a sound behind her, a stir so slight that it was hardly motion, but so distinct that it held her transfixed—the sound of a footfall on the bare floor. A voice that was scarcely a whisper said: "For God's sake, don't

stop. Don't let them know I'm here. Finish it out, then over again."

"... I'll wed tonight!" sang the voice. "Kit, how did you find—"

"Never mind that, never mind anything but what I'm saying to you. Sing again. Don't move. Only listen."

"Mirror, mirror, dark and bright!" The clear, unwavering voice rose again obediently—

"Show me the man . . ."

"Lindy, are you listening? Who told you that I was in Baltimore with Sunny Leighton?"

She answered, docile and unswerving, her whisper matching his, "It was Doug—Doug King. Kit, why—"

She moved her hand and for a moment, blinding and illuminating as a searchlight, the candle caught the face behind her in the dark pool and the mirror slipped through her fingers with a long, shivering crash, its disastrous chimes echoing delicately through a silence more terrible than speech. Outside she could hear feet running, hands at the door and the rising clamor of voices, but she stood motionless, voiceless, candle high, staring at the glittering fragments that for one dreadful moment had caught and held his face.

[Continued in MAY McCALL'S]

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

platitudes and bombast, dried scrapings from Strauss' earlier palettes. Even the orchestration, which is always expert and at times masterly, serves only to enhance the worthlessness of what the singers and the orchestra have to say.

As Menelaus, Mr. Laubenthal sang with his wonted ruthless and brazen efficiency, making as much as could be made of an impossible character. Maria Jeritza, as Helen, sang occasionally badly and occasionally beautifully in a rôle that was a cruel vocal trial from beginning to end. Her acting suffered from her efforts to fill in a part that the librettist and composer had barely sketched. Visually, however, she scored a triumph, looking always as

lovely and commanding as the original Helen must have looked.

The finest performance of the evening was given by Editha Fleischer as Aithra, whose voice revealed a heretofore unsuspected richness and power, and who sang with the expressiveness and vocal command of an artist of the first rank. Joseph Urban contributed a beautiful first act setting and a gaudily unsuccessful second one, while Artur Bodansky conducted the orchestra with such musical insight and perfection of vocal and instrumental balance as left no champion of the composer the slightest opportunity to blame the music's shortcomings upon the performance.

## THE BOOK CORNER

[Continued from page 31]

great sensitiveness to the innermost thoughts of men and women and children, understanding of the folk and time he pictures.

These three volumes, not chosen to support a theory, but selected as the three most important works of current fiction I have read, are woven of the same humble, homespun material—the reactions of the common man to his surroundings.

Truth and the desire to understand how other folk live and believe and worship are sponsors for what I consider the most genuinely thrilling book of the year. *The Magic Island* by W. B. Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace) is the story of its author's contact with the people of Haiti and with Voodoo, the Haitian religion.

Poe and the *Arabian Nights* and H. G. Wells at his most imaginative could not, if combined, constitute a more startling, hair-raising, interest-compelling work. Those are tough adjectives to justify, but I am willing to guarantee them.

Mr. Seabrook went to Haiti, possibly inspired by a vast collection of nonsense. His vivid, splendidly written story of the inhabitants of the Black

Republic and their religion has also a quality even more satisfactory—the ring of authority. When he writes about Voodoo, he employs, not rumor, plus imagination, but his own experience. Probably, alone of all white men in the world; certainly, alone of all writing white men, he has crossed the bloody threshold of the religion. He has been initiated into the rite. He knows what he is talking about.

One of the leaders in the simplification of knowledge during the last decade has been Hendrik Willem Van Loon. In *Man, the Miracle Maker*; *The Story of Inventions* (Liveright) he tells with graphic pictures and text of whimsical clarity the magnificent tale of the human brain and its gradual subjugation of a hostile world. Mr. Van Loon is a deceptive person. His books at first glance seem primers for the education of the very young. It is easy to confuse simplicity and childishness. *Man, the Miracle Maker* is a volume a child can understand and from which an adult can learn. There is as much information, inspiration and philosophy in a book of Van Loon's as in a dozen technical volumes that only one man in fifty can understand.

## The Story of Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream

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I will spare you a recital of the struggles and the failures bridging this vision of mine and its realization. It took years and years of persistent effort before I finally persuaded the Viennese physician to part with his secret recipe . . . the price was a fortune! From this recipe, after many, many more years of research and experimentation, I evolved my Pasteurized Face Cream. And nothing can equal my satisfaction and my joy when the great task was completed . . . when I held in my hands this *concentrated beauty treatment!*

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The word "pasteurized" is the keynote to the cream's extraordinary wonders. When Louis Pasteur discovered the process that would purify milk and cream, and make it safe for the most delicate of children, he unknowingly discovered also the finest process for purifying face cream too, so that it would be safe for the most fragile skin.

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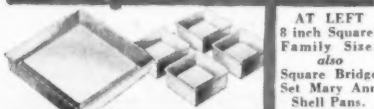
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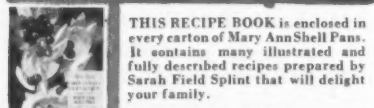
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McC. 4

## 18,000,000 WOMEN VOTE!

[Continued from page 19]

greater numbers to register their votes. Four years had made a vast difference in their thought. They were ready to be constructive and they took advantage of their rights.

In 1928 the woman power put into the campaign was five times as great as ever before. In some places through the Middle West women workers at the polls outnumbered men as much as four to one. A man told me of leaving Washington on election eve so that he would be home to vote. He arrived in his city between five and six in the morning and immediately drove to the local County Headquarters. Forty women were there preparing for the day's work long before dawn, and only seven men!

It was in 1924 that I was made Vice Chairman of the Republican National Committee and given charge of the Women's Division. Nearly half of the voting power of the United States is feminine. Many women, of course, were organized, educated and aroused to the importance of their vote; but further work was necessary in order to reach more women so that in 1928 their power would be more deeply felt. I have been asked many times why I sensed the value of the woman vote, and in voicing my answer I am only giving the opinion of thousands of other political workers and clear thinking individuals. Let us go back in history a bit. Few great changes occur in a country without their first being a necessity. In the United States women were needed in politics. Party issues and expedients are one thing; the basically fundamental principles of our government are another. Government heads have direct bearing on individual homes, and women, the managers of these homes, are therefore affected.

Without becoming too statistical, it is estimated that women spend 85% of every family dollar that is spent in the United States. Husbands may laugh at that figure and say it is far too modest. According to research, however, this money is spent not only on the wives but on the homes. It goes into groceries, meats, insurance, rents, fabrics and so on. Women definitely control these purchases. Therefore, more women had to learn the relationship between their homes and their government. This is the background of woman's interest in politics. She is not motivated by the rewards of political prestige. She is not seeking political office, nor is she too much entangled with political patronage. She came into politics admitting she knew little about it, and having admitted her ignorance, she began to study broad issues. In "sensing" the value of the woman vote there was nothing clairvoyant.

**T**HE 1928 vote did not roll in as a result of last minute effort. Every campaign gathers impetus and steam as election day approaches, but our women leaders had been hard at work for four years building up organization feeling and faith. It is the regular party organization that is the active, that keeps the party alive between campaigns.

Right here let me explain the difference between a party organization and a campaign organization. Each state creates its own election laws which accounts for the different methods of

building up state organizations. Without attempting to explain the diversities of these various laws, or their operation, I will give one type of state structure and its formation.

The smallest office given by the vote of the people to an individual is that of precinct committeeman or committeewoman. The position may seem small, but is it? The precinct committees get together, after election, and from their own number elect a county committee with officers. The county organizations then meet and form a congressional committee with officers. The final step is a meeting of congressional committees forming the state committee, choosing officers and National Committeeman. This is a brief picture of one type of "party machinery." It is a perfectly legal organization and unless it is proved to be a corrupt machine, its actions are sustained by the courts when, and if, a contest of any kind arises. This is a permanent body, always active, always working. Then comes an election—a campaign.

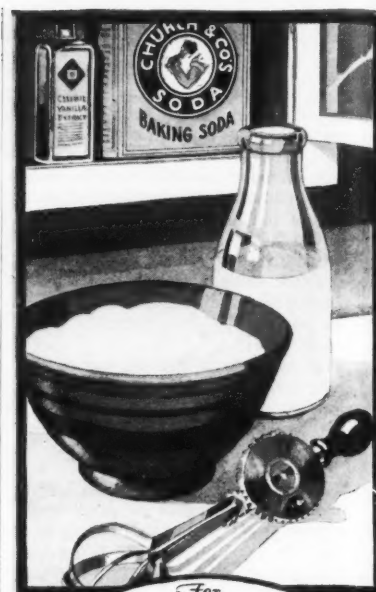
**A** CAMPAIGN organization is for temporary purposes only. Because of the time element, is rather loosely put together. It is not bound by any particular law or under the control of party organization. It is an appointive body, not an elective, but it is appointed by party committees. Its task is to disseminate information about candidates and issues, whereas the state machinery works constantly for party feeling, the election of state officers and members of Congress. But in a campaign these two bodies work together. The campaign committee itself is not necessarily partisan; frequently Democratic women prefer Republican candidates and work with Republican Committees for their election. Just as frequently Republican women temporarily join Democratic campaigns. The Independents and the definitely Non-Partisans are constantly shifting.

In 1924, therefore, we began preparing for the 1928 election. Our plan was beginning at the bottom and working up. While there is nothing new or startling in that idea, many businesses fail because the foundation is not firm and because there is a feeling of in-harmony in the organization. Business methods apply to politics quite as directly as they do to business.

We began our work with the regular party machinery, starting with precincts, working on through districts, counties, states and up to National Headquarters. Past mistakes of both women and men—Republican and Democratic—were studied and an honest effort made to avoid them. Personal contacts were established between the precincts and National Headquarters. Ideas were exchanged; suggestions were invited and considered. A feeling of harmony and genuine good will was inculcated all along the line.

In June 1928 the candidates were named. The campaign organization was then brought together and plans for wide-spread education were made. Political parties have always paid attention to groups, especially in recent years. We were no exception to the rule. We formed industrial groups, professional, homemakers, farm women

[Continued on page 101]



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## 18,000,000 WOMEN VOTE!

[Continued from page 100]

and so on; each headed by a representative person understanding its problems and stationed at our Washington Headquarters. From there, with the assistance and advice of the various state committee members, the group work expanded back to the precincts. As it expanded sub-leaders were appointed. When speakers were sent out to address these groups, only those who could talk their language took the platform. In other words, a woman who was essentially a homemaker did not attempt to speak before professional women, nor did a student of factory problems appear before farm women. In this way we were reasonably certain of women grasping the relationship between their work and party issues and principles. This is one reason for the harmony which was a noticeable feature of the past four years. And another reason is that, in the main, women had learned to work together, forgetting personalities. They were united on the common ground of serving their country, which properly interpreted meant serving themselves.

SEVERAL comparatively new features were introduced into the recent campaign. One was the idea of Radio Hostesses. Women owning good radios took it upon themselves to invite neighboring women to their homes when a political speaker was to be on the air. It is interesting to note that in one state alone we had five thousand of these hostesses. Outside of the knowledge these women gained, friendships which were worthwhile and lasting sprang from the little gatherings.

One of our workers told me about her laundress saying: "I've heard a lot of talk about 'radio hostesses' that I never heard before. What are they?" "You could be one," said our worker. "You have a little radio. Invite your friends in next Thursday night and tune in on so and so's speech."

The laundress was an intelligent woman and became an influential worker in her block. She was delighted with her job as radio hostess and felt on an equal footing with her mistress in the point of political service. Hundreds of little incidents like this came to my attention and proved how truly united was the effort of all classes.

We had business and professional women's luncheons. These busy people met at noon, enjoyed an hour together and listened to a political speaker. There were bridge parties—the game being interrupted for fifteen or twenty minutes while a speaker addressed a gathering. These are only a few of the ways women were reached.

Before the radio became so well established we had telephone "Party Line" meetings. In sections where eighteen or twenty families were on the same line a notice would go out to listen in at 10:30 on a designated morning because a political speaker was to talk over the telephone. From what I know of party lines this notice may have been unnecessary. Some of our masculine wits tell us that among women "listening in" is the rule rather than the exception. But for fear some woman might have her hands in a batch of bread, we invariably advised them in advance so that all would be free to listen. Every conceivable means of reaching women was used.

Our women leaders controlled their own literature—many of them wrote it. National Headquarters did not presume to thrust an indiscriminate lot of reading matter on the workers although it stood ready to get and give anything a leader might ask for. Millions of

copies of pamphlets were judiciously distributed among women voters. It was remarked by party workers that such literature was more eagerly read this year than ever before.

I cannot give too much credit to the leaders we were fortunate in having. Their cooperation was of the highest order. From time to time small sums of money were sent them—money to be used for traveling expenses, getting out the vote, for stationery and other incidental items. After election these leaders returned surprisingly large portions of these amounts together with carefully kept statements of every penny spent. These women made a dollar go farther than the average man can stretch five dollars.

In one section women rode three days in order to vote. A number of them hired teams, drove over dusty roads all day and met at a common point. Here they were picked up by party workers and taken in automobiles for another half day's ride, to the polling places. After voting they returned to their waiting teams and drove to their homes. Right here in Washington we had an analogous situation. Indiana repealed its absentee voters law, and residents of that state, with temporary Washington homes, hired large buses and motored to Indiana. They left Washington Sunday morning and arrived in Indianapolis late Monday afternoon. The majority of these returning voters were women.

The climax, of course, was reached on November sixth. It is impossible to do more than approximate the number of women who voted since only a few states require election boards to report the total number or character of voters. But we are told that approximately eighteen million women came out and balloted that day. This is not a party figure. It represents the entire feminine vote—which was about one half the potential woman vote of the United States; but a big increase over the woman vote in 1924—an increase of about seven million.

THE recent election proved many things including the growing disposition of women to be active in politics; it proved that they are responsive to their government problems and not indifferent to them. They believe in issues centered in the home. They have quite as large a place in the political success of their country as the men; and they will continue to be heard.

We know definitely that women not only helped to get out the man vote, but in many instances raised the quality of it. In many states where there was a contest, we know that women were the deciding factor. The fallacy that women are guided by the men of the family has been exploded. Women think for themselves and vote according to their belief; they have a flair for organization.

And so, when I hear this great question of "The Woman Vote" raised, I think of women as a class. Even if it were possible for me to eliminate all but my own party I would not do it. We need two parties. Competition makes better individuals, better communities, better business methods and the best government. There is no healthier, finer function for women than governing their own country. Whether they are Republican or Democratic, they should be associated with their party. They should be an integral factor in "The Next Woman Vote."

In the battle between what you believe to be right and what you believe to be wrong, do not be a civic slacker.



## YOUR HANDS NEED NEVER TOUCH WATER AGAIN ON WASH DAY

From the time you load your Savage Wringerless Washer with water, soap and soiled clothes

until you hang them up, you need not once put your hands in water or lift heavy wet pieces. Your Savage—not you, does the work.

Your Savage Wringerless—

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- blues
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In 10 minutes the Savage Wringerless will wash, spin-rinse and spin-dry a large tubful of clothes. In an hour it will do an entire week's wash, and not once in that hour need you put your hands in water.



## 150,000 FAMILIES HAVE DISCARDED OLD-FASHIONED METHODS AND WASHERS

They have adopted the Savage Wringerless. Its unique spin-rinse, spin-dry relieves them of wearisome feeding of individual pieces through a wringer and the distress of dried, chapped hands on wash day.

This is just the preface to the story, Savage superiority. The coupon will bring you all the facts about the new nickled copper model and the popular lacquered copper Savage—products of the famous Savage Arms Corporation.

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# SAVAGE WASHER & DRYER

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6 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE booklet—

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78% Professional Nurses  
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67% Hospital Dieticians and Stewards  
63% School Lunch Room Managers  
75% Hotel Stewards  
87% Editors of Women's Magazines

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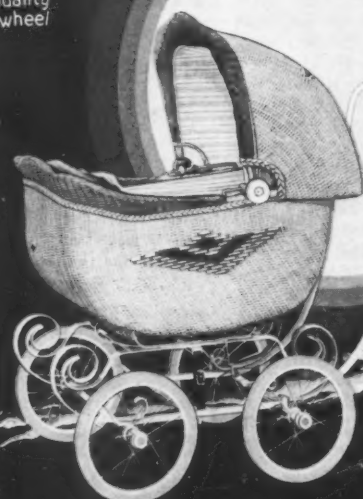


To pay more for cocoa is  
extravagance. To pay less  
is false economy.

**DRINK COCOA OFTEN**  
*for nourishment - for enjoyment*

A roomy and comfortable  
for baby; easy to lift or  
wheel. Beautiful in design  
and finish; reasonable  
in price. These are the  
reasons why you will  
always be pleased with  
your purchase of a  
Heywood-Wakefield  
baby carriage.

Look for the Quality  
Seal on every wheel!



# HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington St., Boston, Mass., for  
our new edition of "In the Life of a Baby", a booklet for new and prospective mothers.

## A MOUNTAIN OF MILLIONS

[Continued from page 21]

to herself defiantly. But even love need not be blind. Not that she doubted—far from it. Her love rose superior to any doubt. But the world had an ugly way of putting evil constructions where they least belonged. Thus with the wisdom of seventeen she reasoned as she led Prentiss into the music room.

On this particular occasion her caller was in a serious mood. Usually he rose well to her banter and managed to give as good as he received. But the daily sight of the Starrett building, the daily thought of the wealth which its unassuming solidity represented, the daily comparison with his own very slender resources, were emphatically depressing.

Yet Prentiss cheered up visibly when he noticed, for the first time, how bewitchingly the tendrils of Jean's hair curled up at the nape of her neck. Odd that he had never noticed before! He ventured to take possession of a hand which unlimited tennis had made nearly as muscular as his own, but which he chose to consider dainty. Then, recklessly, he dared to speak of his great discovery:

"Do you know, Jean, I like the way your hair curls at the back of your neck?"

"Do you like it?"

"Um-humh."

"I'm glad."

A few minutes later Jean voiced her own discovery. "Tonight, for the first time, I noticed how beautifully your head is shaped."

Prentiss, secretly delighted, murmured "Bosh!"

"Really!" insisted Jean.

"Oh, well . . ."

TAKEN all in all, it turned out to be a most enjoyable evening, and it was not until Prentiss had been gone a full half hour that it suddenly occurred to Jean that she had not even mentioned the subject that had been uppermost in her thoughts. She drew a sheet of paper toward her and commenced to write. She smiled as she scrawled a dozen lines of the cabalistic characters which she chose to consider handwriting. Then she slipped quietly out of the house and mailed the letter herself.

When Prentiss received it he gasped. He read it a second time and gasped again. Its incredible phrases leaped up at him like dancing imps: "I feel you really ought to know . . . Father has lost every cent he has in the world . . . Starrett & Co. are bankrupt . . . You ought to know this before you marry me."

The young man's first sensation was one of enormous relief. The mountain of millions—that gigantic obstacle—had vanished into nothingness like some terrifying apparition. The young man's second sensation was one of illimitable astonishment. He gazed out of the window. Across the street the Starrett building was as solid, as quietly dignified as ever. Yet the unthinkable had come to pass!

Now Prentiss Middleton, being in the employ of a stock exchange firm, was prohibited from speculating and being of a conservative disposition, had never chafed at the prohibition. Yet

here was an opportunity which might not recur in the course of a lifetime. If the Starrett stocks started to slide, every stock on the list would break in sympathy. What simpler than to sell them short and cover at ten points, twenty points, thirty points profit?

Had the question concerned Prentiss alone, the assistant statistician would have dreamed—but would never have ventured to act. But the question was intimately bound up with Jean's future. He closed his desk carefully, and marched into his employer's office.

"Mr. Gwynne," he announced. "I'm resigning."

The junior partner gazed at him with surprise. What's the matter, Prentiss?" he exclaimed, "I thought you liked your work so well."

"I do—"

"If it's a question of salary," interrupted Gwynne, "there's no harm in my telling you that you're slated for a substantial—"

"It's awfully good of you," said Prentiss, "but it can't be helped." He drew an order blank toward him and filled it out rapidly. "This is why."

Gwynne glanced over the order. "Do you own these stocks?"

"No, sir."

"Then you're selling short?"

"Yes, sir."

"What with?"

Prentiss handed over his personal check for the whole of his available funds. Gwynne frowned at it with obvious disapproval. "So you've taken to speculating," he commented acridly. "Just this once."

"And you're starting off by selling the strongest stocks on the list?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph!" Gwynne drew the young man into a corner. "Be a good fellow, Prentiss; let me into the secret."

Prentiss folded Jean's letter to conceal all but a single line; a moment later he exhibited her signature.

Gwynne deciphered with protruding eyes. "Can you beat it?" he ejaculated, and passed a trembling hand over his brow. But he recovered sufficiently to inquire, "Prentiss, old man, you don't mind if I pass on the tip to a few of our good customers? Just a few?"

Prentiss did not mind. Quite the contrary, it struck the imaginative young man that the dissemination of his news could not but largely increase his profits. The immediate results proved that he was right. The market had been merely sinking. It began to fall as if it had a long distance to go and little time to complete it.

AT THE end of a perfect day Oliver Starrett, driving home in his limousine, ordered his chauffeur to stop at a newsstand for an evening paper. He glanced at the first page and scowled; turned to the financial page and scowled again. Thirty years of Wall Street had steeled Starrett against surprises; but he read over the quotations with growing anger.

Slowly his frown changed to a smile; the smile with which he had waded into battle so often. The cat had been away and the mice had taken full advantage of the respite. But tomorrow would tell another story.

[Continued on page 105]



Pinkie's Pantry,  
which won the first  
prize in the Rocke-  
feller contest for  
the best road stand.

## PRIZED AND PRAISED in The Finest Tea-Rooms

In Pinkie's prize-winning pantry, in  
kitchens of noted culinary achievement and in  
famous tea-rooms the country over, famous Best Foods  
Mayonnaise is served regularly as a particular treat. ¶ And no  
wonder. For smooth, golden Best Foods Mayonnaise is made from  
whole fresh eggs—*broken right from the shell*, fragrant spices, the finest salad  
oils. It's delicious on salads or sandwiches. ¶ Like all Best Foods Products, Best Foods  
Mayonnaise stands for "the finest." Quality is the keynote of all Best Foods Products. The policy  
behind their making is "a few food products and those few fine." ¶ Fresh and fine. That's  
the way all Best Foods Products come to *your* kitchen, *your* pantry shelf, just as  
they were when they left the sunlit kitchens of The Best Foods, Inc.

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FOODS  
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middle of a luncheon rush we ran out of  
mayonnaise and I in desperation opened a  
sample of Best Foods Mayonnaise left by an  
intelligent salesman, I have known that my  
time could be better employed than in  
making mayonnaise—for every order was a  
'repeat the same' and almost invariably has  
been thereafter."

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famous tea-rooms. We have col-  
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them in a booklet with a guide to  
many of the country's most in-  
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*Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness* because it takes away the invisible impurities, as well as the visible dirt, water rings, stains and discolorations.

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*Old Dutch is economical—  
a little goes a long way*



Chases Dirt  
Protects the Home





# A MOUNTAIN OF MILLIONS

[Continued from page 102]

He was in high spirits when the door to the living-room opened at eight-thirty and Jean towed in a confident young man. "Prentiss has something to say to you, Dad."

Oliver Starrett turned happily. He had known the boy all his life and liked him. He had observed his growing intimacy with Jean and approved of it. The Middleton, he was aware, were none too affluent, but that detail meant nothing at all to the financier. He had longed vainly for a son to follow in his footsteps. A son-in-law might answer nearly as well. "Well, my boy?"

Prentiss stepped forward and grasped Starrett's hand in both of his own. "My sympathy, sir," he said, "my sincere sympathy."

"Thank you," said the wondering capitalist.

"Whatever happens," pursued Prentiss, "I'll see that Jean is never in want. You'll be relieved to know that. Of course, I shan't be able to do for her what you've done, but I'll do my best. And what's more if there's anything I can do for you, sir, you may be sure I'll do it."

Starrett gazed about in utter bewilderment. "And what do you expect to do for me, my boy?"

Prentiss smiled. "You needn't hide anything from me, sir. Jean has told me everything."

"Oh, has she?"  
"I know," said Prentiss gently, "that Starrett & Company are bankrupt. I know that you have lost every dollar you have in the world."

"What?" barked the financier.

"But it doesn't make the least difference to me," Prentiss assured him. "I'm going to marry Jean anyway."

Oliver Starrett pinched himself deliberately. "Tell me," he begged, "am I awake or is this just the result of too much golf?"

Prentiss bent a compassionate look upon him. "I can understand that the shock has been great. Don't you think you'd better sit down?"

"No," declared Starrett, "I don't want to sit down. I want to hear all about the Starrett bankruptcy. It may not make the least difference to you, but by George, it makes a lot of difference to me!"

SOMETHING in his voice brought suddenly terror to the heart of the young man. Quickly he glanced at Jean—she was convulsed with laughter. Prentiss tottered. "Y-you mean to say—you mean to say it isn't true?"

"What isn't true?" boomed Starrett. "This," from an inner pocket Prentiss produced the all-important letter.

Rapidly Starrett glanced over the familiar handwriting. And then a curious phenomenon took place—the financier's face flushed; the veins on his forehead stood out like whipcord; his hands clenched; his lips straightened into a thin, compressed line. For all his self-control, Starrett was toweringly angry. Yet his voice was no louder than usual as he turned to his daughter. "Jean," he demanded, "did you write this?"

"Yes, father." There was a note of surprised defiance in her tone. Her father, she decided mentally, lacked a sense of humor.

"You wrote Prentiss," and he quoted from the letter—"Father has lost every

cent he has in the world. Starrett & Company are bankrupt."

"Yes, father."  
"Would you mind telling me why you wrote that?"

She colored. "I don't think that's anybody's business but my own."

Starrett flung up his hands. The sense of humor whose absence Jean had deplored had come to his relief. "Can you beat that?" he ejaculated.

"What does it mean?" quavered Prentiss.

The older man flung his arm around the boy's shoulders. "Sonny," he said, "somebody's been playing an awfully silly joke on both of us."

The shot found its target. "It wasn't silly and it wasn't a joke," declared Jean. "I wanted to find out if Prentiss loved me, so there!"

"Didn't you know?" gasped Starrett.

"I—I thought I knew, but Carol Perkins said . . ." The rest was tears.

OVER the half hour that followed a charitable curtain may well be drawn. From it Jean emerged thoroughly chastened for the first time in an irresponsible life, while Prentiss learned to know a side of Starrett's character that had been hidden from him. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to tell the older man everything; to confess what he had done and to explain why he had done it.

"How much are your profits?" the capitalist inquired at length.

"About eighteen thousand—on paper."

"What are you going to do?"

"Cover first thing in the morning. I'm going to buy back every share I'm short."

"That will be wise," assented Starrett gravely.

"So wise, in fact, that I'm going to do your covering myself. Something tells me that about five minutes

after the opening the market is going to turn strong—so strong that it will be expensive for the people who permitted themselves to doubt Starrett & Company."

"Yes, sir."

The millionaire laid his hand on the boy's knee. "What are you planning to do with your profits?"

"What do you suggest?"

"I don't approve of speculating," said Starrett thoughtfully, "and there are at least a dozen charities that I do approve of. An eighteen thousand dollar check would be appreciated by one of them."

"It will be sent."

"When you've done that, drop in and see me. There's an opening in our bond department. It doesn't amount to much now, but eventually it may lead to something higher."

"I'd sweep out the office if you wanted me to," said Prentiss enthusiastically.

The capitalist smiled. "Yes, I believe you would," he admitted, "but I hope it won't be necessary for my son-in-law to do it." His fatherly arm swept his repentant daughter into his lap. "Prentiss," he warned, "you're marrying a girl who wouldn't hesitate to wreck Starrett & Company if she doubted your love. In the future, there's just one thing for you to do."

"And what's that?"

Starrett smiled. "Make sure she never doubts it!"



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need never spoil  
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Garden to your heart's content—paint furniture—do anything—but take care of your hands while you use them, with frequent applications of Jergens Lotion! You will find it wonderful for repairing skin wear and tear. It softens a rough, dry skin almost instantly—keeps your hands beautifully smooth and white. And it leaves not a trace of stickiness.

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## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[Continued from page 23]

Unhesitatingly the King answered with the full lie required: "I do so inform him. I am as innocent as he is himself of any part in the business at Liège. I give you my royal word for that. Is that enough?"

"Ah!" Count Anthony's face lighted. His next words surprised both the King and the Duke, for they showed them both into what a trap he had maneuvered the crafty Louis.

"I rejoice from my heart to hear you, monseigneur. For of this, at least, you will have no difficulty in giving a proof that will satisfy not only his highness but all the world. Signify this indignation and abhorrence which you feel so deeply by joining hands with the Duke in punishing the insurrection. Consent to that, sire, and you will have removed the last obstacle to the discussion of the peace between Burgundy and France."

LIVID the King stood and looked at Count Anthony; and if ever hatred looked out of mortal eyes it looked then out of his. He was trapped, caught, tangled in his own falsehood beyond all possibility of extrication. He spoke very quietly. "Yes," he assented. "I will do that to prove my good faith."

The terms of the treaty of peace were soon agreed. Badly defeated upon his own ground of craft, Burgundy obtained from him all the sureties he required to conclude a peace satisfactory to herself. Next morning the bells rang in Péronne and a *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for the peace now signed between France and Burgundy.

Opposition to the new taxes imposed as a war levy upon the Northern provinces had begun to manifest itself in Walcheren early in October.

There were a few sporadic insurrections here and there which might have led to serious trouble if the Duke had been represented in Zealand by a man less vigorous and resourceful than the Sire Claude de Rhynsault. By fines, pilloryings and a few hangings, Rhynsault effectively discouraged the rebels who in the main belonged to the poorer class, against whom the increase in price of the necessities of life operated most oppressively.

When, however, the news of the great insurrection at Liège reached Zealand, others turned their attention to measures which if they were not to result in the casting off of the Burgundian yoke, should at least achieve an easing of its pressure. Among these were some of the wealthier merchants of Middelburg, Flushing, Veere and Arnemuiden; men of weight and consequence in the guilds.

The ruling spirit of the conspiracy was a knight of Walcheren, a member of a prominent, noble Zealand family named van Borselen, and his castle was the meeting place.

But these comings and goings of burgher traders, however carefully contrived, did not escape the notice of the vigilant Rhynsault.

He posed concerning it a question to his Fool, Kuoni von Stocken, who was the only man who possessed his confidence.

"Is van Borselen buying tapestries, or wine or ships, do you suppose? Or is he engaged in bringing wool from England for the Flemish looms?"

The crook-backed Fool looked at his master, his beady eyes steady and expressionless in the yellow, evil mask of his face. "It's hemp he lacks, I think," he snapped. "You can supply him all the hemp he needs. I'd go to him if I were you."

On the Fool's advice Rhynsault set out. A fool Kuoni might be and Rhynsault might deem himself Governor of Zealand. The truth was that he provided no more than the body of that exalted functionary. That body's soul and brain and ruling spirit were supplied by Kuoni, who was aware of it.

Rhynsault commanded fifty lances to attend him and as Kuoni directed they set out and went about the business. The unsuspecting van Borselen admitted them to his castle with the honors proper to the representative of the Duke of Burgundy. A goodly supper was served to a round dozen neighboring gentlemen. After supper van Borselen desired a song from the Governor's Fool, whose sallies had already helped to keep things lively.

"I'll go fetch my lute," said the amiable Kuoni, and went out.

When at last he returned he bore a great arch-lute so slung behind him that it almost entirely covered his back and in Kuoni's wake came a round dozen Burgundian soldiers in their clanking armor.

"I've brought you cymbals as well as a lute," said the Fool. "They will supply some of you with dance-music when you come to tread a dainty measure upon the empty air."

Van Borselen, a big fair man until now far gone in wine, but suddenly grown sober, fetched out a deep growling oath and swung to Rhynsault, who sat smiling at his Fool's terrible humor. "Is this a masque, a fool's mummery," quoth he, "or do you mean me mischief?"

"Neither," Rhynsault answered him. "We are here to discover what mischief has been meant by you."

"Are you so?"

IN A flash van Borselen was upon the Lorrainer, one hand reaching for his throat, the other grasping a dagger and upraised to strike. But the Governor was a vigorous, agile man of his hands. He caught the Zealander's wrist as the blow descended and by a wrenching twist of the arm, sent him sprawling, then sprang clear away before any of the others could leap to attack him in their host's defense.

The Governor, infuriated by the attack upon him, thundered:

"Stand where you are, or, on my oath, my men shall cut you down."

Already the injunction was unnecessary. At a word from the quick Fool, the men-at-arms, their heavy swords naked in their hands had ringed the company about.

"No need for more to prove your guilt, van Borselen. No need for more to warrant my hanging you out of hand. But first I'll have something out of you. Make him fast!"

Disarmed, his hands wrenched behind him and his wrists pinioned by a stirrup leather, van Borselen stood, pale and breathing hard, to face the Governor.

"Now, you Zealander dog," growled the Governor, "will you talk, or must we constrain you?"

[Continued on page 107]

## CHEW IT



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"Lux has no harmful alkali—cannot irritate. With Lux, small garments are kept soft and like new through hundreds of washings—and baby kept comfortable and well."

## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[Continued from page 106]

The Knight of Borselen between his guards stood firm and dignified.

"That depends upon what you wish me to say."

"You shall hear." And Rhynsault told him briefly what he guessed of the treasonable traffic the Zealander had been conducting.

"And the proof?" van Borselen demanded.

"Proof, you fool! The proof you shall, yourself, supply."

Livid but resolute van Borselen answered him. "You may torture me sir, before a word shall you have from me."

"To the rack then!" the Governor began, when Kuoni interposed, asking for private speech with him.

"What now?" he growled when they were alone. "How else are we to reach the truth?"

"Find first some scrap of evidence to justify your measures," said Kuoni. "Why did I have van Borselen's men overpowered if it were not so as to make the whole place free for our ransacking?"

The search was much more quickly fruitful than they could have hoped. In the Knight of Borselen's closet they found papers locked away in a chest—a bundle of letters any one of which would have served to hang the man who had sent it as well as van Borselen who had received it, and some sheets covered with figures, which Rhynsault tossed aside as of no consequence, but to which the Fool devoted some study.

It proved the simplest cypher and the Fool, who had considerable clerical skill, sat late into the night transcribing them. What at last he bore to his master was a fairly complete account of the nature of the plot and a list of the ringleaders.

Rhynsault rubbed his hands in satisfaction. He had struck in time and within forty-eight hours every one of those ringleaders would be laid by the heels.

THE Knight of Borselen and his four convicted companions in treason were hanged that same afternoon on a gallows in the Market Place of Arne-muiden. Not even Borselen's special request for decapitation in deference to his rank would the Governor grant him.

In Middelburg itself half a score of prominent citizens, who suspected nothing, were ripe for judgment. The Governor's secretaries had carefully docketed the letters and prepared a list of their writers.

At the head of that list stood the name of Danvelt, and with Master Philip Danvelt, the Burgundian Lieutenant started his Middelburg campaign for the extirpation of treason on the morning after his return.

Philip Danvelt's father had been a man of some taste and of cultured ideals at least in physical matters. He had built himself a handsome gabled house on the Lange Delft.

In the main room sat Philip and his wife at dinner on that October morning that was big with fate for them. Philip was in haste to dine, for he had had word of a cargo of wool which had arrived that morning from England.

From the emptiness left in Johanna's life by the consciousness of how it might have been filled and fulfilled, which Count Anthony's last visit had brought her, she was temporarily rescued by her sorrow in the grave illness and death of her father, which had followed a fortnight after the Count's departure from Middelburg.

They were waited upon now by her old servant Jan, who had come to her when Claessens died.

She watched Philip now as he gobbled greedily. "You eat too quickly, Philip," she ventured in her solicitude.

"I have affairs awaiting me." He swung to Jan. "Is my horse saddled?"

"Waiting for you, master."

"Then—" he broke off to listen. "What's that? They come this way."

Jan stepped to the window and thrust his head from the open casement. The pale sunlight flashed on the steel caps and pike-heads of a company of a dozen men-at-arms swinging briskly along. After them came a big man on a big horse and beside him trotted a little elfin figure all in yellow.

"It's his Excellency the Governor," Jan announced. "They are coming here."

The company was already in the short garden and on the heels of Jan's announcement came the heavy blow of a pike-butt on the door. Jan moved to open, when Danvelt's upheld hand restrained him. "Wait. Whatever the Governor seeks here, there is no need for you to meet him, Johanna."

DANVELT was aware, as was all the world, of Rhynsault's ways; and he would take no risk however remote that might lie for him in Johanna's beauty. "Leave us," he bade her.

"At once, Philip." But she delayed a moment to gather up some slight effects, and in her haste dropped some of them and stooped to recover them. That trivial accident may have been accountable for much that followed.

Up the steps came the Sire Claude de Rhynsault, booted and spurred, whilst after him, birdlike on his thin legs, hopped the Fool.

Philip Danvelt scowled as he stared. Easy in his conscience so far as politics were concerned, his natural arrogance asserted itself in the face of the wantonly insulting violence of his entrance. "On my life," he said, "this is a novel way of knocking at a man's door! What manners be these?"

"When next Burgundy knocks at your door, be more prompt to open," the Governor said shortly. "You, I suppose, are Philip Danvelt?"

"I am, and I wait to learn why you break in upon me in this manner."

The Governor half turned to the two clerks who had followed him into the room, whilst his halberdiers kept the threshold. "Set me a chair here—that one." As he turned he caught sight for the first time of Johanna. Her singular and delicate beauty compelled homage and Rhynsault afforded it. He bowed his sleek black head.

"I implore your pardon, mistress. I had not before observed you. My intrusion here is in the course of the duties of my office."

Steadily she met his glance, refusing to perceive the manifest admiration it held. "I thank you, sir, for the apology. Your business will be with my husband."

As the door closed behind her the Governor cleared his throat. "Well, well, let's come to business, Master Danvelt. 'Why have you embarked upon treason?'"

Danvelt actually smiled. "I have never been a party to any treason."

"Have you ever heard of one Thomas Tegel of the town of Veere?"

"Never to my knowledge."

The Governor's bold dark eyes considered him intently. "By the Blood! You're a glib liar." He turned to one of the secretaries, who was already

[Continued on page 108]

## At the end of the evening

—the men  
avoided  
her



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tell when a temporary  
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## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[Continued from page 107]

fumbling in a leathern wallet. "Give me that letter marked Danvelt." He received, and folded it, so that only the signature was visible. "Come here," he bade Danvelt, "What name do you read there?"

"P. Danvelt."

"Your name. Your name appended to a letter written to this convicted traitor Tegel, in which you promise him supplies of arms and money to forward the enterprise in hand. A hanging matter, Master Danvelt."

"For the writer, but I am not he."

Rhynsault showed signs of exasperation. "Does it not bear your name?"

"My name, yes. But the signature is not mine, as my signature will show. The name even—"

it is but P. Danvelt. This charge is absurd and empty," Danvelt pursued. "I take God and Our Lady to witness that I have never engaged in any treason, never so much as harbored any thought of treason. I never wrote that letter, whatever it contains, I am not the only Danvelt in Walcheren. You cannot arrest me on so slight an assumption."

Rhynsault looked down his nose at him and smiled. "And your antecedents? Do they count for nothing? Your little exploit in Bruges? Oh, you shall have a fair trial, never fear. Fetch him along."

The pikemen ranged alongside of the merchant who gathered courage from the Governor's last words. He turned to the servant.

"Jan, you will tell your mistress of this. Bid her not to be uneasy. Reassure her, Jan. You see that it is a mistake. I shall be enlarged again in a day or two when the matter is sifted."

They marched him out.

THE Burgundian Lieutenant sat over remains of a generous supper, savoring with his Fool a jug of Rhinish that had been mulled and spiced. They occupied a cosy chamber adjacent to the great hall of the Gravenhof.

"I think," said the Governor, "that we have now rounded up all the game."

This in allusion to the five arrests he had that day effected in Middelburg.

The Governor considered. "Danvelt demands that I send a courier to his friend, Count Anthony of Guelders—his friend, mark you. What do you conceive to be the link between so oddly assorted a pair?"

"The burgher has a comely—an exceptionally comely wife. Unless it be that, I can't think what it is."

"You foulness! Is that a thing to say of the austere and chaste Count Anthony?"

"I take no man's reputation on trust," said the Fool. "Besides, his relations with Count Anthony, even though they were brothers, do not affect the issue."

"You're right," said the Governor and added: "He hangs, then."

But they reckoned in their cold-blooded fashion without Mistress Johanna, whose arrival at the Gravenhof a servant came to announce.

"It is not my custom to receive suitors at so late an hour, Madame," was Rhynsault's greeting.

"I am aware of it, my Lord, and grateful for the concession. I would have come earlier, but that I was some time assembling these documents,

which should dispel all cause that you may think you have for keeping my husband a prisoner." She proffered him a little roll of parchment.

Still standing, he took them, frowning thoughtfully. "What are these?"

"Letters written by my husband. I have brought them so that you may compare the hand and the signatures. You will see at once that the treasonable letter upon which you arrested him was not written by Philip."

"I may not take your word for that, madame, much though it would please me to do so. But I'll do what I can to serve you, be sure of that." He was considering her ever and his eyes had lately narrowed a little. "Come to me again tomorrow, madame. By then I may be able to be more definite."

In dejection she thanked him and withdrew. When she had gone he sank into his chair again and filled himself a cup from the jug. In silence he sat considering the wine as he drank it.

The hall of the Gravenhof was unusually thronged on the following morning by suitors awaiting audience of the Governor. Amongst these, but apart from them, and waiting patiently, sat Mistress Johanna, attended by her servants Jan and Peter and her waiting-woman Grieta.

The Governor sat in his study considering a list which had been placed before him by the usher. He looked up scowling at the unceremonious entrance of the licensed Fool.

"You are inopportune," he greeted him. "Begone! I have affairs."

"So I perceived as I crossed the ante-chamber. Let me assist you by indicating the order of them. He leaned upon the table and ran a finger down the usher's list until he came to the name of Johanna Danvelt. "I should begin there, since this is the only case that offers complexities and may delay you."

The Governor and the Fool looked into each other's eyes. Rhynsault yielded to the suggestion and the usher was instructed.

JOHANNA came and Kuoni retired to lounge unnoticed on the window-seat. She began by thanking his Excellency for admitting her so promptly. He was graciousness itself. She had brought him some further letters.

"So much was hardly necessary. The letters you left with me suffice."

"You have made the comparison already?" she cried eagerly.

"Nay, nay. That will follow in the proper season. Your husband claims Count Anthony of Guelders for his friend, and desires me to send a letter to him."

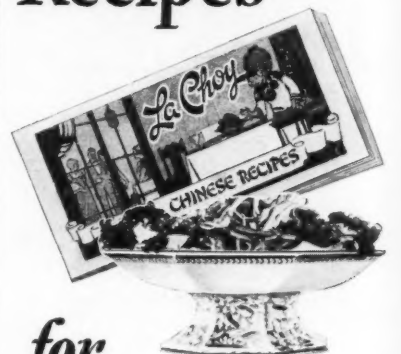
He watched her intently as he spoke. Remembering Kuoni's suggestion last night of the link between them.

The thought of appealing to Count Anthony had already presented itself to her, had been weighed and finally dismissed. She looked steadily at Rhynsault and shook her head.

"My husband overstates the case when he claims Count Anthony as his friend. Once Count Anthony befriended him, but I know of no interest sufficient to bring him to intervene."

Rhynsault appeared relieved. "It is as well," he said, "for Count Anthony [Continued on page 109]"

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## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[Continued from page 108]

is with the Duke's highness in the army investing Liège and there would be delays in reaching him."

He unfolded one of the letters and glanced at it. "My jewel," he read. "On my soul too fair a jewel for the wear of any loutish burgher."

She commanded herself with difficulty, repressed all show of the indignation that consumed her, save the scarlet flame that swept across her face. "Suffer me to call my servant."

"Let be! Let be!" he interrupted her. "If you would do your husband service, we must have a word alone together, you and I." He sank his voice to a gentle, wooing note.

She used a woman's only buckler in such a case, and affected not to understand.

"You wish to question me?" she assumed, but shrank a little from his closeness.

Abruptly he pushed the letters into her hand. "Here, take you these."

"But you have not compared the writing."

"Pish! What shall the writing signify to me!" Never a patient wooer, he drove now straight to his ends. "Your husband's life doesn't hang on a row of pothooks. Your word is enough for me, and I'll accept your word that the treasonable letter is not in your husband's hand. Take your letters, I say."

Mechanically, half-dazed, she put forth her hand to receive them. The next moment it was in his grip. She raised her glance at last at this physical contact, and for a long moment stared in horror into his eyes that smoldered as they now regarded her.

"What a little hand," he murmured—"so white and slim and frail, yet strong enough to hold the destiny of a man. Look you, mistress. I place the life of Philip Danvelt in this white palm, to do with absolutely as you will. Surely, sweeting, you would never have the heart to destroy it?"

In a silence of horror she continued to stare at him until swept by a gust of passion, he pulled her roughly from her chair into his arms.

Now at last active resistance awakened in her. She battled against the enfolding grip of those sinewy arms. Her voice rang sharply with authority.

"Let me go! Let me go at once!"

"What? And leave your husband in the hangman's hands? One little word from you, and Philip Danvelt may have his life and go."

With an inarticulate ejaculation of contempt and loathing, she writhed out of his grip.

"You fill me with horror! You unclean beast! Will you let me go?" she demanded.

"Ay, mistress, since you insist. But you shall come again, and soon, or by the Eyes of God, I'll stretch the neck of your loutish husband without mercy or scruple." He flung wide the door, and stood aside to let her pass.

She went out, her head high, without word or glance or even thought for anything but her outraged dignity.

HIS Excellency the Governor of Middelburg dispensed that day a stern and expeditious justice. Long before nightfall the four burghers impeached of seditious activities had been sentenced by him to be hanged.

He had been confident that from one or the other of those arraigned that day, something incriminating Danvelt would have transpired. He had sought to obtain it from each, by threats, cajolery and trickery. But all his efforts had drawn so blank that he seriously began to ask himself if it might

not be that Danvelt was innocent. Then to his aid in his quandary came that emissary of Satan, the Fool. Rhynsault took counsel with him. The Fool's long face smiled inscrutably as he listened and he fetched a sigh when he had heard the Governor out. "Your course is clear and simple. All you need to do is to establish Danvelt's guilt. You've rack and thumbscrews and all the other implements for the extraction of truth. Extract it from Danvelt himself."

Rhynsault summoned Diesenhofer, issued his commands, and went presently below to see them executed.

Into that vaulted underground chamber with its instruments of torture they brought the unfortunate Danvelt to be racked, ostensibly because he was conceived guilty of sedition, in reality because he was the husband of a beautiful and chaste woman. He persisted with denial through three hoists, and then they stretched him on the rack. His body already maimed turned traitor to his will.

THE secretary took down his answer. Philip was removed from the rack and carried back to his prison. On the morrow they brought him the confession in a written form that he might ratify it, as was by law required. He refused to do so and was racked again. This time, he yielded, and when the confession was put before him, signed it and so signed away his life.

And in those four days, Mistress Johanna, to the Governor's deep surprise and disappointment had made no sign. Three days longer Rhynsault waited; then on the seventh, Danvelt was put upon his public trial, and sentenced to death, the sentence to be carried out the following morning.

The Fool, supping with his master, as was the invariable custom, watched him with those beady eyes and that solemn face, whilst inwardly his malicious soul was shaken with laughter.

Rhynsault set down his empty wine cup. The matter that had so long been simmering in his thoughts suddenly boiled over. "She is obstinate as a mule."

"Then put a bridle on her," came the prompt advice. "What need to have ordered this hanging for the morning? In your place I would have postponed sentence and very graciously sent word to Mistress Johanna that she is permitted to come and visit her unfortunate husband. It could do no harm and might accomplish—anything. Now it is too late."

Rhynsault reared his head at that. "Too late?" he echoed.

As if to answer him, a servant entered. Mistress Johanna Danvelt was below and begged the Governor to grant her audience.

"Mistress Johanna!" The Governor's face lighted with an evil satisfaction. "Let her wait in the hall."

The lackey withdrew to bear the message. Rhynsault poured himself more wine, and laughed, deep in his throat. "Too late, is it?" he mocked the Fool.

Johanna sat with her fur-edged cloak wrapped tightly about her to repress her shivering which sprang not only from the chill of the place but from her apprehension for her husband; and as Rhynsault came slowly into view her apprehension deepened.

Within his snug library, whither he conducted her, the Governor considerably desired Mistress Danvelt to sit and would have relieved her of her

[Continued on page 110]

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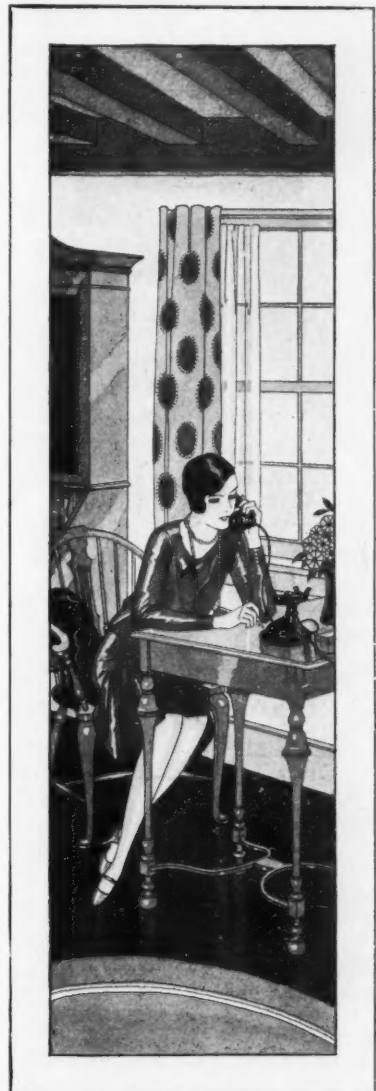
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## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[Continued from page 109]

fur-edged cloak, but that she clung to the garment, urging that her business was but brief. Abruptly she came to it. They had brought her word of the sentence passed upon her husband.

He sighed. "Your concern comes a little late, mistress. You know that it is for tomorrow morning."

No need to ask him what. His meaning was plain enough. Panic fluttered over her.

"Yes, that is what they told me. But you dare not. You dare not!"

He pondered her for a long moment. "I placed Danvelt's life in your hands. Did I not offer to set him free at a little word from you? It is you, not I, who send him to the hangman in the morning."

It was a moment before she could answer him, stricken dumb by her indignation and her crushing sense of impotence. When at last she found her tongue again, it was to pour words of bitter scorn upon him.

"You are a great soldier! The Duke of Burgundy's trusted representative! And yet you misuse your office to entangle my husband in a net of lies, and you shut out the evidence that would have torn that net to shreds."

"The saints give me patience with you, mistress!" he exclaimed. "If it was lies entangled Philip Danvelt, the lies were his own. He confessed his treason; and he set his signature to the confession."

"But it is not true!" she wailed. "How, then, could he confess it? If he confessed—" she broke off. Suddenly she saw the explanation and cried out in horror: "You tortured him!"

RHYNSAULT shrugged and pursed his lips. "He was put to the question. It is the usual practice. On the rack, he confessed, as commonly happens when a man is guilty."

She reeled to the chair and sank limply into it, her limbs momentarily bereft of strength.

"Oh, God, pity him!" she cried. "It was in your power to save him," he reminded her and added after a moment's pause: "For that matter, it still is. Even now, even at this eleventh hour, you can have his life if you will. The hand that signed the death-warrant can sign the reprieve. If you have come to speak the little word I begged of you, you have not come in vain."

She lowered her hands from her face and turned to look up at him again, loathing and defiance in her glance. "I have not," she told him fiercely.

"Not? Why else, then, have you come?" He paused a moment to add: "But I have my price, and you know it, mistress."

That brought her to her feet in a noble rage. "You infamous villain!" For a long moment he stood meeting the defiance of her glance, pondering the lissom grace of her figure so stiffly erect, the proud poise of her golden head, the distracting maddening beauty of her delicate face.

"So! You are resolved then, to let him die?" He strode to the door and called the officer of the guard by name. "Cassaignac, you may reconduct this lady."

Lead-footed she moved toward the door and the waiting officer.

"You'll give me leave to see my husband before—before he suffers?"

"Why should I deny you that? But time grows short. If you would see him, you had best see him now."

Without awaiting her reply, he ordered Cassaignac to bring Danvelt from his prison and allow him to have speech alone with his wife in the hall.

If her little time of waiting was an agony, the first sight of him when at last they brought him to her was even worse. He was scarcely recognizable for the man he had been a week ago.

She could do no more than murmur his name, her soul flooded by compassion and distress. Very gently she conducted him to a chair set by the table in that little island of light.

He mumbled explanations to her. "I stood as much as flesh and bone could bear. Then when I could endure no more, when I was stark mad with pain, I threw away my life to buy a moment's ease. I confessed that I had written that letter to that man—"

She was kneeling beside him, an arm very gently set about his shoulders.

"And so you put it into that villain's power to murder you with safety to himself."

"They have told you?" he whispered. "The Governor sent me word. That is why I am here. I came to plead with him. You do not dream, Philip, out of what villainess is woven the net in which you are taken. It is a net, Philip, in which you are not so much the victim as the lure."

"The lure? What do you mean?" She lowered her voice until it was hardly more than a whisper, so that he had to strain to catch her words. "He offered me your life—at a price."

He stared at her, and slowly understanding pierced those heavy wits of his. He covered his face with his emaciated hands.

"The dog!" she heard him mutter. "The foul Burgundian dog! What—what did you answer him?"

"I told him that if I paid that price I must be as detestable afterward in your eyes as in my own; that you would curse the life I had so bought for you. If I had done this thing you would have cursed me afterward for my unfaith."

"Would I?" he asked. He was staring into vacancy again, away from her. "How could I? How could I have cursed you? The thing if done—would have been done—for my sake. An act of—of sacrifice—And I shall have lived."

She wrestled with his weakness. "To loathe me once I were defiled."

"Defiled? Ah, no! How could you be—" Then at last, the man in him asserted himself. "Yes, yes," he cried. "You are right. You are right. It is unthinkable. Better a thousand times that I should hang."

THE last word bore a message to her, a clear unmistakable message, a prayer from this husband against whom she had offended, in the first place by taking him to husband whilst withholding a wife's love, in the second by having bestowed that love elsewhere. She came slowly to her feet; yet she spoke quietly.

"There is nothing, Philip, that I would not do to serve you; no sacrifice I would not make for you, save one. And even this one I would make at your own bidding; but only at your bidding; so that afterward you should have no right to spurn or reproach me, since the act would then be more yours than mine."

"Bid you?" he cried. "I bid you commit this infamy against yourself? Don't tempt me with such thoughts. God knows I love my life. It is as sweet to me as the thought of death is horrible and repellent. Perhaps—this horror distorts my judgment, for to me it seems, it seems—" He hesitated, still in prey to that conflict, then abruptly

[Continued on page 111]



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## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[Continued from page 110]

added: "it seems that a defilement is the lesser evil." Then in a voice of despair again: "Oh, God! I do not know; I should not be asked. A defilement may be cleansed away. A life that is put out can never be rekindled."

She looked at him, and her eyes were as dead eyes in a face of stone. "I am your dutiful wife in all things. I swore obedience to you at the altar. That vow at least I have kept. I will obey you now if you command me."

"No," he cried. "Never, I will never command you to that!"

The door at the end of the hall was opened and Cassaignac came in to an-

nounce that it was time for Master Danvelt to return to his cell.

He shuddered at that summons and clung a moment to Johanna, who stood silent and rigid.

"Pray for me, Johanna, if—if we do not meet again. God keep you, wife."

"God help you, Philip."

She had a last glimpse of his white piteous face before he vanished and the doors closed again. Then she loosed the hold she had kept upon her spirit and sank into the chair which he had just vacated, mumbling: "A defilement may be cleansed away; a life that is put out can never be rekindled."

[Continued in MAY McCALL'S]

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## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

as ever it was in the ages ago.

"For this seeming shift of the tide of faith there are many reasons," Dr. Krumbine points out, "among them our unfixed notions about human personality; but chiefly our new sense of the eternal life as a quality and not a thing of quantity—a mere prolongation. Where the modern world takes its stand I take my stand, and I have a vivid sympathy with the sincerity of the modern attitude. If the new sense of life has withdrawn our gaze from alluring pictures of a far future, it has heightened our insight into the spiritual meaning and value of the present. And, obviously, if this life is not rich in meaning, no future is attractive."

"The modern spirit insists," Dr. Krumbine continues, "that if the immortal life is a life of love, truth, nobleness and sacrifice, we must create and develop those qualities here; and it believes that this is the religion of Jesus. The creation of values, the making of a beautiful world, the incarnating of a lovely spirit, the redemption of ugliness into beauty in human relations—these are the things that Jesus urged. These are what he called the

eternal life, because it is of the essence of such things to endure.

"To admit the possibility of decay or destruction of such values," says Dr. Krumbine, "would be to crush the spirit of man. Frustrated, outraged, ignored, these high values may be; destroyed, defeated, finally undone, they can never be. Truth abides, though all fall into error. Love endures, even if cynicism sweep over us like a flood. Justice is not destroyed by any injustice; it is vindicated. Some will always be just. Values abide; that is why they are values."

"But values are personal," Dr. Krumbine reminds us. "They are not entities in themselves. Like certain chemical elements, they are known only in combination. The combination in which the highest values of life are known is personality. If, then, values are eternal so is personality. If man is immortal, then these values live and abide. They abide here. The personality of Jesus lives in the world and his goodness haunts us, though ages have come and gone. These things belong to eternity; death does not and cannot touch them."

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

and, with the aid of the Vitaphone, her superb Jewish dialect; she even calls attention to her profile.

Her first picture is called *My Man*, its story having been written by Mark Canfield and Robert Lord solely to provide opportunities for the star to sing that sentimentally dramatic French ballad with which she made her greatest success in the Ziegfeld Follies.

Miss Brice's rôle is that of a poor but good girl who runs a sewing machine in a theatrical costume factory. She falls in love with a husky young man who demonstrates muscle-building devices in the window of a nearby drug store; but just as she is about to lead him to the altar, he is stolen from her by her predatory sister, "who is a blonde this year." So the forsaken bride, wearing the wedding dress that is now the shroud of her defunct love, goes before the festive guests and chants:

"But whatever My Man is  
I am his—  
For ev—er—more."

*My Man* is one of the semi-talking pictures—one of the last of them, I

trust—in which the characters speak out loud part of the time and then, for no apparent reason, revert to the old methods of lip-moving pantomime punctuated with explanatory sub-titles. It is exceptionally well played, by Miss Brice herself, of course; by Guinn Williams, as the vanishing bridegroom and by Edna Murphy, as the temporary blonde.

The fact that the shamelessly Hebraic Miss Brice and the obviously Hibernian Miss Murphy are represented as sisters indicates that their parents must have engaged in one of those inter-racial unions similar to that between Abie and his Irish Rose.

Just how the movie fans will accept Fannie Brice remains to be seen; they have been so thoroughly steeped in their ideals of feminine cuteness that they may never be able to comprehend a woman who is actually glad to be homely. I, for one, hope that Fannie Brice will make more Vitaphone pictures, for it seems to me that the talkies were created to reproduce her strange, Levantine art just as surely as they were created to reproduce Al Jolson's.

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## THE BLUE ROADSTER

[Continued from page 25]

beneath the student lamp that night. Sneed smoked his corn-cob pipe outdoors, contemplating the gleam in the old mill window.

"If he made Nancy real sore she won't forget him," he confided to the orange cat that rubbed against his leg. "Don't believe Nancy's met another feller quite like Bruce."

EARLY the next afternoon Evans borrowed the flivver and took the scarlet handbag home. He heard laughter as he parked in the mansion lane. Bridge tables littered a spacious veranda and two maids were serving luncheon. He marked his quarry easily—she wore a canary-colored jumper and stirred iced tea in a crackle glass. Chatter lessened as he appeared. Nancy Folsom stopped stirring and arose.

"Who invited you to this party?" she challenged.

"I came about that bill. You owe a dollar ninety. There was a dime in the purse. I've deducted ten cents."

"I won't pay it. Get out!"

"Isn't it priceless?" giggled a blonde maiden. "Some gentleman please give the handsome sheriff a dollar and ninety cents."

"Go around to the service door where you belong," Miss Folsom insisted.

"Common decency should have sent you there in the first place."

"Certainly, lady. I'll wait."

Merriment pursued him as he retreated. He could distinguish plainly the blonde maiden's soprano. Lingered at the rear portal of this Connecticut palace was brief. A screen door banged behind Miss Folsom. The butler who chaperoned her registered considerable agitation.

"Pay him, Woodson!" his mistress directed.

"One dollar ninety. Correct," said Evans.

He held out the scarlet handbag.

"Want a receipt, lady?"

She raised two small fists and the screen door slammed.

Sneed lifted eyebrows when he received the remainder of Miss Folsom's debt.

"Kind of warm work collecting?" he inquired.

"Kind of," his tenant confessed.

"Gee, it's great to be hated by a pretty girl!"

"Aiming to build something more'n college chapels, ain't you Bruce?"

His sunburned tenant grinned.

"I've been dreaming a Dorrance mother's dream, Bill. What if that dream got tangled up with one of my own?"

And in the mill loft the student lamp gleamed night after night.

"It's coming through, Bill!" the architect exulted. "Something about your mother's cherry heirloom keeps a pencil true."

Evans was chugging back from Conway at twilight, with two dozen eggs, when he noticed a sliver of yellow on the golf course. He jammed his brake and perched upon the stake-and-rider fence flanking the fairway of the thirteenth hole. Her next drive would test Miss Folsom's prowess, for two

hundred yards were needed to carry the brook, permitting an iron shot which would make possible a par four.

The girl was moving swiftly. She carried a light canvas kit and was hastening to finish her practice round before dusk fell. Hurriedly she teed up and swung. The ball caught the lip of the brook and dropped back. Again she swung and again. The lone spectator slid off his rail. The girl was swinging once more as he reached the water. When her head came up she saw him and sliced weakly out of bounds.

"That's a spoon carry for a woman, if she won't play it safe," he called.

Rage straightened the curve of her mouth as he dropped all but one of the salvaged balls into the bag.

"Must you clutter up even the landscape?" she inquired. "Bill Sneed's helper mornings and butter-in caddie afternoons, is that it?"

"Sure. Doubling in brass, the tent show folks call it," he replied. "You send your hands through too soon, that's the trouble. Let me show you. I've watched the pros—See! An easy pitch to the green."

"What about fool luck?"

"Right. Let's try another."

This they did. The second ball trickled ten yards past the first.

"It's the way you send your hands through," he told her.

He pushed the teed-up pellet upon the grass and extended the hickory shaft. "Now—swing!"

She eyed him balefully.

"What are you charging for lessons?"

"This is free gratis. I'm a tightwad only where Bill

Sneed's concerned. Go ahead! Swing! No, you're doing it wrong again."

Matter of factly he halted the ascending club and grasped her wrists. Anger might have been flaming beneath the canary jumper, but the hands which lay within his own were cool. In the few seconds they stood thus Bruce Evans knew that another dream was tangled irrevocably with the one upon his tracing sheets. He had been able to see clearly his Dorrance vision because he was in love.

"So that was why," he muttered.

Club slid to the sod as he lifted her clinging fingers and touched them with his lips before letting them go. She looked curiously at them and at him. Then she slapped him on the cheek with an open palm—a stinging slap.

"Nancy Folsom—her mark!" she announced.

NOT going to burn the midnight oil?" asked Sneed, after supper.

"Not tonight. Too busy thinking about something else. Believe it or not, I'm in love."

"Shucks! Could of told you that."

Pencil moved swiftly in the grist mill for another week. A wrathful girl's topaz eyes hovered above the cherry table.

"This isn't mine," the architect mumbled to the satiny wood. "We're building this Dorrance chapel together, Nancy Folsom and I."

He wrote to the secretary of his own links on Long Island—the Cherry Valley. Could Fred Randall get for him

[Continued on page 115]





# Change bread to cake!

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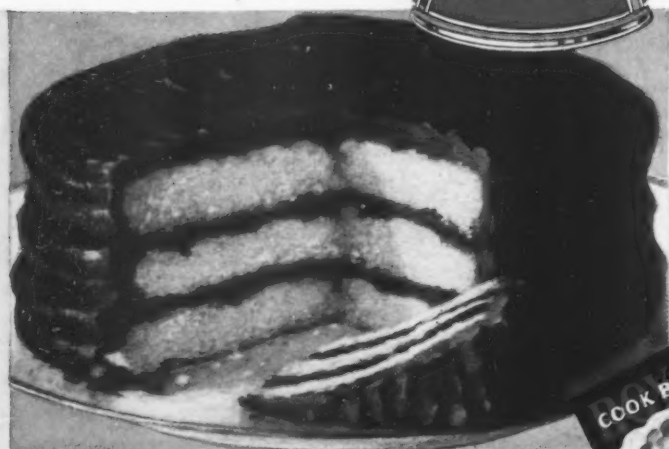


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## THE BLUE ROADSTER

[Continued from page 112]

visitor's privilege to be used at the Sweetcreek course?

"I've never played Sweetcreek," Randall answered. "But the chairman of the greens committee is an old friend. Give him this note and make the birdies flap their wings."

The introduction was to Hemingway Folsom and straightway Evans motored over to the Folsom palace to deliver it. He heard no laughter as he turned into the lane. The wide veranda was empty and the servant who acknowledged his ring frowned.

"The rear door for tradesfolk, my man," he said, recognizing the caller.

So Fred Randall's missive reached its destination via the pantry. The butler manifested dismay when he reappeared. "My error, sir," he apologized. "Mr. Folsom will receive you on the porch."

"Delighted to have you use Sweetcreek, Mr. Evans," was the Boston notable's greeting. If he noted the plebeian garb of his visitor he gave no sign. "Randall says you are one of Cherry Valley's cracks. Sorry my daughter, Nancy, isn't here to take you over. She's playing a foursome now."

He scrawled with a gold pencil upon a card. "Present this at the desk and they will give you a locker for as long as you wish."

"Thank you," said Evans. "I'll go after my bag. This is a morning for golf. I want to have a shot at that thirteenth hole. Sporting, isn't it?"

"Too sporting for me. I've learned to play it safe and pray for par. Don't waste time getting your own clubs. I'll lend you mine for today." He added a word to the penciled message and waved hospitably while the ramshackle car lurched through the lane.

When Evans parked among a dozen glistening machines beside the trim barberry hedge of the Sweetcreek Club, three impatient players were awaiting a fourth at the first tee. One wore a canary jumper; the others were the blonde maiden whose soprano had dominated the Folsom veranda and a youth known as Dickie. Blithely the newcomer approached the trio.

"Good morning, Miss Folsom!" "Look who's here," the blonde maiden giggled. "It's the handsome sheriff again. Somebody owes more money."

THE canary-hued girl beckoned vigorously toward the caddy master's hut. "You must do something about it, Steve," she proclaimed.

"Just a minute," Evans interrupted. "Shut up!" she snapped. "This man is a nuisance, Steve. He butts in everywhere when you're least expecting it. If you can't have the course policed properly I'm going to ask the greens committee to hire someone who can."

Urged of the primitive possessed Bruce Evans as the sullen linksman gripped his collar. What eventuated was too brief to be termed a scuffle. "I don't know what you done," the caddy master remarked. "But whatever it was don't do it again. I got a job to hold around here."

"No hard feelings, Steve," Evans told him. "Save me a locker after tomorrow, will you?"

He flicked Hemingway Folsom's card upon the gravel as he headed for

Conway—a neglected errand had occurred to him. When he hove into view at the cottage an hour later Sneed limped from his rocker.

"Where you been?" he asked.

"Got fresh eggs, Bill."

"Threw you right off'n the club grounds, didn't they?"

Hurriedly Evans vaulted over the battered mudguard. A blue roadster stood beside the filling-station shed.

"Steady!" the lame man warned. "When a gal's wet-eyed you got to grade her crying."

Nancy's more mad than sorry. She's inside—prob'ly writing some sort of apology. Told her she'd find plenty of paper. Reckoned 'twould-

n't harm none if she saw what you been doing on that cherry table."

Feet upon creaking stairs startled a girl leaning over time-glossed wood. Retreat cut off, she darted to the open window. One yellow sleeve upon the sill was all Evans saw as he entered. Like her, to have solved a predicament instantly. She had lowered herself half-way to the ground before he checked the rope. She hung, spinning slowly, as he looked down.

"Come back, you spitfire!" he scolded. "And don't try dropping! You'd break your neck!"

SHE swayed, gasping, while he held her. Remorse stabbed him, for this cocksure daughter of the rich was now only an exhausted child, tears of humiliation streaking her face.

"It wasn't square. It wasn't even clever," he admitted. "I realize that now. Going to forgive me?"

"Forgiving you won't stop my being ashamed. Just because I was too stupid to guess the truth, you've been rating me a silly snob. All these weeks you've been mocking me."

"All these weeks I've been loving you. You slapped me at the brook tee. You threw me off your veranda and drove me from the Sweetcreek course. But you'll never drive me away from your heart, Nancy Folsom. We've been working together too long."

"Working together?"

"Listen, Nancy. We architects have to dream as well as estimate costs. I couldn't dream my dream in a Park Avenue office and one day I blundered on this old mill. And then a blue roadster honked for five gallons of gas."

"I was horrid that day. You made me furious."

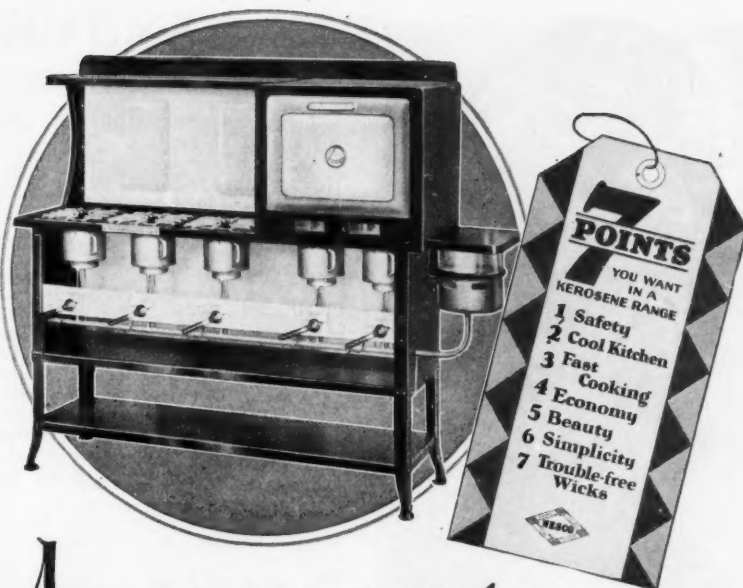
"You made me begin to dream at last. Bill knows. I buckled down in earnest that evening. You've been working at my elbow, night and day, ever since. Whatever is good in this memorial to the war dead of a fine little campus is half yours. You can't dissolve a partnership like that."

He touched the mass of tracing paper awkwardly. "Want to look at what you've been doing?"

For a quarter of an hour they bent over the cherry heirloom while he displayed the plans of Dorrance College's new chapel. "I've never felt helpful before," said Nancy Folsom after a time. "There's a big thrill in that. But I'm—not—quite—"

"Not quite sure? Is that it? Oh, Nancy, be sure!"

The lithe body stirred in his arms. "Not quite—but almost," whispered the girl of the blue roadster.



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## IN THE GARDEN

(Continued from page 14)

it. I want the power and the glory that our wealth can buy for us. I want—"

And then Joseph's tenseness broke. He caught her to him, lifted her in his arms, pressed his face to hers.

"You shall have it. Everything, Asenath. Everything you wish. Only love me, love me."

THE next summer they moved to Jerusalem. It had been easy, when price was no consideration, to secure a large plot of land to the north of the city. The building of the great house went forward quickly. Joseph forgot some of his homesickness in poring over plans. Besides, he was human enough to enjoy the interest of the people about him.

So the winter passed quickly and in the early spring the great house was completed, just before the Passover. The matter of whom they should invite to eat the feast with them was discussed seriously. Not less than ten nor more than twenty, the law provided, should sit down together. Joseph was eager to have their old neighbors from Arimathaea join them. Asenath was reluctant, but at last admitted grudgingly that there was probably no other arrangement possible that year.

On the second day after the Passover week had ended, Joseph came into the house quickly in the late afternoon. He found Asenath in her sitting-room.

"I'm so glad you have come," she cried. "I want you to look at these plans for the garden—"

But Joseph broke in quickly:

"I was up at the Temple and I discovered a young lad there who is lost from his parents. He is—I was strangely drawn to him. I hurried home to tell you—to ask you—I thought we might bring him here to stay until someone comes to seek him. I could leave word at the Temple, of course—"

Asenath leaned back in her chair. "Is he of noble birth?"

"No, they are simple people. He told me they live in Nazareth. His father is a carpenter there. But he is—I should like you to see him, Asenath! And I thought he would enjoy being in the house here. It's a lonely place for a child—in the Temple at night."

"Joseph, for a man of affairs you are the most impractical person I ever

knew. Suppose you bring the boy here and no one ever comes to claim him. Other children have been conveniently lost before."

"I would willingly take the risk myself. I have never seen a lad like him."

All that evening Joseph seemed uninterested in the garden plans. A few days later he spoke suddenly at dinner: "The boy was right, Asenath."

"What boy?" she asked.

Her husband gave her a strange look.

"The boy who was lost in the Temple. His parents returned for him. Their names are Joseph and Mary of Nazareth."

THIS had all happened years ago. More than twenty, indeed. The newcomers from Arimathaea were now an integral part of the life of Jerusalem. Everything that Asenath had dreamed and planned, had come true. The house itself, stately, elegant, was a landmark of the city.

The garden rivaled that of Herod's palace. It had become Asenath's chief pride. Each year she added to it new beauties. It sloped away from the high eminence of the house, down and up a curving little valley to another hill called Calvary.

There were crystal pools where yellow water lilies opened their hearts to the sun and where swans drifted back and forth all day long like white shadows. There were streams running with soft whispers under willows and oleanders, then shimmering into bright laughter over tiny waterfalls.

Asenath spent much of her time in the garden. She knew which spot was first touched by the sunrise and which was the fairest by moonlight. She escorted her guests through its whole extent. The women always begged to see the fountains and flowers; the men were most interested in the grotto in the western side. Every man in Israel desired a fine tomb; and in Jerusalem at least, it was conceded that there was none finer than Joseph's.

It had been cut out of the solid stone bank which bordered that side of the garden. And during the years, the ivy Asenath had planted there had spread until now one saw only a wall of living green. Even in front of the sepulchre, there was a festoon of shining leaves. Joseph always parted them

(Continued on page 117)

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5561	1-4	25	5619	2-10	30	5636	14-18, 36-42	45	5652	4-14	35
5564	2-8	35	5620	14-18, 36-42	45	5637	2-6	35	5653	4-14	35
5567	2-8	35	5621	14-18, 36-42	45	5638	14-18, 36-42	45	5654	12-20	45
5568	6-14	40	5622	14-18, 36-42	50	5639	14-18, 36-42	50	5655	1-6	30
5586	1-6	30	5623	14-18, 36-42	45	5640	12-20	35	5656	4-14	35
5587	4-14	35	5624	14-18, 36-42	45	5641	14-18, 36-42	45	5657	14-18, 36-42	45
5588	1-6	30	5625	14-18, 36-42	35	5642	14-18, 36-42	45	5658	14-18, 36-42	35
5609	14-18, 36-42	45	5626	14-18, 36-42	65	5643	14-18, 36-42	50	5659	28-38	35
5610	14-18, 36-42	35	5627	14-18, 36-42	50	5644	14-18, 36-42	65	5660	4-14	35
5611	14-18, 36-42	50	5628	14-18, 36-42	45	5645	14-18, 36-42	35	5661	4-14	35
5612	14-18, 36-42	50	5629	14-18, 36-42	65	5646	14-18, 36-42	45	5662	14-18, 36-42	45
5613	14-18, 36-42	50	5630	14-18, 36-42	45	5647	14-18, 36-42	45	5663	4-14	35
5614	14-18, 36-42	45	5631	14-20	50	5648	14-18, 36-42	45	5664	14-18, 36-42	45
5615	14-18, 36-42	45	5632	14-18, 36-42	35	5649	14-18, 36-42	45	5665	14-18, 36-42	35
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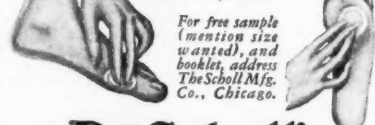


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## IN THE GARDEN

[Continued from page 116]

to allow his guests to see the marvelous whiteness of the stone inside, with its delicately cut ledges and carved ceiling. It was not, indeed, so much like a tomb as a cool and curtained retreat, perfumed from the flowers growing all about it.

And yet in spite of all that had come to her, Asenath was restless still. There was something which always eluded her, something which she had not found. There was also a small rancor against Joseph himself. He made things difficult by his strange ideas.

There was the matter of the garden, for instance. Just when it had begun to be the place of beauty she had striven to create; just when she was ready to take pride in it, Joseph had suggested that they throw it open to the common people of Jerusalem during the hot season. The very thought sickened Asenath.

"You have no right," she had told Joseph angrily, "to ask such a thing of me. After all my plans, my work, my dreams for this garden."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps not," Joseph had said gently. And never referred to the matter again.

There were more important matters, too, in which Joseph showed an irritating perversity of opinion. He was an Elder now just as she had predicted long ago. But he would do nothing, it seemed, to advance himself. Indeed, Asenath's great terror was that his position would some day be lost because of his eccentric attitude.

He had one friend, Nicodemus, a man of wealth like himself and an Elder also. Nicodemus had bought the parcel of ground adjoining theirs and lived there with his mother. The two men spent many evenings together talking quietly of the Scriptures and the Kingdom. Asenath did not look upon this friendship with favor. Nicodemus seemed to her visionary and unorthodox—the worst possible influence upon Joseph.

But if there had always been small irritations, there had of late been a more acute cause for anxiety.

It was, perhaps, three years since she had first heard of the young Rabbi whose personality had flashed across Israel like a strange meteor. In the beginning, news of him had been vague gossip which she had enjoyed as she did all gossip of things new or unusual. She had repeated to Joseph with relish the tales of him which had filtered through to Jerusalem: The story of a wedding supper in the little town of Cana, Galilee, where the young Rabbi had made wine out of water to save his host from embarrassment; news of a little girl of Capernaum supposed to be dead and yet brought back to life by this man's touch.

"Do you suppose," Asenath asked, "that there is any truth in these stories? They sound to me like country superstitions. What do you think?"

"I do not know," Joseph said seriously, "except that it is time that a great Prophet arose in Israel."

SO NICODEMUS had gone alone, at night. He had stopped at Joseph's on the way home, however, with the story of the new teacher's strange words. The men discussed them until day-break, while Asenath, fretting alone in her room, had felt a bitter premonition growing in her heart—this Rabbi was going to come between her and Joseph.

As she came and went among the women of Jerusalem, however, she brought all her wit, her intuition, her native instinct for intrigue to bear upon the subject that absorbed her. It

was easy to hear reports of the Rabbi. The Temple party had spies in their employ dogging his footsteps wherever he went. These brought back colorful tales to Jerusalem. Asenath managed to hear them all. Then with a cunning skill she repeated them where they would reach again to the ears of the Priests.

"I hear that the newest admirer of the young Rabbi is Mary Magdalene!" she would whisper meaningfully to a woman in the bazaar. "Strange company for a Prophet!"

THEN suddenly, as spring always comes, April was again upon them and the pale little crescent that seemed to swing lightly above the garden pool, waxed toward the full Passover moon. It seemed to Asenath that the garden had never in any other springtime been as beautiful as now.

But Joseph scarcely looked at the garden despite Asenath's pleadings. He was haggard and worn during these days and spent much time in the city. On the night before the Passover he came in, his face distraught.

"Asenath!" he burst out. "They are trapping him—Annas and the rest."

"I can't stand it, Asenath! I—I almost worship him. I believe he is sent from God. I want to help him. I have thought of a way. I shall go to him and beg him to come here at once when the supper is ended and conceal himself in our garden. There is no place safer. They expect him to go out toward Bethany as he always does. This would confuse them completely. Later I could help him make his escape. There is only one chance in a hundred that anyone would know of my part in it."

"And what of that one chance?" Asenath's lips were white with anger. "Do you realize what it means to deceive and thwart Annas? Have you forgotten all those enemies of his who were found dead of mysterious causes?"

She wound his arms about her. Hot tears ran down her cheeks. "Joseph, you couldn't take a risk like this—don't, for my sake!"

Joseph had at last agreed, with stricken eyes.

And the Passover had gone on, while the moonlight fell over Jerusalem like a golden veil and the music of hundreds of voices singing the paschal psalm melted into the soft spring air and died away in the night.

Asenath had been very tired when it was all over and had gone at once to bed. She could hear Joseph pacing back and forth on the eastern balcony. Once when she rose to look, she saw him standing tense, peering across to the dim outline of the Mount of Olives. Bethany lay that way. He did not come to bed until almost dawn.

Even so he was up before Asenath in the morning—up and away to the city, without coming to speak to her.

She went calmly about her duties as the day advanced. Something like a thought of victory possessed her. She was still able to bend Joseph to her will. It was nearly noon when she turned quickly to meet Joseph as he entered. Then she cried out in alarm. For Joseph's face was gray with horror and his bloodshot eyes looked crazed. For a second he stared at her as though unseeing; then with a sob the words broke from him:

"They took him—last night—just as I told you. They brought him to Caiaphas and then to Pilate. They are crucifying him now—crucifying him!"

[Continued on page 118]



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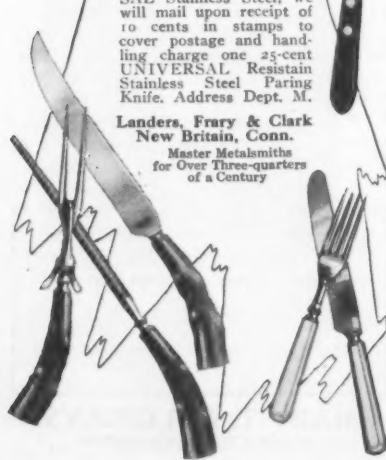
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## IN THE GARDEN

[Continued from page 117]

Joseph's hands beat against his head. "God, God have mercy on me! I could have saved him. I could have warned him! I could have hidden him in the garden. Nicodemus and I together could have gone to the Council and bought his ransom. We could have forced them all to our will even if they had driven us out later."

Asenath's face had gone white, but she was still calm.

"Don't talk so, Joseph. That is foolish. You cannot help the Roman governor's orders. The man must deserve it, or he would not be condemned. Come—you are worn out."

But Joseph flung her aside. "I tell you they are crucifying him now between two thieves at the crossroads—at Calvary, just beyond the garden!" And with that he turned from her and ran down the path that led across the valley.

Asenath sat still on the chair where she had been flung by Joseph's gesture. She was deathly white now. It had never entered her mind that they might execute the Rabbi. And to do it at the old crossroads, at the very edge of her garden!

IT WAS, perhaps, one o'clock when Asenath put down her embroidery and walked to the doorway. A blur of confused voices came faintly on the air and a dim twilight lay about her. She rang for a servant. "What can be the meaning of this darkness?"

The man was pale. "I do not know, Madam. It is very strange. I fear, Madam."

"What do you fear? It is only an overclouding of the sun, I suppose. It has happened before."

"But now, Madam—coming now just when—when the young Rabbi is dying—It looks strange, Madam!"

"Don't be supersitious. How could there possibly be any connection? Bring candles at once."

It was late afternoon and the sun was shining brightly again when her husband came back. Asenath heard him in the long living-room. She spoke from the doorway, but Joseph did not look up. He had the secret drawer of his desk open and was filling his pockets with gold. Outside, at the entrance, his head bowed on his breast, waited Nicodemus.

"Joseph!" Asenath spoke with sharp fear. "What are you going to do?"

And then for the first time Joseph seemed aware of her presence. He raised a face twisted with anguish. He had been running.

"I am going to Pilate. I am going to ask for the body. I shall take it down from the cross and lay it in our own tomb." Then with a sudden terrible gesture of despair, "It is all I can do now. It is all I can do!"

"Joseph!" The word was a scream. But Joseph did not even glance toward her. He hurried from the room and in a moment Asenath heard the sharp hoof beats of horses, hard ridden. They were gone.

She could not move. Such terror, such fury possessed her as she had not dreamed that a soul could endure. Joseph might as well have slain her with his own hand as to bring this everlasting disgrace upon her. Their own tomb! In the garden!

She stood there dazed, choked with the thought, until she heard the groom return with the horses. She knew then that Joseph's bold request to Pilate had been granted and that the men were coming back by way of Calvary. She went out and along the garden walk toward the sepulchre.

It seemed a long time before there was any sign beneath the terebinth trees. And when there was, Asenath started in surprise. She had not known what to expect—confusion, a mob, perhaps, a procession of insurrectionists. There came only Joseph and Nicodemus, walking slowly under the trees, bearing a stretcher between them. At a little distance behind, two women clinging together, paused watching as though to see where the body was to be laid. That was all.

They came on. It was quiet—not a bird sang. A hush seemed to rest upon the garden. They came through the palm grove, past the fountain, beside the bed of lilies. They came to the fluttering curtain of ivy leaves and there set down their burden. Joseph gently raised the linen cloth that

on toward the tomb. Through the clouded night she could barely discern the guard which one of the servants had told her was placed there.

Asenath threw herself on the ground, a despair like death creeping over her. She knew that her life was ended as surely as that of the Rabbi who lay quiet, so near to her. For there would never be love again between her husband and herself. That had been killed by Joseph's just scorn of her.

But most of all her heart would always be empty of joy because she would keep seeing night and day the unearthly beauty of that still face of him she had helped to send to his death. She crouched lower in the darkness, her soft hands clenched to blood, as the slow watches of the night passed.

She did not know she had slept until suddenly waking, she sat up to find it was dawn. But never before had she seen a dawning like this. Over the eastern sky waves of gold were flowing. A strange roseate brightness lay upon the garden. Trees, flowers, the streams, the fountains—all were touched with it. Asenath caught her breath. Had she, too, died in the night? For a heavenly mystery surrounded her. Here upon her own garden lay a celestial light.

AND then all at once she knew that the radiance did not come from afar, but from very near. For close beside her in the dewy grass was standing him they had thought dead. She could not look up. She sank to her knees before him, dazed with wonder and fright. Then she heard his voice.

"Fear not," he said gently. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone. But when it dies it bringeth forth much fruit. He that saveth his life shall lose it. But he that loseth it for my sake, shall save it. For I am the resurrection and the life."

And then as she still knelt breathless, she felt the touch of his hand upon her head.

When she looked up at last she saw him moving down the path over which he had so lately been borne: past the fountains, beside the lilies, under the acacias. She watched until she saw a woman bent with weeping move toward him from the terebinth trees.

Then with a cry she rose and sped along the path to the house. She ran through the great empty rooms, on to the eastern portico where Joseph sat with his head bowed upon his arms.

"Joseph!" At the gladness in her voice he stood up, reeling, fending her off with a weary gesture. But she came close.

"Joseph! He is risen! He lives! I have seen him in the garden!"

Joseph stretched out a hand. "You are mad, Asenath. I myself am nearly so. You must—"

But Asenath raised her shining eyes. "Oh, it is true. He lives. He spoke to me. He touched my head in blessing. Look at me, Joseph, and you will believe. I am not the old Asenath. I am a new creature. I am risen with the Christ!" And then as he still remained silent, she pointed to the east where the waves of gold still surged.

"Look," she cried. "It is as though the whole world were new. It is as though sin and selfishness and death itself were swallowed up in light. There is forgiveness and hope in the very air of the morning. Oh, you will believe, you will understand. Come and I will show you."

Still wondering, he took her hand. And she led him into the garden where the empty tomb lay bathed in the glory of the dawn.

### After Three Days

By Joseph Auslander

THERE was a man stepped out of prison, His face was gray as the prison wall . . . (Christ is gray and Christ is risen, Christ is tall.)

There was a man who squared his shoulders Against the ancient snarl of the pack . . . (Christ is pushing against the boulders With his back.)

There was a soldier who was smitten By a shell to the heart's bone . . . (Christ with his own wounds has written On the stone.)

covered the face and together he and Nicodemus stood looking down at it.

Asenath came forward quickly. In a moment she would say to Joseph all that she had planned to say. But first, she had an overpowering curiosity to look upon the features of the Rabbi. The two men moved aside as they saw her. She stooped over the bier.

Minutes passed. Joseph and Nicodemus stirred uneasily, but still Asenath's eyes were fixed upon the face before her. Then at last, with a shuddering breath she straightened, and without a word fled back along the path to the house. All that night Asenath sat alone by her window in the darkness. She knew now for the first time the invincible gentleness of death—the accusing meekness of its mute lips—the sword-thrust of its silence into remorseful hearts.

AND slowly there grew upon her the conviction that it was not Annas who had slain the Rabbi, nor Caiaphas, nor Pilate. It was she—she, Asenath, who must bear the strain on her soul. It was her selfishness, her cowardice, her cruel ambition that had held back Joseph's hands which were outstretched to save him.

Through the next day Joseph sat on the eastern balcony, refusing meat and drink, his haunted eyes fixed upon the Mount of Olives. Asenath wandered helplessly, hopelessly through the house, the burden of her heart growing heavier. At nightfall she could endure it no longer. She went into the garden and



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L E C H O D E P A R I S

*French Models Show Three Degrees of Formality*

THE way in which French designers vary frocks according to whether they are formal or informal is well illustrated by these three models from the new Paris collections. A Miler Soeurs frock shows the slender simple lines of daytime fashions. A Madeleine Monjaret model has the softer lines of afternoon frocks, with a flaring skirt even at the hem. The striking features of the evening mode appear in an Augusta Bernard gown, cleverly seamed, with circular panels featured at each side dipping almost to the floor.

*Miler Soeurs*

No. 5649. Diagonal lines are suggested by seamings that trim the blouse and accent groups of pleats at each side of the skirt. Size 36,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 35-inch.

No. 5644. A striking princess effect is formed by long circular side sections in a slender evening gown bloused by a narrow belt. Size 36,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch or  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch material.

*Augusta Bernard**Madeleine Monjaret*

No. 5643. A peplum flaring at the side above a side flaring flounce gives a two-tiered effect to a simple frock. A belt marks the waistline. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch material.



## L E C H O D E P A R I S

*Paris Suggests Softer Lines by Circular Cut*

AFTER the simple straightness characteristic of early spring fashions, a new softness is creeping back into the mode. Outside of dresses intended for practical daytime wear, almost all the models shown by important Paris houses have some detail of circular cut falling in soft folds. It may be a minor detail of added panels, tiers or flounces, in simple frocks slightly bloused by a belt. Or the entire skirt may be designed on wide circular lines as noted in the latest frocks that show new variations of the princess silhouette.

*Lelong*

No. 5646. Flaring lines are formed by two circular panels at each side toward the back. The blouse has a jacket suggestion in front and a becoming collar. Size 36, 5½ yards 39-inch material.

*Lebouvier*

5631

*Agnès*

No. 5628. Three circular flounces at the side give a smart silhouette. Size 36, 3½ yards 39-inch; over and middle collars and cuffs, ¾ yard 39-inch; under collars and cuffs, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 5631. Youthful princess lines are given a sophisticated air by a scalloped hemline and neckline high in front and low in back. Size 16, 4½ yards 39-inch; godet bands, 1¼ yards 39-inch.



No. 5662. A French sports frock has a sun-tan neckline cut low in back and finished with a handkerchief collar. Panels of pleats are stitched down at the top. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 35-inch; one material,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35-inch.



No. 5638. Typical of Vionnet's clever yet simple lines is a sleeveless frock which has novel seamings at the waistline, a circular front skirt, and a new scarf collar that ties in a large bow. Size 36,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch material; collar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 39-inch.



## L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

### Oh Youth!

by Therese Clemenceau

IT IS to you, oh, youth, that I dedicate my chronicle today! To permit you to withstand victoriously the radiancy that emanates from you, because you are twenty . . . and yet, are you even twenty? You must not commit any error, any fault, in the choice of your toilettes. That is why I have thought I would give you a few suggestions, as the difference of age which separates us, allows me, alas! to dictate them to you!

Morning, sport and travel, as a whole, dress in the same manner. Choose, for example, a tailored dress, cut from an English cloth, of masculine aspect, navy blue, and trim it with a gayer blue, which, with the aid of biases, will follow the movement of bands of white piquet. The "three-piece" always reigns supreme, and I would suggest a sleeveless sweater, buttoning on the side, with the aid of a shawl collar; a three-quarter coat, made of the same material as the skirt will be worn carelessly. Stitching will edge the gros grain which binds the neck opening, and the ensemble will be in tones of browns and tans of whose charms and facilities you are all aware.

In the same spirit, there is a delicious model with which I see you bedecked already! It is a woolen sheath of soft, pale tan, one could almost describe it as faded; the top of the small corsage closes on the side with buttons of similar material; then a skirt over this sheath, animating it by its grace and suppleness; finally, there's a knitted vest, sober as to line, similar in color to that of the skirt and only relieved by reddish-brown polka-dots, of a brown rather ardent. If you desired to possess the school-girl dress, altho' your studies are perhaps finished, order only that one whose description follows. It is an adorable dress, wool and silk, which is not altogether navy because it is a bit brighter, the material has a strange charm because it seems to be woven roughly, irregular bows are also very apparent, these are white, which adds a great originality even in the aspect of the material. The small collar, the very small cuffs of the same virginal white, add an air of adorable candor to this creation which I take the liberty of recommending, very specially.

Think of the Flamenga, when you buy the material for your dress, it is ravishing in many colors. In red, it is used in such a way as to please you. Three pleats on the skirt are repeated in the sweater on the same side, and a long cravat, slipped through buttonholes, finally decides to be knotted, under the chin, then it takes its wings, and floats freely.

The coat is very often conceived in crepe de Chine, because certain movements give such warmth, that woollens are unbearable. The model I saw was in one of those tones of pinkish tans. It was trimmed with little bows that cross over each other. To accompany the ensemble, a jacket of Flamenga, printed in squares with colors varying from tan to brick. In the same order, I present to you a "two-piece" of crepe de Chine, Nattier blue, trimmed with applications of a more sustained blue. I invite your attention to designs which are of a certain modernisms, but conservative in taste.

Could you resist a dress of a daring red, the designs of which are so small, so young, that you will be the only ones who will be able to wear them.

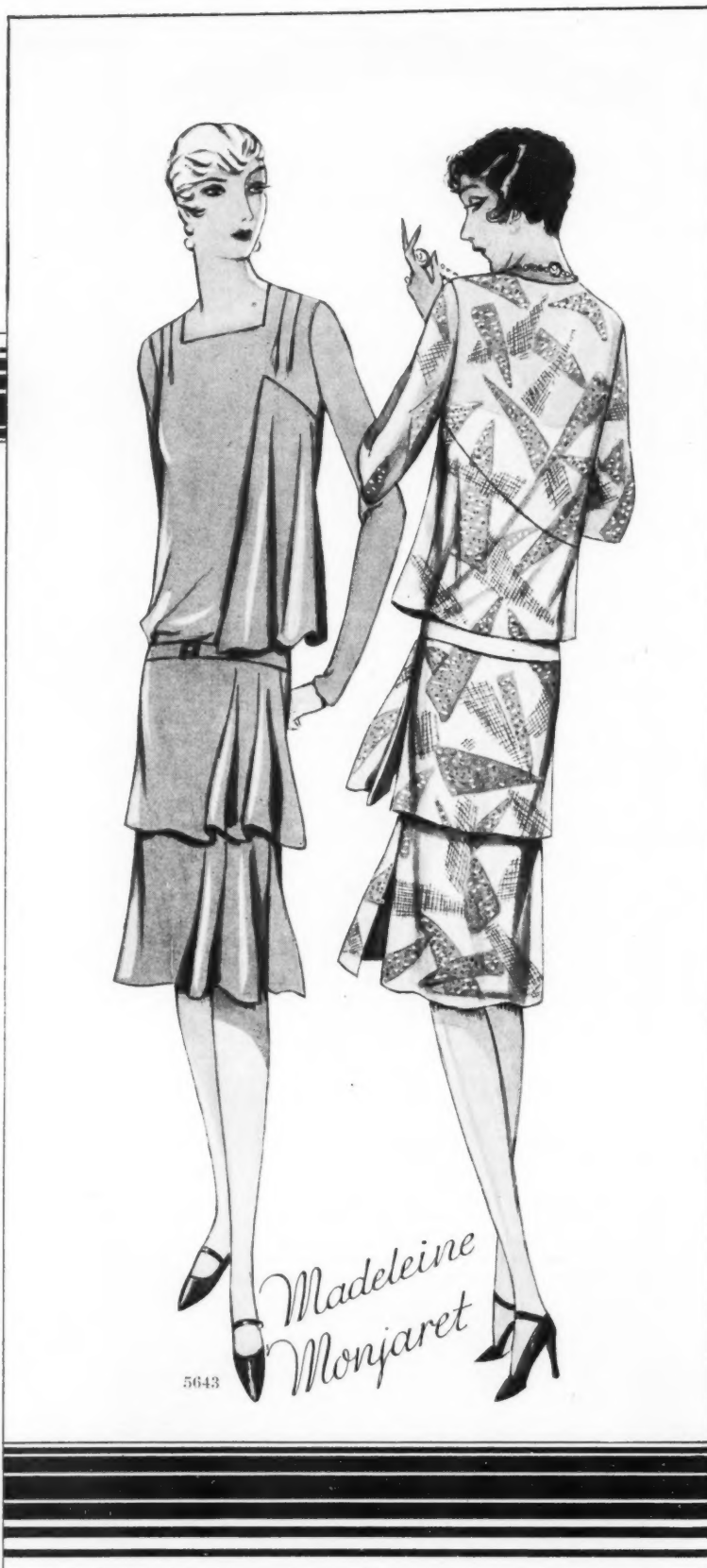
An ensemble, printed, the coat being of pale green reps is lined with the same material as the dress. This is luckily conceived in different tones of green, [Turn to page 141]



No. 5647. Clair Soeurs uses scallops to achieve unique lines on this frock of printed silk. Pleats give added fullness in the skirt while the slender silhouette is maintained. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch material; binding, 2¾ yards.

## Tiers and Flounces Suggest Formality

FRENCH designers are creating many new types of tiers and flounces to give a formal air to afternoon frocks. One new version of a tiered effect is illustrated in a very successful model by Madeleine Monjaret. In this the lower tier is formed by a flounce attached to the lower edge of the bodice, and the upper tier is a peplum joined at the waistline, both flaring at the side. In a Miler Soeurs frock, the skirt flounces suggest fulness without widening the silhouette.



No. 5643. The lines of a two-tiered skirt flaring at the side are repeated in a shaped section on the bodice that suggests a flat bolero in back and flares at the side. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch material or  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards 39-inch material.

No. 5651. Circular flounces are cleverly arranged to preserve the slender silhouette by leaving the hipline slender and giving a glimpse of the skirt hem. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35-inch material or  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch material.



## *Simplicity Acquires a New French Meaning*

THESE two frocks from the Paris openings show the new way in which French designers are interpreting simplicity. To say that a frock is simple this season does not mean that it is plain, any more than to say it is feminine means that it is fussy. The best of the new models are both simple and feminine at the same time. Paris designers manage this by cutting a frock on very simple lines, then putting the pieces together to give a final effect of grace and softness.



No. 5627. The neckline of a French frock is cut in a diagonal line to accent the skirt yoke shaped in girdle effect and tying at the side above a circular skirt. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 35-inch material or 4¼ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5635. A Vionnet gown characteristic of the graceful new formal frocks is simply made to fall in points at the center front and at the sides and back. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 35-inch material or 5 yards 39-inch material.

L'E C H O D E P A R I S





5640

5645

5632

5639

No. 5640. A trim little frock for the misses and junior girl is developed in printed material with contrasting of plain. Size 16,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 35-inch.

No. 5645. The return of the straight pleated skirt is accompanied by a deep scalloped outline on the lower part of the front. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch material.

### A New Silhouette for Spring

IF THE lines of frocks remained the same or even similar for very long, dressing smartly would easily become monotonous. So Paris makes the clothes problem interesting by changing silhouettes. Sometimes the unwary, after wearing the old familiar lines, discover that they look like a woman of the year before. How long ago was it that the silhouette had a bloused bodice, a tight hipline and dipping skirt? Yet already Paris has another favorite, a distant relative of the Princess, based on long lines. Each of these four new frocks illustrate it.

No. 5632. The demand of sports frock is to be sleeveless. The skirt is provided with pleats either pressed or left free. Size 36, waist,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch; contrasting,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 32-inch.

No. 5639. The old favorites, a blouse and skirt, re-appear but now we wear a scarf with them and go without sleeves. Size 36, blouse,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch; skirt,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch.



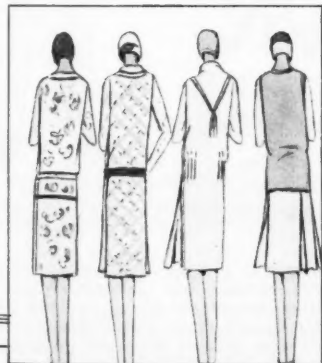




5657

5648

5630

5658  
5659

No. 5657. A tailored frock of printed silk features a high point on the upper right side of the skirt, while stitched pleats below add width. Size 36,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 39-inch material.

No. 5648. An unusually clever cut in the front of a frock permits the use of a deep vest and double collars. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 32-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 32-inch.

### Paris Interprets Tailored Lines

PARIS never did take the uncompromising attitude about tailored and sports clothes. Often it was a choice of being feminine with Paris or severe with Harris tweeds. But now the mode is full of happy mediums, partly due to attractive new fabrics, woollens so light and soft that they suggest femininity even when they are made on tailored lines, silks that suggest tailored severity in their texture or in their patterns. In their simple correct lines and their various clever details of trimming they show that a tailored frock is for practical purposes.

No. 5630. By means of a circular extension on the left front, a graceful fullness is obtained by the French designer. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 51-inch material.

No. 5658. A sleeveless blouse shows an effective outline. Size 36,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch. No. 5659. The front inset in a four-piece skirt accents fullness. Size 30,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch.



*London Trades*

*Pleats or Circular Cut Add Fullness  
to the French Sports Costume*

MUCH of the style interest of new French costumes of every type consists of novel ways in which fulness is added to the skirt. In the new short jacket ensembles which leave the skirt uncovered beneath a plain little jacket, every variety of fulness is introduced. These three show popular types—inserted pleats cut slightly circular, pleats arranged in groups and joined to the skirt in a shaped line, and fulness added by inserts which introduce a circular flare below the hipline.

No. 5612. One of the features of the new ensemble is the sleeveless blouse of contrasting material. The skirt carries pleated circular insets for extra width. Size 36, jacket and skirt,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch; blouse,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5641. Sports claim the sleeveless frock as their own, and now comes the sleeveless jumper to accompany it. The four-piece straight pleated skirt is wide enough for perfect freedom. Size 36, dress,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32-inch; jumper, 2 yards 32-inch.

No. 5629. Trimming bands are employed with excellent effect in this Paris model and buttons added for decoration. The circular inset again appears and of course there are no sleeves. Size 36, dress,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch; coat,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch.





Marcel Rochas

Paris Designers Present New Versions  
of the Short Jacket Ensemble

EVERY boat that comes from France brings new types of the short jacket costume that Paris is making the leading item of sports fashions. In one, a simple frock has a sleeveless jacket and a cleverly cut scarf that gives a cape effect in the back. Another, with a sleeveless jacket cut on cardigan lines acquires striking individuality by means of modernistic appliques of contrasting fabric on the jumper and skirt. A third has bow trimmed tennis frock accompanied by contrasting jacket.



Martial et Armand



Champcommunal

No. 5626. The usual cleverness of the French designer is expressed in this scarf. A yoke tops the straight pleated skirt and tucks at each shoulder give the necessary fulness. Size 36, dress,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch; coat and scarf,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5650. Appliques of contrasting color lend variety to this Paris frock, outlining the square neck, decorating the blouse and the circular skirt. The sleeveless jacket is unadorned. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch; light and dark each  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 35-inch.

No. 5622. A yoke line repeated on the skirt attracts attention to this cleverly cut frock, while bands and bows give the feminine touch. Contrasting material for the coat is a smart adjunct. Size 36, 3 yards 39-inch; coat,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch.

## L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5636. A slender coat has a pointed band in back and a wrapped effect in front with diagonal closing edged with bands. Size 36, 3 yards 35-inch or 2 yards 54-inch; two materials, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 39-inch.

No. 5664. Practical lines distinguish a simply made full length coat cut with straight sleeves and a collar that forms revers in the front. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35- or 39-inch material or 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch; lining, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5665. The short jacket that is a sports favorite this season may be made with sleeves and a collar or without. Size 36, with sleeves, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35-inch or 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch; without sleeves, 2 yards 32-inch or 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch.

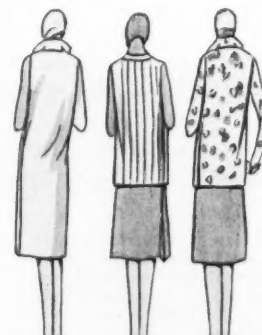


### The Straight Line Coat is an Old Paris Favorite for New Reasons

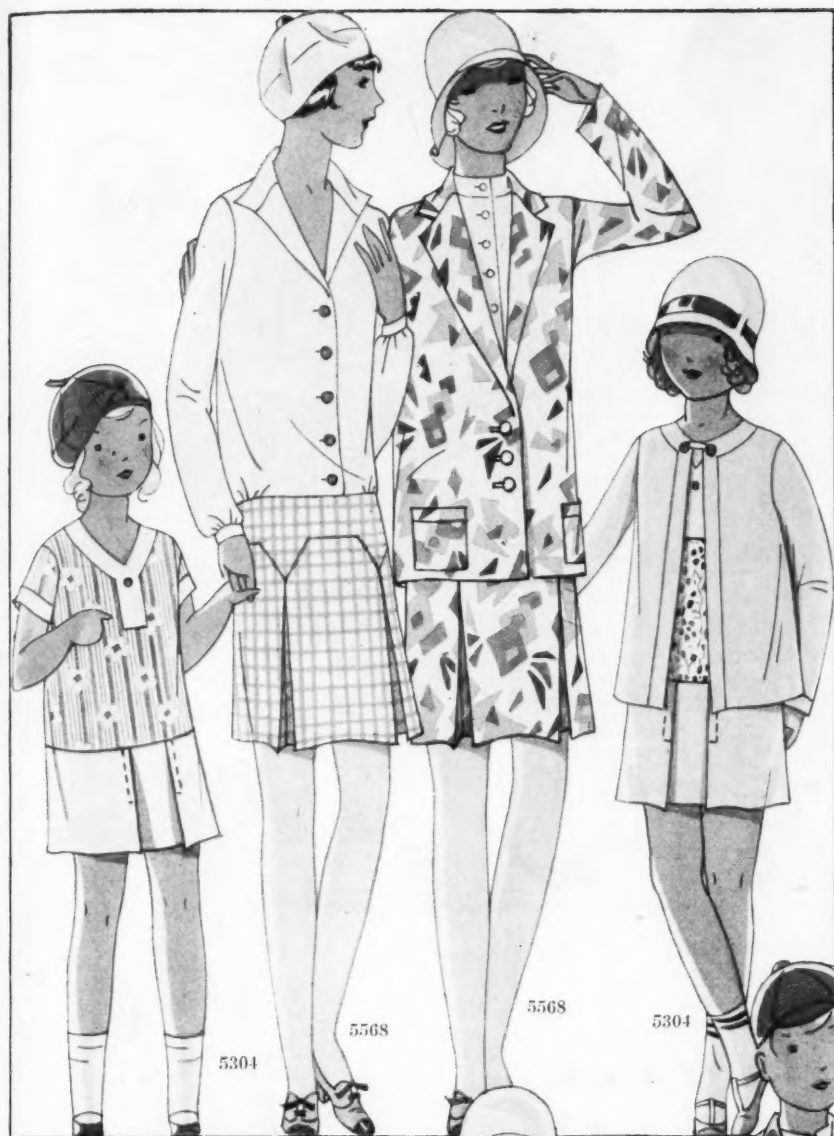
AMONG the hardy perennials of fashion, the straight line coat is one of the most constantly successful. Month after month, even year after year, it stays firmly in style, for the good reason that no one wants to part with it. Whatever new silhouettes arrive from Paris with every new season, there also arrive coats cut on slender straight lines, changed to include style features that give the freshness of a new fashion.

In its most familiar practical version, the long straight coat with collar and revers is a general utility item in every smart wardrobe. For more formal wear a successful new coat cut on straight lines includes such style items as a pointed yoke and a diagonal closing.

The short jacket, an abbreviated version of the straight line coat, shares the same firmly established place in fashions because of this attractive quality of combining what is good in familiar styles with what is smart in new ones. Cardigans have been a classic in sports for sometime, but when one sees the Paris collections with little jackets without sleeves or in odd combinations of colors and materials, popular as never before, they seem outstanding among the newest features of the new fashions.







## L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5568. The dress of a short jacket ensemble is made in two materials. The jacket is on tailored lines, with two patch pockets. Size 12, waist, 1 3/4 yards 39-inch; skirt, 1 yard 54-inch; coat, skirt, 3 1/4 yards 36-inch.

No. 5304. A spring ensemble has a smart frock of contrasting materials. The jacket closes with two buttons. Size 6, waist, 3/4 yards 32-inch; skirt, bands, 3/4 yards 32-inch; size 8, jacket, skirt, bands, 2 1/4 yards 39-inch; waist, 1 1/4 yard 39-inch.

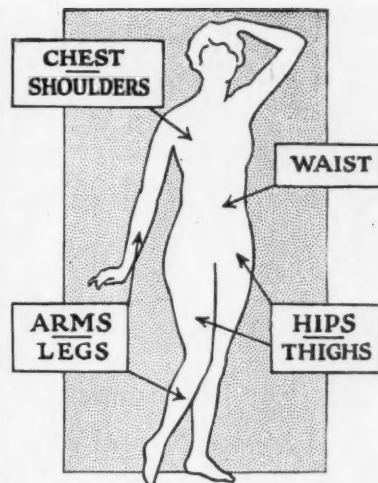


No. 5586. Very becoming to a small girl is a coat gathered on to a round yoke that closes with three buttons. Size 4, 1 1/4 yards 54-inch. Scallops from Embroidery No. 317 would make an attractive finish for the collar.

No. 5564. Raglan sleeves, now so much favored, and a double-breasted front closing are practical features of a little boy's coat. Size 6 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch; 2 1/4 yards 39-inch or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch; lining, 1 1/4 yards 39-inch.

No. 5567. A little girl's coat, designed on lines similar to her brother's is finished with patch pockets. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch material, 1 1/4 yards 39-inch or 1 1/4 yards 54-inch material; lining, 1 1/4 yards 39-inch.

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Pattern  
5532

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wear

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2426



Pictorial Review  
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Lina  
Mouton  
5660

5663

5652

5637

5637

Decré Soeurs Lina Mouton

## L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5654. Lina Mouton has demonstrated that original treatment of seams will produce the desired effect in the circular mode, quite in keeping for the frock of misses and junior girl. Size 12, 2½ yards 39-inch.



5660

5663

5652



5637

5637

5633

5654

Brisac  
5633

Lina  
Mouton

5654

No. 5660. Patch pockets at the sides of pleats are a simple way of adding style to a French frock. Trimmings are of contrasting fabric. Size 6, 1½ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5633. A charming French model has tab sections holding the insets in position. Size 12, 1½ yards 54-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 5663. A frock with short kimono sleeves is seamed in the front to suggest a jacket closing with one button and trimmed with bands. Size 10, 1½ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

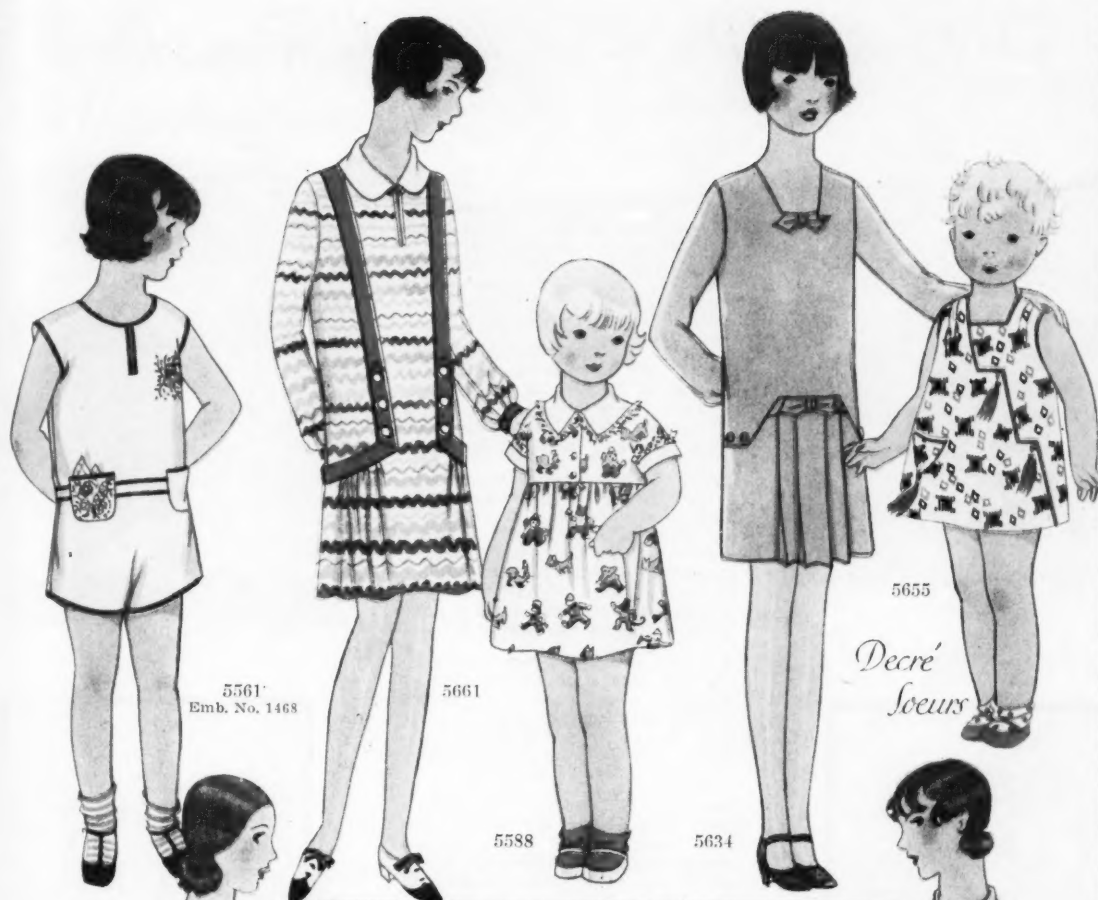
No. 5652. There is chic to this frock with full skirt gathered to a slender waist. Size 10, 2¾ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5637. An attractive romper and dress designed by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Size 2, romper, 1½ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5637. On a simple romper a skirt buttons at the waist. Size 4, romper, 1½ yards 27-inch; contrasting, 1¼ yards 32-inch.

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5561  
Emb. No. 1468

5661

5588

5634

5655

Decré  
Sœurs

5653

Lina Mouton

Brisac

L'ECHO  
DE  
PARIS

No. 5656. A new French dress has a yoke in sky-scraper outline front and back, and a tie collar. A similar sleeve section and tie cuffs form a matching detail. Size 12,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch material or 2 yards 54-inch.



5661

5655

5588

5634

5653

5656

No. 5561. Ideal playtime rompers have short kimono sleeves and two pockets. Size 3,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 32-inch; binding,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Multi-color Embroidery No. 1468, in outline-stitch, would add decoration to pocket and front.

No. 5634. The waistline of a Paris frock is raised in the front over a panel of pleats and finished with a flat bow. Size 10,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch.

No. 5661. A jacket suggestion is lent to a French frock by bands which outline the front panel. Size 10,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39-inch material; collar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 35-inch; contrasting bands,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 35-inch.

No. 5655. Typically French is a little girl's dress with a triangular pocket emphasized by a trimming of three tassels. Size 2,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 32-inch.

No. 5588. Attractive lines for a very little girl are formed by a full skirt gathered to a waist. French panties accompany this frock. Size 2,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 32-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 32-inch.

No. 5653. A pointed waistline above a pleated skirt is finished with a belt. Size 12, waist,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 32-inch; contrasting,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 32-inch.

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This exquisite creme not only lightens the skin several shades, but it banishes freckles, unsightly blotches, muddiness, blackheads, and other skin defects almost overnight, leaving your skin lovely and white.

**A 3-Minute Test.** Use it tonight according to the simple directions. Tomorrow look in your mirror with amazement and delight. For even in that short time an almost unbelievable improvement is noted.

**Begin Now.** Don't go another day with unsightly skin. Why let skin blemishes destroy your beauty when so wonderful — so quick — are the results of this wonder creme that we absolutely guarantee it? Your drug or department store has it, or, if you wish . . .

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TODAY!

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"SUCH a handy little stove," say women everywhere. It quickly boils, broils and fries everything from eggs to steaks. Makes scores of tempting dishes, too. Makes delicious toast—boils coffee—heats water for shaving—heats curling irons, pressing irons—warms baby's milk—makes candy. Good for a hundred uses.

Sterno Stove folds flat, compact. Use at home, in hotels, at the office, school, on trips. Fine for camping—cooks hot meals on the trail. Sterno Canned Heat provides the fuel. It's absolutely safe. No smoke, sparks, cinders. See the full line of Sterno Utensils at your local dealer's. And send 10¢ (Canada, 10¢) TODAY for Introductory Sterno Cook Stove and new STERNO COOK BOOK! Dept. Mc 4 Sterno Corp. (Est. 1887), 9 East 37th St., New York City.

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Your Own  
Recipe Book

## The Charm of New Linens and Old Time Prints

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1699

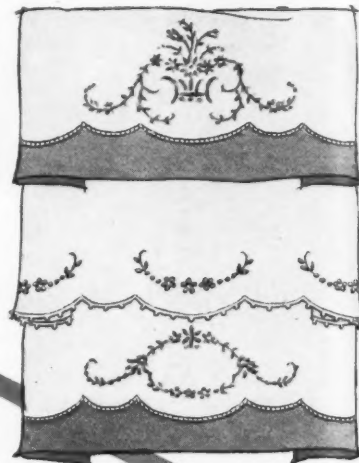
No. 1699. Distinctive cut-work designs enhance the new colored linens that are so pleasing a note in the modern boudoir. For towels or pillow-cases they are lovely worked in white on lavender, pale yellow or rose. Adapted to three designs in pairs.

No. 1704. Especially dainty are the basket and wreath designs now adapted to towels with the new colored borders or simply finished with a crocheted edge. The attractive scallop formation is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards long.

No. 1702. These lovely Botany Prints,  $5 \times 6$  inches in size, are charmingly hand-colored after the manner of the old time originals of 1851. It is the fashion to hang them in pairs simply framed with passe partout binding, and many women delight in doing it themselves, so simple it is and so decorative in the living-room or boudoir.

No. 1696. Below is a handsome serving tray with cross-stitched scene of the first steam engine, all worked with strand cottons on a good quality linen piece. The design,  $10\frac{3}{4} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$  inches, is fascinating to work either in black or dull red.

No. 1703. The amusing little sketches from busy kitchen life shown below are simply executed in red outline-stitch on toweling with red borders, or in any other matching color. A set of six lively scenes for towels.



1704



1702



1702

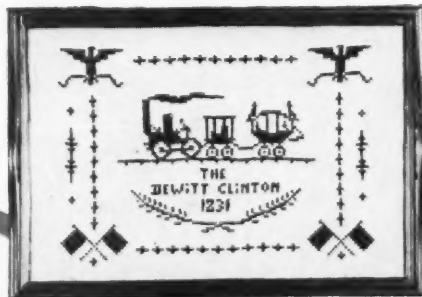


1701

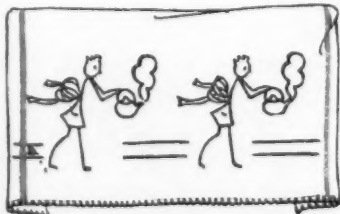


1701

No. 1701. Delightful memories of past fashions come to freshen your walls in these companion hand-colored Godey Prints,  $5 \times 6$  inches. Anyone can apply a simple passe partout binding that frames them ready for hanging.



1696



1703



1703

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 116.



# The Easiest Way to Trim Anything



THOSE of us who love smart, pretty things... and that means all of us... but haven't too much time to spare, naturally look for the *easiest* way to get them. And when it's a perky little frock for our darling daughter... or a dress for ourself... or new cushions, and curtains, and slip covers... we know the *easiest* way is the Bartons Bias way!

For Bartons Bias serves as binding and trimming in one... and furnishes endless ways to add color and individuality to all the things you like to make. Bartons are the *original* Double-Fold trims that eliminate folding, pressing and basting... one sewing does the work more quickly than you ever could do it with ordinary single fold bias.

## SAMPLES FREE

Send for samples of Bartons Double-Fold trims. You'll be amazed at the delightful new colors and novel stitchings... all made from "Everfast" fabrics, guaranteed never to run nor fade. Mention your favorite store.

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75 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**BARTONS BIAS**  
GUARANTEED "EVERFAST"  
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PROPER shampooing—that's the whole secret! Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only, keeps the hair beautifully light and lustrous—brings back true golden sheen and sparkle to dull, faded hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals—fine for scalp. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and dept. stores.

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"AND I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute. I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have real style!"

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Mail the coupon today for handsome 32-page Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and a FREE copy of "Fashion Service," the dressmaking magazine of the Woman's Institute. With these, you can prove to yourself how easily and quickly you can learn to make smart, stylish clothes for a half to a third the usual cost and earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home besides.



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Without cost or obligation, please send me your booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and a free copy of "Fashion Service." I am most interested in—  
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery ☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking  
Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)  
Address.....

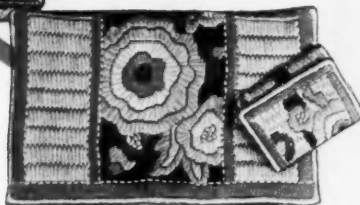
# The Modern Vogue for Handwork

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1650

No. 1650. Just the sort of bag to give a dash of color to the spring costume. Strands of crepe twist in gay colors and white quickly cover the lines of the design as marked on the canvas. The envelope closed measures  $3\frac{3}{4} \times 7$  inches.



1623

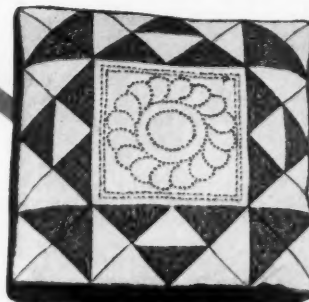
No. 1623. A very smart shopping accessory is the bag with matching change purse, when worked in colorful wools on canvas and having the popular slide fastener for opening and shutting. The design on the canvas is fascinating to follow in the colors indicated. Finished,  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 10$  inches.



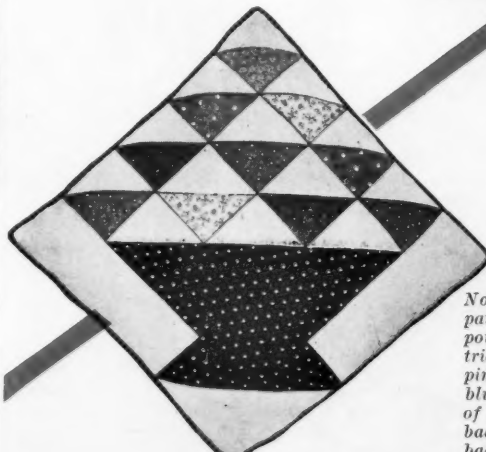
1645

No. 1645. Corded quilting, the kind that uses strands of wool for padding, is responsible for this stunning bag made of a changeable taffeta that matches the street ensemble. The design ( $8\frac{3}{4} \times 12$  inches) is fitted to the thin lining that simplifies the new quilting.

No. 1652. The pillow with famous "swirl feather" quilted in center is easily completed by stitching into a border the calico triangles (two sets in pink and in blue for twin pillows). The corresponding calico back fits the  $11\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$ -inch pillow, boxed sides and all.



1652



1651

No. 1651. Another enchanting patch pillow has the "flower pot" in green calico and the triangular "flowers" in rose, pink, yellow, light and deep blue calicos. White triangles of unbleached muslin supply the background and a green calico back ( $13 \times 13$  inches) finishes the cushion.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 116.



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Merely darkening the lashes will not beautify eyes which are dull and lifeless. Eyes must shine to be truly alluring, and nothing gives them that glistening appearance as safely as *Murine*.

*Murine* contains no belladonna or any other harmful ingredient. Therefore you may use it freely, not only to brighten up your eyes but to rid them of dust and other irritating particles which cause a bloodshot condition. Try it!

# MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



# Your Monogram - Charmingly Embroidered Ready to Sew on

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They come in four sizes and three styles; the skeleton letter, diamond and oval shapes. Suitable for Towels, Napkins, Table Cloths, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Handkerchiefs, Lingerie, Sport Frocks, Children's and Baby Wear.

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Sh-h-h-----!  
(a secret!)

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo\* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

\* (Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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Please send a free sample.

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Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_

## The Way to Spring Smartness

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1690 Sports Hat  
and Bag

No. 1690. Making her own sports hat and matching bag is the smart woman's pleasure. With  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch suiting and some wool stitchery, presto! it is done.

No. 1705. Flowers in button-holing, leaves in single-stitches and the desired touch of French knots work the embroidery that's so chic on Dress No. 5479, (adapted to 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust).

No. 1700. An adorable cotton print makes the spring frock with smart throw scarf that ends with a stunning piece of embroidery—simple work for deft fingers. 14 to 16 years, 36 to 40.



1700 Dress and  
Emb. Design

5479 Dress  
1705 Emb. Design



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Make  
them this  
way

Spring fashions indicate the use of color contrasts and harmonies. Beautiful effects and tailored finishes may be achieved by using Wright's Bias Fold Tapes in any of its many colors and fabrics. Every piece is guaranteed wash-fast—every piece is a perfect bias, so pliable that it turns corners without a pucker and makes mitered corners the easiest, neatest things imaginable.

Be sure to ask for  
**WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE**

Don't accept substitutes—look for the label shown below.

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The new spring sewing book is ready. It is full of interesting ideas for spring and summer sewing. Send the for this beautifully illustrated book and a full three yard sample of our fast color tape.

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Good money making (by free directions) and selling

THE DIANA CUT GEM BRILLIANT CHOKER  
THE FRENCH PENDALIER OF CUT BRILLIANTS  
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Get illustrated directions, start now and be ready for the demand. We have everything in the bead line. Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.



**Maybelline**

DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES AND BROWS. STANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN. Get at your dealer's or direct, postpaid. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Loving beauty comes  
to loving EYES

IN every woman's eyes slumbers enchanting loveliness that awaits the magic touch of this smart lash dressing to flower and bloom gloriously. For when the eyes are framed in a bewitching fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes they look their loveliest. And waterproof Liquid Winox achieves this sought-for effect without the slightest hint of artificiality. It is easy to apply and remove. It is safe. Where you buy your beauty aides purchase Liquid Winox. Only 75c, complete. Two shades, black and brown.

If a cake lash dressing is preferred, there's none quite so effective as Cake Winox (two shades, brown, black).

Sold wherever Liquid Winox is sold. 75c complete. Row Company, 237 W. 18th St., New York.



Send 12c for generous Liquid Winox sample.





Here is a rain barrel, full of soft water—this rain water makes clothes white as snow. It gives delightfully soft water to bathe in. Dishes washed in it sparkle with cleanliness.

Hard water from a city faucet, softened with Melo, becomes like rain water. It makes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. As in rain water, soap becomes much more effective.

Put two tablespoons in the bathtub and you have rain water to bathe in. Put a tablespoonful in the dishpan and the dishes sparkle. Put two tablespoons in the washtubs and the clothes are as white as snow.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Buy it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio  
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush



**MELO**

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 cents

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.



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Demand Dent's for toothache. Pressed gently into cavity it does four things:

- (1) Stops toothache instantly
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Does not spill or dry up like liquids—keep it in your medicine cabinet for toothache emergencies. At all drug stores, 25 cents.

## TOOTHACHE



### Setting-Up Exercises for Your FACE—

LIFT SAGGING MUSCLES REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN

Kathryn Murray's 6 Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening flabby, drooping muscles, quickly banish crow's feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage—no lotions—no strapping—no skill required. Results guaranteed, 15 years of successful use. Book free! Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

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Tell me about your plan for making money in spare time.

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## BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 30]

In spite of all the commonsense she brought to bear, she could not rid herself of the feeling that her loyalty to Michael was disloyalty to Rickey. She told herself over and over again that it was stupid to think a thing like that. Yet she couldn't help it.

A WEEK later Rickey opened his eyes and looked up at the crimson canopy. "Where am I?" he asked. The nurse said gently, "Your sister brought you here. It is much better than the hospital. She thought you would like it."

"I do like it," Rickey said, and went to sleep. When he awakened he said, "This is a wonderful room." The lamps were lighted and his eyes roamed about, seeing the dull gold of a screen, the black wood of a Jacobean chest; and when his sister came to sit beside him, he asked, "Whose bed am I in?"

Her heart almost stopped beating, but she smiled at him. "We found—a furnished apartment." "But who—who is paying for it?" She had an answer. "Rickey we've sold the house at Annapolis."

Mary Lee came now every day to see Rickey. She sat by his bed and talked to him. He seemed to like to have her. She was the only one to whom he spoke of Marty. Mary Lee seemed to understand better than any of the others. "She loved me," he would say. "I know that. She would have married me if I had had Anthony. Bleeker's money."

"If I were a man I wouldn't want a woman who thought about money." "All of them think of it." "I don't. If the man I love loved me, I'd follow him in rags to the end of the earth."

Rickey turned on his elbow and looked at her. "The man you love? Are you in love, too, Mary Lee?"

"Yes. But he doesn't care—" "Why doesn't he care?" "Because he's a stupid fool," Mary Lee blazed. "Oh, I'm not going to talk about him, Rickey. I can't. Only you might as well know you're not the only one who suffers."

Rickey lay back on his pillows and considered Mary Lee's charms. "I don't see why he shouldn't care. You're pretty enough when it comes to that."

"Oh, am I?" cried Mary Lee, her cheeks still flaming. "Did you ever stop to think that I'm something more than pretty, Rickey?"

"You are a lot of things that are attractive," Rickey smiled at her, "and you have learned how to dress."

Mary Lee leaned forward a little. "I'm intelligent enough to know what I can do, and that's what I want to talk about. I want you to write a play for me, Rickey."

He sat up. "Write a play?" "Yes, Rickey, do you remember my little song about the Chinese girl and the temple bells, the one I sang that first night in the old kitchen? Well, I've been thinking of this—It could be made into a play—a queer, exotic thing, with a lot of color. You'll see what I mean in a minute."

She caught up his dressing gown which lay at the foot of the bed—the black one with the butterflies, and drew it around her. Then, with his medicine glass and the medicine bottles tinkling in an occasional accompaniment, she

gave a reading of the poem. But it was more than a reading, it was a reincarnation. She saw she had his attention. Her voice kept to its insistent, tragic note; she used as a background the gold screen, and she had tied up her head in a black silk handkerchief. Her face was powdered to a ghastly paleness. As she took one pose after another, she was no longer Occidental but Oriental.

When at last she finished on a minor note and lay crumpled up on the rug, Rickey cried, "It's marvelous. Where did you get the idea, Mary Lee?"

"Out of my own head. But you must write it, Rickey. People want novelty, and you and I must give it to them together. I've got money to get it started."

"Why should I use your money?" And then Mary Lee said a startling thing. "I want you to use my money so that you can get even with Marty Van Duyn."

"Get even?" "Yes; I hate her."

He stared. "You hate Marty?" "Because she hurt you, Rickey." She was not looking at him now. She stood very still beside the bed. Suddenly Rickey laid his hand over hers. "My little friend!"

After that his convalescence was slow, but his illness had done this for him: it dulled, as it were, the edge of the agony of his parting from Marty. There were days when he was still swept by the thought of it and lay beaten and bruised in his bed, days when it was difficult to rouse him, days when even the doctor was discouraged.

But gradually things grew better, and at last he sat up in a big chair in his room, and Mary Lee, coming in, found him with a pencil in his hand and a writing tablet on his invalid's table. "I'm writing the play, Mary Lee," he said. "Listen."

HE READ to her what he had written and made her go over it with him. She learned the lines quickly, and they rehearsed the scene, with Mary Lee again in the butterfly dressing gown and the black handkerchief.

When at last they had the thing as they wanted it, they called in Virginia. She sat thrilled and breathless with delight. "You two wonderful people," she said, out of the hush which followed the finale. "How did you ever do it?"

Mary Lee laid her hand over Rickey's. "We did it together—" she said softly, and Rickey turned his fingers up to meet hers.

Mary Lee did not always meet such response. A leopard does not quickly change his spots. Rickey was harsh with her at times, and irritable. Now and then he sent her away in the midst of a scene: "I'm tired," he would tell her, white-faced, and she would know he was thinking of Marty.

He was thinking of Marty one day when he sat in Michael's library. It was the first time he had left his bedroom and he was glad of the change. He was alone for the moment, for Virginia, seeing him safely settled, had gone off on one of the mysterious pilgrimages which had to do with her meetings with Michael, and of which Rickey must know nothing. The nurse was in the kitchen looking after the invalid's tray. Nogi, the Japanese man servant brought in a pair of candle-

[Continued on page 138]

## Cries . . . and refuses food



## Takes this safe laxative and begs for more



## ...and soon she's well again



GIVING children Ex-Lax is so much better than forcing them to take nasty oils, harsh cathartics and bitter pills. For this modern laxative brings grateful relief without griping or upsetting the stomach.

And children love to take it. They even beg for more. Ex-Lax tastes like fine chocolate candy. It is chocolate treated with tasteless, harmless phenolphthalein which effectively relieves constipation and so protects precious health.

Mother, you can give your children Ex-Lax without fear of ill-effect. It is non-habit-forming, safe and gentle. For 20 years it has been the family laxative.

Remember, this laxative is as good for grown-ups as it is for children. Get Ex-Lax from your druggist, today. To get the best results avoid substitutes and insist upon this original phenolphthalein laxative, Ex-Lax. Three sizes, 10c, 25c and 50c.

You can also obtain Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor".

FOR CONSTIPATION  
**EX-LAX**  
TASTES LIKE CANDY





## No Gray Hair Test This Safe Way FREE



GRAY hair must go! But don't try to end it with any crude, sticky, messy dye which produces a dull, lifeless look that is worse than grayness. Use Brownatone—the quick, sure, safe, harmless method tested and approved by millions. Even close friends do not suspect its use. Brownatone is easily applied by anyone. It does not rub off nor wash out. It is beneficial to the scalp—adds luster to the hair. Takes any kind of wave. Comes in two colors: blond to medium brown; dark brown to black. All druggists sell Brownatone under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.



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Send name and address to The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. S-13, Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Ky., for liberal FREE test bottle of Brownatone. Be sure to state color desired. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Utterly new and utterly smart

## Lingerie Plastique by Bon Ton



A soft boneless garment created to mold the slender figure into correct fashionable lines. Has no stays or elastic... made merely of soft silken cloth and lace... but a true restraining garment! Lingerie Plastique—Bon Ton's newest development in foundations for the slender figure!

Bon Ton has many molding garments for the woman who requires former restraint—Girdles, Step-ins, the Dualiste with its youthful uplift brassiere and girdle all in one... garments skillfully cut, subtly boned.

Smart shops everywhere have the new Lingerie Plastique. Write us for figure type chart and illustrated booklet, using coupon below.

When From Are You?

BON TON ATELIER,  
Worcester, Mass.

Please send me your booklet "Uplift your figure—and your spirits," with Figure Type Chart

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My corsetier \_\_\_\_\_

## BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 138]

It was a quiet question, steadily put, and Rickey did not know how to answer it. At last he blustered, "What do you mean?"

"You've always demanded things of her. You have never thought of her happiness. You aren't thinking of it now. You are thinking of your hurt vanity. You have nothing against me except that I told you the truth about *Burning Beauty*—that it was not worthy of your talents. You knew it was not worthy. You know it now."

The inexorable voice cut through the crust of Rickey's conceit and made him listen. "You do know it, don't you? That it was not worthy of your talent, your genius?"

Rickey caught at the word. "You think I have—genius?"

"Of a kind, yes."

"What do you mean, 'of a kind'?"

"For poetic fantasy. The sort of thing you are doing with Mary Lee."

"Did she show you?"

"Yes."

"She had her nerve." The boy's face was flaming.

"It's great stuff—greater, perhaps, than you know."

"Do you mean it?"—breathlessly.

"Yes."

Rickey leaned back suddenly and shut his eyes. He had a vision of a great space crowded with people, and all of the people were applauding, all of them but one, who sat in her silver gown and looked down at him. And he looked up and laughed in her face. And the crowd cried, "Author, author," and threw flowers at his feet.

A LITTLE later he found himself lying under the crimson canopy, and the nurse was there and nobody else.

"What happened?" Rickey asked.

"You fainted," the nurse told him, and he had a keen sense of triumph in the fact that his weakness had saved him from capitulation. He was not anxious to go back to his attic. And what was it Michael had said? "Great stuff." You could expect the truth from McMillan.

And so when Michael came in the morning and smiled at him and said, "Let's be friends," and Virginia leaned down and kissed him, Rickey held out a hand to each of them. After all, McMillan was a big man in the literary world, and, as Jinny's husband, he might be helpful.

And he looked up at Michael and said, "I'm sorry I burned the book."

"You didn't burn it."

"I did. I stuffed it in the stove."

Rickey was flaming with the melodrama of the memory.

"Only a few pages. I have the rest."

"Are you going to publish it?"

"Not without your consent."

Rickey looked up at the crimson canopy and considered the matter. He was very comfortable, and the center of the stage was his. "Publish it under Virginia's name and mine," he cried. "She deserves it."

"I don't want my name on it, Rickey, dear."

"You must!"

"She'd rather not, old man," Michael told him. "It will be enough for her to know that she helped."

In the days that followed there were plans for the wedding. The sooner the better, everybody said. Virginia was to go down to Annapolis and get the house ready for her mother and father. Then she was to be married and go away with Michael. Rickey was to go to Aunt Molly's and Mary Lee was to go with him. It would be a wonderful

[Continued on page 140]



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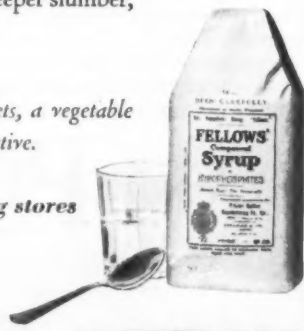
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## BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 139]

place, Michael said, to get the effects they wanted. "You can put Mary Lee under a pink dogwood on a gray day, or on the little bridge in a purple twilight. And you'll have Aunt Molly's saneness to balance artistic ecstasies."

But Aunt Molly's saneness was to do more than balance Rickey's ecstasies; it was to cooperate with Mary Lee in bringing the boy up out of his sensitiveness and self-absorption. Aunt Molly made him tramp with her over the farm and talk of crops; she waked him at midnight to help her with a sick lamb; she sent him and Mary Lee far down the river one day to rescue a lot of her little ducks that had been caught by the current and couldn't get back.

And Rickey, rowing upstream with the small ducks safely in a basket in the bottom of the boat, said to Mary Lee, "After all there is something in this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" she queried. "Domesticity. One could never link that word with Marty."

"Well, I'm not domestic, if that's what you mean," Mary Lee informed him. "That is, I've never worked with my hands like Michael's Aunt Molly. But I like the lambs and the ducks and the pigeons and being here with you, Rickey."

He smiled at her. "I like the lambs and the ducks and the pigeons and you," he said with great content. Then there was silence as they went upstream together; and the young moon came out and shone upon them.

JANE BLEECKER had had her own way for so many years that now when it seemed as if everyone was going against her, she found it difficult to meet the situation.

She was back at Derekdale after a short season in New York of buying clothes for the summer; a perfect orgy of buying: everything in pale rose where the occasion was appropriate, and for the rest, white. The thing, Jane knew, was to keep away from the bizarre. In pink and white she got the effect of youth, yet found the colors kind to her fading charms.

She had in mind a summer spent somewhere in France, at one of the exclusive resorts. Tony's cruise would take him near enough so that he could dance attendance on her now and then. And Marty should go; and she and Tony should see a lot of each other.

Yet one couldn't in these days be quite sure of Marty. She had mooned about the yacht after young Oliphant's departure; and now she talked of burying herself for the summer in her camp in the Maine woods. She had refused to shop with Jane in New York. "I shan't need things," she had said.

"Well, you can get what you want in Paris," Jane had ventured.

"I'm not going to Paris."

"Tony will be there."

"What if he is?"

"I thought you'd like it."

"Oh, what do I care about Tony or Tony about me!" Marty had said, fretfully. "You might as well put that out of your head, Jane."

There was, of course, June week at Annapolis. She might take Marty down to share in the festivities. Besides all the affairs for the midshipmen there would be a lot of entertaining afterward before the old Superintendent left and the new Admiral took his place. And Tony would have to see that Marty went everywhere.

It was on the second day after their arrival that Jane passed the Oliphant house and saw that the windows were open and curtains up, and there was every evidence of occupation.

She spoke of it to Tony that night. "Has someone bought it?"

"Yes. Michael McMillan. He's going to marry Virginia."

Then Jane, in her surprise, said a thing she regretted ever after. "I'm glad it isn't you who are to marry her."

And Tony turned to her, almost with an effect of violence. "If you really loved me, you couldn't say a thing like that."

"But I do love you."

"If you did, you'd want me to be happy. And I have lost my happiness because I have lost Virginia."

As he stood by the window of his mother's sitting-room, with his back

to the light, a shadow seemed to fall on him and dull his brightness and the youth which had been his.

Jane spoke breathlessly, "I thought we'd go abroad this summer. There are a lot of things we could do, Tony, you and I—"

Tony shook his head. "Dad's going over. We've planned things—without you."

She was truly frightened now. "But Tony, I won't be left out."

"It's Dad who has always been left out, and I am going to try to make it up to him, Midget."

She clung to his arm. "Don't you love me?"

He smiled down at her, but it was not the old adoring smile. "Of course. But I want to spend this summer in my own way. I'm not going to fit my plans in with yours, Midget, and that's the end of it."

She found that she could not move him, and later, when he left her she went into Marty's room. "My dear, may I go to your camp in Maine?"

"Of course."

"Tony doesn't want me." She was pitying herself, but Marty didn't pity her. "Serves you right. Serves both of us right. We're a pair of worldlings, Jane, and we are getting what is coming to us. I talked with Virginia Oliphant this morning. She is putting the house in order for her father and mother who are coming home. Then she is to be married."

"Did you speak of Rickey?"

"I asked about him. He has been very ill."

SHE did not tell Jane all she had said to Virginia. "I know you blame me, but I couldn't have made him happy. I am what I am."

"You could have let him alone." Virginia had been still and white standing among her roses.

Marty had defended herself. "I didn't dream I could ever care so much for anybody. The hardest thing I have ever had to do is to keep from calling him back."

"He wouldn't come now if you called," Virginia told her.

"Why not?"

"There's another woman."

So that was what Marty had now to think of as she sat with Jane. She had lost Rickey, she had lost Tony, and all this had happened since that first day in the garden.

Tony, when he left his mother had gone straight to that garden. He had

[Continued on page 141]



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## BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 140]

not spoken to Virginia since her arrival in Annapolis, but now he meant to speak to her. She was again among her roses, with the little Scotch dog and the primrose cat in faithful attendance. As she saw him at the gate, she hastened toward him. “Tony,” she cried joyfully, “are you really coming to see me?”

He took her hand and looked down at her. “So you’re going to marry Michael?”

“Yes, Tony, he told me how wonderful you were that night on the river.”

“There was nothing wonderful in giving up what I had never had.”

Her eyes were full of tears. “Oh, Tony, Tony, wish me happiness.”

“I do, my dear.”

She took him into the house, and as they sat together, Virginia told him her plans. Michael was coming down that very afternoon—his last visit before the wedding.

“He says he is going to take me to the ends of the earth. You see, I’ve never traveled.”

Tony, too, had wanted to take her to the ends of the earth; to show her the sea at dawn, the desert stars at midnight, to be with her when she thrilled to the loveliness of ancient edifices, of strange scenes and settings. But it was not for him. He said something of the kind to Virginia, showed her, for a moment, his heart. “I shall never forget you.”

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it, and after a little time he went away, taking with him the vision of her as she stood in the old doorway, a bright and beautiful presence, always to be remembered.

He did not dine with his mother. He felt that he could not face Jane’s insincerities. He got into his boat and went out on the river. As he drifted toward the Bay, the sun was setting, and, suddenly, as he rounded a curve and came upon the place where he had once met Michael, he saw Virginia and her lover. They were facing the sunset, and Virginia’s arms were lifted to the burning light. Once more she became a part of it, a priestess, as it were, at a golden altar. And Michael, too, was illumined, as if he saw in those fires which burned, the sacred flame of a perfect future.

So Tony, following the darkening stream, left them to their radiance; and they, unconscious of his passing, spoke of him: “Some day happiness will come to him, Michael.”

[THE END]

## OH YOUTH!

[Continued from page 123]

arranged in smart scales that achieve suppleness, by their formation.

A lovely little cape struts over the shoulders of a model. It finishes in a pompon, and the dress it accompanies is of navy serge, trimmed with Chinese embroideries, very new. Again select a toilette of printed crepe de Chine, black and white, the bottom of the skirt cut out in large leaves, pleated and stitched, one next to the other.

And now, let us pass on to a sky-blue taffeta, trimmed with a high band of silver lamé, and small corsage, so adorable, which will fit so exquisitely the narrow bust of the young person that you are! Further on, it is again a blue, but a sharper blue, a blue that is hard, which few ladies will dispute with you.

The dress is ornamented with applications going upwards from the hem, forming petals.

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## THE WHITE FOX

[Continued from page 18]

Smiling slightly, Kwan Ching raised his arms imploringly and addressed the picture as though it had been a living person.

"Always and always I shall love you," he said. "You, but a picture though you are, are my heart's true mate. I may never have you. I shall go to my grave, however, faithful to you in word and deed; you are my ideal, which I may never realize. Would that the Empress of all the Heavens might grant me my one dearest wish—that you come to life and step forth from the picture into my arms!"

Steadfastly Kwan Ching watched the picture. His arms, extended toward the likeness of his unknown beloved, became rigid, waiting. His eyes almost started from his head. His heart began to pound with wild excitement. There was no fear in him, though a miracle was happening before his eyes.

For the outline of the little lady of ancient China, garbed in the costume of a forgotten dynasty, had suddenly moved; while a soft sigh, like a subdued breathing of a light wind of summer, had reached the ears of Kwan Ching. Rigid as a statue, Kwan Ching waited. Again the picture moved. A radiance that was almost blinding settled upon the room. Kwan Ching sat as one in a trance, still with his hands raised toward the likeness of his beloved. And out of the picture, heart of the blinding romance, stepped the little lady of his dreams.

Straight into his arms she came, to nestle there, while the arms of Kwan Ching were suddenly strong to hold her. Flesh and blood she was and her breath was warm on the flushed cheeks of her lover.

KWAN CHING and his best beloved told each other of their love. The hours fled swiftly by. The little lady of the picture convinced him that she was real, that she was flesh and blood and that, through a miracle, she had stepped down from the aged picture to nestle in his arms.

It was just before morning that she told him.

"It is only during night time that I may come to you. When sunrise crimson the eastern sky I must return. But I am with you always in the picture you have always worshipped; and you must contain yourself in patience until the evening, after sunset, when I shall come to you again."

At sunrise Kwan Ching looked dazedly at his empty arms. He raised his eyes to the picture on the wall, where the likeness of his best beloved had now resumed the place she had held for centuries. Her eyes held his for a moment, then grew still—and Kwan Ching's best beloved had become once more a picture.

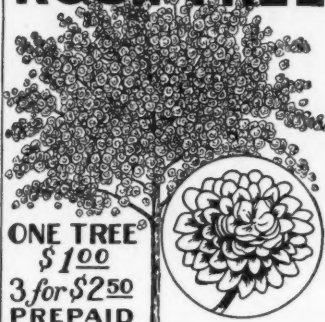
Evening came and the sun dropped behind the western skyline—then the picture stirred. Later the servant came in, looked at the profile on the wall, kindled a fire at his master's bidding and left the lovers to their solitude, clasped in each other's arms.

When the servant had gone, Kwan Ching told his best beloved of his plan. "I shall burn the picture," he said. "I cannot endure the endless days which must be passed without you here to comfort me. I talk to you in the picture, but you cannot answer me, cannot step down into my waiting arms. I cannot endure it."

Gently he thrust her from his arms. Her sweet perfume filled his nostrils, intoxicating him, filling all his being with a desire to have her always, to

[Continued on page 143]

## ROSE TREE



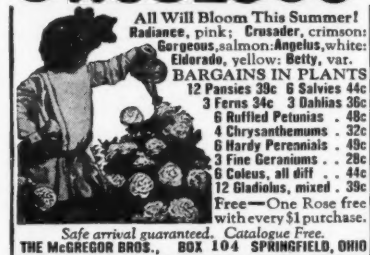
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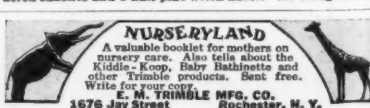
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## THE WHITE FOX

[Continued from page 142]

have her with him during daylight and darkness, during storm and strife, as long as they both should live.

"Please!" pleaded his best beloved. "Please do not burn the picture. I am afraid. I am afraid that catastrophe will rob us of the happiness a miracle has given us."

But Kwan Ching was obdurate. He had made his plan. He shut his ears to the pleadings of his best beloved, believing her vague fears groundless. He turned his back upon her, rushed to the wall, grasped the picture, tore it down, crumpled it in hands that suddenly were strong to rend and destroy, and threw the remnants of the picture on the flames where they caught instantly and were consumed.

"Mine, beloved!" he cried, turning. "Mine until we both shall die. Through daylight and darkness, storm and strife; nevermore shall you leave me."

But when he turned to gaze upon the exquisite form of his best beloved, she had vanished.

Standing in her place was a white fox whose eyes were like a woman's, filled with eternal sadness and with the infinite knowledge which has been the heritage of woman through endless, endless ages.

With a cry Kwan Ching flung an arm before his starting eyes. Lowering his arm again he stared at the white fox. Was it, after all, an hallucination? Did he not see, through the form of the white fox, the figure of his best beloved?

Did they not blend inexplicably, until Kwan Ching could not be sure whether it was fox or lady?

IT IS a test—a test of worthiness! Whence came the words? They were words without sound that beat against the heart of Kwan Ching like the delicate wings of imprisoned birds.

Kwan Ching raised his eyes to Heaven for a fleeting moment.

"I pray Your Majesty," he heard himself saying, "do not take my beloved from me!"

With a cry of anguish Kwan Ching sprang toward the swaying, strangely shifting form of the lady of the picture.

"Whether you be fox or lady," he said, "my love must hold thee always. Neither the Empress of Heaven, nor the gods of earth, shall take you from me—never!"

He clasped the figure in his arms. Gentle fingers caressed his cheeks. The touch of tiny finger tips, more loving than the touch of lips which is the right of lovers.

"Kwan Ching, thou hast proved thyself worthy!"

Kwan Ching thought that the words came from the lips of his best beloved, but he was not sure.

Of these things only was he sure: that he held his best beloved in his arms, that her sweet face was upturned to meet his own and that with the burning of the picture he need never again fear the sunrise. When the sun should come up again on the morrow and during all the countless morrows which would measure out the days of their life together, its golden rays would light life's pathway for them; and that for these two who loved so deeply there never again would be the sorrow and the heartbreak of parting.

When Kwan Ching's servant came with food there was no picture on the wall, no white fox to stand like a specter between Kwan Ching and happiness with his lady; but only two people who spoke to each other softly.

And departing softly the understanding servant left them there safe in each other's arms.



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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Photo by  
Barron Callen

Some gardeners keep their books handy on a shelf in the tool house

## THE PRINTED SIDE OF GARDENING

BY MRS. FRANCIS KING

NEVER have I felt more at home in embarking upon a subject related to gardening than now and under this heading. And with good reason. For I am of those who believe that without books one cannot live, and without garden books of the best type one cannot possibly garden.

Since, however, in all practical subjects materials come first and then management, the first books to consider are those issued by the great seed, plant and tree houses of this and other countries. And here we should practice a true eclecticism; we should not be bound by custom or by habit. It is as foolish to believe that because one is an American that American seed lists are the best made as it is for an American to take the stand that the British or the French publish the best lists of these things. Give yourself all possible leeway in sending for seed and plant catalogues. Send all over the world for them. Enlarge your horizon, keep your garden from being a provincial one and give your imagination a chance to travel though perhaps your feet may not.

Send for as many lists as possible; look in the advertising pages of the best magazines and horticultural papers for names and addresses; send to me if you will for a short list of such things; and when you get these interesting books take good care of them. The lists are free; yet because everyone knows what printing costs today they should be carefully kept and treated partly because of this.

After three or four dozen have come; tie them into packages marking each parcel by means of a gummed label on the topmost pamphlet thus: Trees; Shrubs; Perennial plants; Seeds, domestic; Seeds, foreign; Bulbs; New and Rare Plants; Fruit Trees; Roses; Lilies; Dahlias; Lilacs; Irises; Peonies; Gladioli; Delphiniums; English; French; Spanish; Dutch; Italian; and so on. Thus and thus only can time and bother be saved in looking up certain catalogues. And when you have these you have one of the best beginnings of a garden library. You have not only endless varieties of lovely things in plants, in vines, in shrubs and trees, to choose from, but you have also the best suggestions as to garden tools to get, as to fertilizers of recognized sorts and other accessories.

Having now a fair collection of these bundles of free lists and one or two gardening magazines, it is high time to begin spending a little money on the book form of garden writing. The first of all to invest in is that

*THIS is the second of a series of articles which Mrs. King, the foremost authority in America on gardening, is writing for McCall's readers. Her many excellent books and her articles have inspired and helped thousands of garden lovers. In the coming months Mrs. King will discuss quite fully every phase of home gardening.*

glorious work in six volumes, The Cyclopaedia of American Horticulture, by the greatest of all our authorities, a man who towers above all who write and all who garden in this country today as the oak above the birch, Dr. Liberty H. Bailey.

### Valuable Books

And now traveling far from the beaten path in this matter I propose to discuss here only two more, one a pamphlet, the other a list in loose-leaf notebook form; for these two little publications give as much practical help as has ever been given by any small garden printing in America if not more. This is saying much but I feel it. There is so much condensed charm and information in the pamphlet, so much information in the loose-leaf book.

When the American Library Association asked Professor Sydney B. Mitchell the Director of the School of Librarianship of the University of California to write for its series of reading courses, "Reading with a Purpose," a brochure on gardening, they performed a service to the gardening cause which is simply inestimable. The result was the charming little paper-bound book called "Adventures in Flower Gardening."

No one American gardener knows more about the iris probably than the writer of this delightful little pamphlet; no one gardens better; and in his dual interest of gardening and books there could be no one more fitted to recommend a few garden books to the general library-using public. Here follows his list which I will preface by a sentence from his own more than readable essay whose name is given above. "The more practical one is in gardening, the more he desires to read what others have written on the subject. A knowledge of the whole field becomes an alluring goal; and, though the greatest joy is actual work, still there are times when the gardener seeks books on gardening rather than gardening itself." The list is:

The Design of Small Properties, M. E. Bottomley, Macmillan.

The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers, Richardson Wright, Lippincott.

Studies in Gardening, Clutton-Brock, Scribners.

Color Schemes for the Flower Garden, Gertrude Jekyll, Scribners.

Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden, Louise Beebe Wilder, Doubleday Page and Co.

Wild Flowers and Ferns, Herbert Durand, Putnam.

The Book of Bulbs, F. F. Rockwell, Macmillan.

Another garden book to be noticed here is far more costly than the one just now discussed, but indeed it is worth more than it costs. It is a tiny volume of loose-leaf sheets about four by eight inches in size; its name is "The Plant Buyers' Index" and on its small pages are set down the names and addresses of nearly two hundred and fifty American nurseries and as many as sixteen thousand or more correct names of plant-subjects which may be got from those firms. To J. Woodward Manning, Reading, Massachusetts, it occurred to create and publish such a list. It may be called the key to all the lists. It should be on the desk of every one seriously interested in gardening. No reference book is more valuable for the library of the gardener.

Mention of another book must be slipped in, this for children and just published by Macmillan. In a little volume of one hundred pages Helen Page Wodell has done a remarkable thing for young gardeners. "Beginning to Garden" is certain to attract a child through its simple but arresting language.

But a garden library should be formed. Books there are in plenty to choose from and something good probably in them all for gardeners young and old.



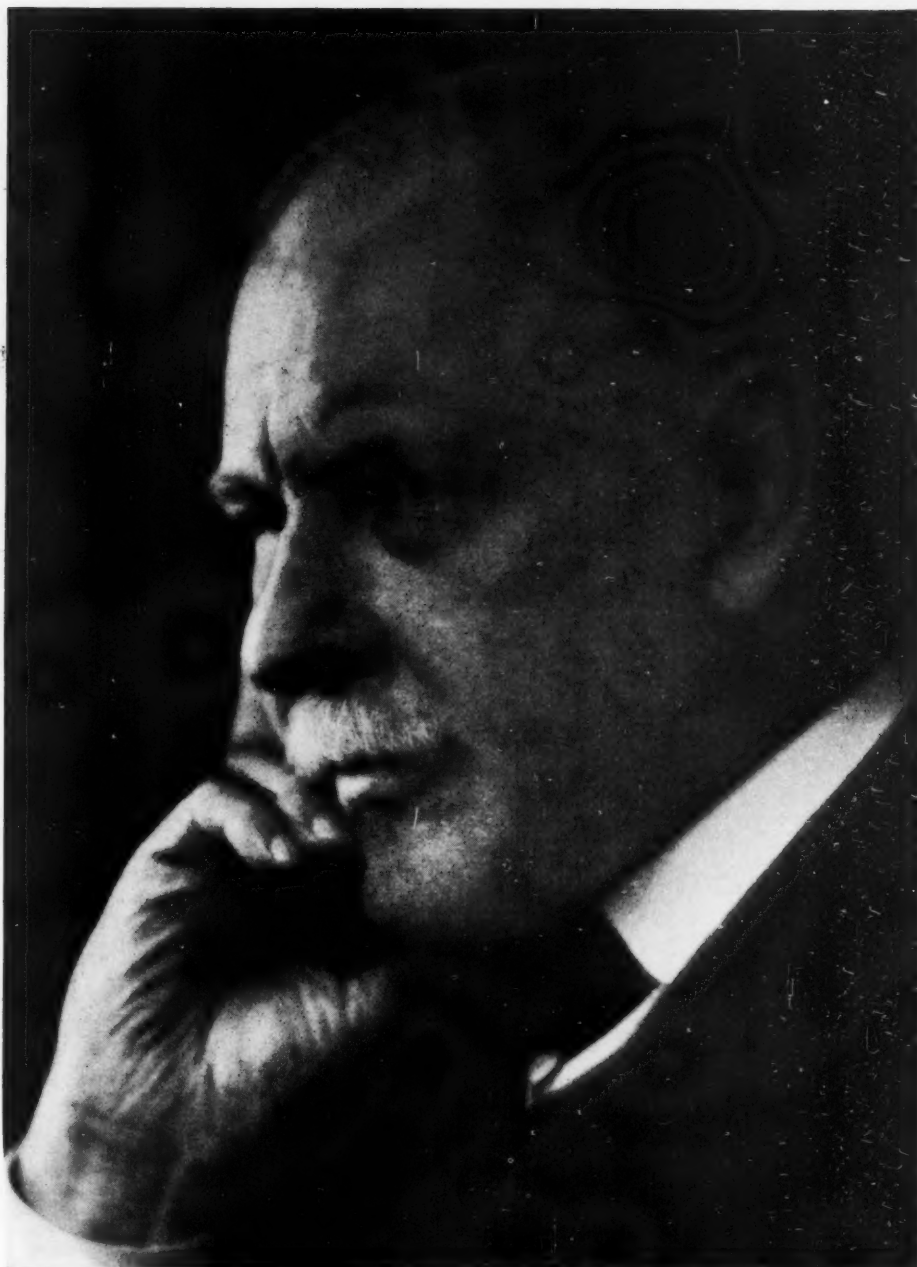
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DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. He is an authority on medicinal plants. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental.

Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

For 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, he has been teaching and expounding the value of yeast as a natural food-corrective for constipation. And in corroboration, a recent survey in the United States showed that half the doctors reporting prescribed yeast as the great corrective food for clogged

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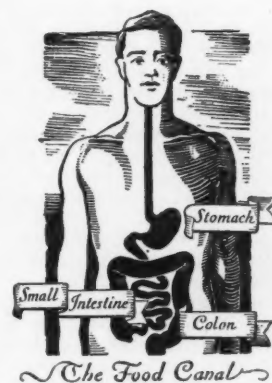
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FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of all ills start, as poisons from a clogged intestine spread through the system! But here yeast works, helping normal elimination and purifying the whole body. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast daily.



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## A Page For Children



# Cats I Have Known



PERHAPS I should have said "cats that have known me," for cats choose their own friends and show affection when and where they will. I therefore should value, and in fact I do value my acquaintance with Tommy, whose winning smile would lead one to

believe that he was both easily pleased and approached. On the contrary, Tommy is most particular about choosing friends. During the ten years of his well-ordered life he has confined his attentions almost entirely to the members of his master's family.

With advancing age, however, he has outgrown much of his shyness and indifference toward strangers and has cautiously, one by one, added to his list of friends. It was in this way that I was given an intimate insight into Tommy's private life. I was able to learn the habits of this remarkable cat, said to be one of the largest in the world. He weighs twenty-five to thirty pounds.

As is the case with many of his kind, whose past is enveloped in deep mystery, Tommy came to his devoted master as a straggly, rat-tailed little kitten with two recommendations—his playfulness and his capacity to amuse. From his kittenhood, under tender care, Tommy developed into a large and beautiful tiger cat of unusual intelligence. Today he is regarded as quite the outstanding member of his household.

A trait, for example, which his family admires, is Tommy's punctuality, especially in regard to meals. His breakfast hour is seven in the morning and dinner is at six in the evening. He arrives at his feeding place exactly on the minute. It is remarkable that cats have this

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

peculiar sense of time and will act upon it every day, unflinching, nor are they to be deceived by any trick.

Their preference for a special food is another peculiarity. Tommy's appetite calls for flounder and evaporated milk and he refuses to eat anything else. An occasional taste of high-grade salmon is the only exception or he will consider a bit of raw meat, but merely between meals, never at his regular breakfast and dinner.

Tommy, during the day, shows no definite preference as to location for his afternoon nap, but when ten in the evening, his bedtime hour arrives, he cries insistently if his blanket is not in its customary place with one end turned under as a pillow upon which he rests his head.

Before Tommy had attained his present size it was his habit to lie in the window and await his master's return from business. Then he would leap out and ride upon his shoulder triumphantly back into the house. But Tommy's generous weight no longer permits this. When he first heard a vocal record on the phonograph he thought that the voice must be that of his master. Tommy jumped into his lap and showing the greatest curiosity, touched his master's mouth repeatedly with his paw to see if this was really the source of the voice. Since then he has grown accustomed to musical records and apparently enjoys them. He is also quite clever in opening a door by pawing at the handle, especially if his morning meal is not forthcoming promptly.

ANOTHER and most lovable cat friend of mine is Goldie. He is a long-haired Maine "coon cat." In contrast to his all-black brother Peter, he has a white nose, shirt front and toe tips and a distinct liking for his master's shoulder, where he much prefers to lie around his neck, rather than perch in a sitting position.

Goldie also likes the typewriter. With the first sound of the clicking keys he immediately rushes to his master's study and tries to play upon the keyboard himself, for the sheer pleasure of seeing the keys move and hearing the bell. He also delights in playing with his catnip mouse and can never resist sitting in the sun in the window boxes. His regular bed and his brother's are close to the furnace in the cellar, each in a round hat box, side by side. The boxes are filled with clean tissue paper; each cat knows his own box.

Another cat I know, Teefee Jane, who, after bringing home a boiled lobster, stolen from a neighboring ice box, was afterwards known as "Thiefie" Jane. Her tenderness, however, later, in mothering a tiny, lone chicken, cleaning and loving it as she would her own offspring, soon effaced this blot from her otherwise stainless reputation.

Then there was Bubbles whose many litters of kittens produced at least one, in each group, who would sit up on his hind legs, like a kangaroo and gaze around. For a long time Bubbles had an eventful life for she traveled from New York to Augusta, Georgia, where on her arrival, the fire department was called out to rescue her in a frightened moment, from a tree.

Ignatz was another tiger cat I knew, of much distinction, for he would be sent to call upon me by his mistress, wearing white cotton mittens and a white satin necktie. These he obligingly removed one day, when I called his attention to a mouse in the kitchen. His mother, Billy, all black, was another beautiful cat, that was taken with her family of kittens, by her owner, when she went to visit a friend in the country. The interest in a traveling family of cats soon brought many attractive offers of homes and Billy returned to town, with her mistress, but alas, she was childless, all of her kittens remaining somewhere behind.

